

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXXVIII. — SEPTEMBER, 1901. — No. DXXVII.

THE SOUTHERN PEOPLE DURING RECONSTRUCTION.

THE Southern people, prior to the war, were almost exclusively of English, Scotch, and Irish blood; the last being mainly that Puritan strain that came originally from Scotland by way of Ireland, and is known among us as the "Scotch-Irish," a term wholly American. The only infusion, except in Louisiana, that need be taken into account was that of French Huguenots who had left France after the failure of their cause and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, — a virile and sturdy stock. The population was almost entirely native-born. Even now, according to the last census, when the foreign-born population in some of the old states runs up from one fourth to one third of the whole, the foreign-born population of the South is so small as scarcely to be worth considering.

These people inherited the traits and tendencies of those from whom they had sprung; were bred on the traditions of the past, and loved the land on which they had been reared with a devotion little short of idolatry. Taine, in his History of English Literature, remarked that the Saxon, on his first settlement in England, as soon as a footing was made good, selected a hill or a grove beside a spring, built there a habitation, and was prepared to defend it to the death. The same instinct had survived among his descendants who settled in the South. The life there had fostered the inherent tendencies. While at the North the people lived in communities,

at the South they took up lands in separate parcels and lived on them, apart from their neighbors. This tended to develop individuality, and thus each man became in some sort a master and ruler of a domain, however small and mean it was. They were habituated to rule, to ride, to shoot, and to maintain their rights. The Duel existed among those of the upper class; those of the more common sort were equally prepared to assert their rights in another form of contest. Lands and negroes were the principal kinds of property.

The majority of the whites of the South were not slaveholders. Indeed, only a relatively small proportion of them were such. The census of 1850 showed that, of the entire white population of the South, those who owned slaves or hired slaves — if only one — were but about a half million, or one sixth of the adult population. Some of these would have been glad to see Slavery abolished, if it could have been done in any way by which whites and blacks could be equitably provided for; and there was a more or less constant agitation to enlarge the work of the colonization societies that had long existed. The interference of the Abolitionists and the invention of the cotton gin together nullified the work of the colonizers. A far larger proportion were landowners. It is probable that ninety-nine per cent of them had been bred on the maxim that every man's house is his castle, and were ready to stand on that maxim to the death.

The existence of Slavery among them had tended to discredit manual labor, but it had given the superior race the habits and the character of domination. Burke, in studying this same people nearly a hundred years before, had pointed out that the tendency of Slavery was to create an aristocracy of the governing people, and to give to the dominant race a feeling of superiority and the habit of control.

They knew little more of the modern outside foreign world than they knew of Assyria and Babylon; that is, they knew it almost exclusively from books. They knew no more of New England and the rest of the North than New England knew of them, and that is a large measure. The time was to come when both were to know each other somewhat intimately, and their misconception of each other was to be rudely disposed of.

The contest between the North and the South that had gone on for years had been of a kind to touch the Southerners nearly; it related to their property rights, and through these to their other rights under the Constitution. The Constitution itself was a matter of compromise, and with all its wisdom and adaptableness was, unhappily, in some particulars, liable to two diverse constructions. This early became a practical matter, chiefly owing to diverse interests growing out of the existence of slave-labor in half the states, and two different schools of interpretation almost from the first sprang up in the Country; the one teaching primary allegiance to the State, the other to the National government. Owing to natural causes, the latter had come to have its chief adherents in the North; the belief in state rights found its stronghold in the South.

Gradually, as the economic conditions became more pressing and the questions became more practical, the struggle was carried on with a heat and acrimony

that tended always to inflame passions already burning; and the breach that had existed from the first steadily widened, until at last the split was absolute and irremediable. In this contest, as the preponderance grew on the side of the North, the power of the National government was beginning to be more and more thrown, or was liable to be more and more thrown, against the South, while the influence of the several states was exerted on behalf of its contention. Thus the state eclipsed, for the Southern people, the National government, and became more and more the representative of their principles and the object of their devotion.

Even when the final convulsion came, a large percentage of the people of the South were devoted to the Union and opposed to Secession. For example, in Virginia, for the first time, perhaps, in her history, the convention that was elected to consider the great questions at issue had a majority of Whigs. Virginia, in the shadow of the portentous cloud that was threatening her, had chosen her most conservative advisers, and refused to secede until all her efforts at pacification had failed, and she was called on to furnish her quota of troops to coerce the already seceded states back into the Union. Then, having to fight on one side or the other, she elected to side with the South. She could not tolerate Invasion.

In Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri the Union element was very large. Even in the other states it was not as insignificant as has been considered. Though bells had been rung and salutes of joy fired when the Ordinances of Secession were adopted, there was a large and conservative element to whom the sound bore only sorrow.

The storm of war swept everything along in its track. The whole of the South rose in arms. Men who had been the most earnest advocates of the Union went into the Southern army. Even men

like Governor Perry of South Carolina and Mr. Wickham of Virginia, who had fought Secession to the last moment, at length went with the people of their states; "ready," as the former said, "to go to the devil with his own people."

The war closed in the spring of 1865, after having lasted about four years. It cost the South even more than it cost the North, and its cost had no counterbalance. The actual expenditures of the Confederate government from February 18, 1861, to October 1, 1864 (the date of the last report accessible), were \$2,099,768,707. To this must be added the loss to the people of the South of their personal property, of which the four millions of slaves constituted only a part, and the destruction of all taxable values. This was a total loss; for at the close of the war the repudiation of the bonded debt of the Confederate government was enforced. Its currency was extirpated, as an incident. The railways, canals, and other public works were worn out and dilapidated. To the whole must be added the complete disorganization of the labor system, and, later, the imposition of its proportionate part of the immense pension tax, which absorbed its money like a vast sponge, to pour it out in other parts of the country. When the whole is reckoned, the amount is almost too great to be comprehended.

The reconstruction period lasted about eight years, — reckoning to 1876, when the whites, on the removal of the United States troops, resumed control of all the Southern states. Its cost to the South has never been accurately calculated, — perhaps because it is incalculable. It is, however, not impossible — indeed, in the opinion of many it is probable — that, reckoning the indirect loss, it cost the South, even in those values which may be measured by figures, more than the war itself had done.

When the war closed, the armies of the Confederacy, composed of well-nigh

the entire manhood of the South, had been destroyed, but the remnants had gone home, prepared to apply all their energies to building up the South afresh; the personal property of the South had been largely swept away, but the lands, the chief basis of its former wealth, remained.

The slaves had been emancipated, and labor had been disorganized; but the laborers yet survived, full of health, skilled in many kinds of manual work, trained to habits of industry, and disciplined to good order. Besides its equipment of able-bodied field laborers, almost every plantation possessed its smiths, wheelwrights, and carpenters; its spinners and weavers and cobblers. Moreover, outside of the question of emancipation, the blacks were generally in full sympathy with the whites, and the ties of personal association and affection were recognized on both sides. It was not unknown for officers returning from the war to give their body servants the horses they rode. The tool chests were opened to the mechanics. Jewels and plate, which had been held through all the hardships of war time, were sold to feed the population of the plantations.

When reconstruction was completed, what personal property had remained at the close of the war had, speaking generally, almost wholly disappeared; the laboring population of the South had been diverted from its former field, and changed from a blessing to a curse; the former relation of dependency and sympathy had been changed to one of distrust and hostility; their habits of industry had fallen into those of idleness and worthlessness; the lands had been taken from the former owners by taxation, or rendered valueless in their hands; and the white people of the South found themselves alienated from the government, — or, more properly, from those who then conducted the government, — impoverished beyond hope, their former slaves turned from friends to enemies, and them-

selves fighting with their backs to the wall for the very existence of Civilization in their section.

Happily for all classes and sections, they won at last; but it was at a terrible cost. Among the items of loss was the old civilization of the South, with its ideals and its charm.

The rest of the country has never had a very accurate idea of what this civilization was; the present generation certainly has none, and it is not to be wondered at. Remnants of it yet remain; but they are to be sought for and found only in secluded places, as relics of antique art are discovered amid ruins or tangles in out-of-the-way parts, or are exhumed from beneath the desolation and the heaps of decayed cities, or under new cities built on the ancient sites.

Possibly the most general conception of the old life at the South held by the rest of the country is that drawn from *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, a work which, whatever its truth in detail, — and there was doubtless much truth, — yet, by reason of its omissions and its grouping, contained even more untruth as a correct picture of a civilization. As an argument against the evils inherent in Slavery, it was unanswerable; as a presentation of the life it undertook to mirror, it was rather a piece of emotional fiction, infused with the spirit of an able and sincere but only partially informed partisan, than a correct reflection. It served a purpose far beyond the dream, and possibly even the intention, of its author; it did much to hasten the overthrow of Slavery; it did no less to stain the reputation of the South, and obscure what was worthy and fine in its life. From that time the people of the South were regarded, outside its own borders, much as — shall we say, China is regarded to-day? — as one of the effete peoples, as an obstacle in the path of advance, and possibly, among many, as an object of righteous spoil. Is it too much to say that the general idea of the people of the South held by the

people of the North was that they were lazy, self-indulgent, and frequently cruel; that they passed their time in the indulgence of their appetites, supported by the painful labors of slaves to whose woes they were worse than indifferent?

What the South really was she gave no small proof of during the war; she gave even stronger proof of after the war. Without ships; without money; without machinery that could produce a knife, a blanket, or a tin cup; without an ally; without even the sympathy of a single nation; without knowledge of the outside world, or indeed of her able and determined opponent, she withstood to the final gasp the vast forces thrown against her, — enduring all things, hoping all things, until she was not only overthrown, but was actually destroyed. When Sherman marched across the South to the sea, he found it to be an empty shell. At that same time the campaign from the Rapidan to Appomattox cost Grant 124,000 men, — about two men for every man that Lee had in his army.

But as notable as were the intrepidity of her soldiery in the field and the endurance of her people at home, they were not equal to the resolution and courage that her people displayed in the great and unrecorded struggle afterwards. The one was a fight of disciplined armies, with an open sky and a fair field, the endurance of a people animated by hope; the other was a long and desperate struggle, with shackled hands, against a foe that, in the darkness, unknown to the rest of the world, or with a sort of blind approval on its part, fastened on its vitals and slowly sapped its life blood.

The several classes of which the population of the Southern states at the close of the war were composed were rapidly merged into two, — the whites and the blacks. The whites had, with few exceptions, been in the war, and, trained in its stern school, were inured to hardship and self-reliance. Class distinctions had been diminished; for the poor as well as the

rich had borne their part bravely in the struggle, and every man, irrespective of social condition, had the consciousness of having imperiled his life and given his all to serve his state.

It was a veteran soldiery that repeopled the plantations and the homesteads of the South, and withstood the forces thrown against them during the period of reconstruction. In addition to such racial traits as personal pride, self-reliance, and physical courage, they possessed also race pride, which is inestimable in a great popular struggle. This race pride the war had only increased. However beaten and broken they were, the people of the South came out of the war with their spirit unquenched, and a belief that they were unconquerable.

A story used to be told of an old Confederate soldier who was trudging home, after the war, broken and ragged and worn. He was asked what he would do if the Yankees got after him when he reached home.

"Oh, they ain't goin' to trouble me," he said. "If they do, I'll just whip 'em agin."

The South, after the war, was ready for peace. Its leaders accepted the terms of capitulation without a single mental reservation.

The terms had been equally honorable to both the victors and the vanquished; and the troops returned home fully prepared to abide by those terms in every particular. They were sustained by the consciousness of having been animated by the highest of motives, — love of country and of home, — of having made an unsurpassed struggle, and of being able to meet and endure every fortune that could befall. Their idolized general refused all proffers of aid and tenders of attention, and retired to the little college town of Lexington, Virginia, to devote the rest of his life to educating the young men of the South. George Washington had given the first endowment to the college there, and the next greatest Vir-

ginian now endowed it with his presence and his spirit. Here the sons of his old soldiers flocked to be under the command of the man who had led their fathers in battle, and to learn from his life the high lesson of devotion to duty.

The writer can speak from personal knowledge when he records that his teaching was the purest patriotism. As was said by a distinguished divine who came to deliver the Baccalaureate sermon the year after General Lee's death: "The oath sworn at that shrine was more solemn than that of Hannibal: it was not to destroy Rome, but to rebuild Carthage."

The example of General Lee was inestimable. It possibly did as much as the garrisons that filled the South to prevent the lawlessness that almost always follows the close of war and the disbandment of armies.

The worst that the people of the South anticipated was being brought back into the Union with their property gone and their wounds yet smarting. The sense of defeat, together with the loss of property by force of arms, which left them almost universally impoverished, and the disruption of their social system, was no little burden for them to bear; but it was assumed bravely enough, and they went to work with energy and courage, and even with a certain high-heartedness. They started in on the plantations, where by reason of the disorganization of all labor they were needed, as wagoners or ploughmen or blacksmiths. They went to the cities, and became brakemen or street-car drivers, or watchmen or porters. Or they sought employment on public works in any capacity; men who had been generals even taking places as axemen or teamsters till they could rise to be superintendents and presidents. But they had peace and hope.

On the 18th of December, 1865, General Grant, who had been sent through the South by the President to inspect and make a report on its condition, in his report said: —

"I am satisfied the mass of thinking men in the South accept the present situation of affairs in good faith. The questions which have hitherto divided the sentiment of the people of the two sections — slavery and state rights, or the right of the state to secede from the Union — they regard as having been settled forever by the highest tribunal, that of arms, that man can resort to."

He also made the wise suggestion that negro troops should not be employed in garrisoning the Southern states, as they tended to excite the people and intensify their animosity.

It is possible that but for the race questions that existed, the South would have been pacified within a few years; the process of reconstruction, if it was tried at all, would have been carried out in a wiser and less disastrous way; the South would have resumed its normal place in the Union with the net results of the war, — an indissoluble Union and a homogeneous people, freed from the canker of Slavery and bound together by ever closer ties.

The whites numbered, roughly, about 8,000,000, and the other class, the negroes, about 4,000,000. A relationship too singular to be understood by the outside world existed between the races. It bore on the side of the masters a sort of feudal coloring, — the right to demand duty, and the duty to give protection; on the part of the slaves it had a tinge that has been well said to resemble a sort of tribal instinct. The outside world, including the North, saw only a relation of brute power and of enforced subservience. The examples which came to their attention were, in the main, only the worst cases. The proportion of negroes who, during the war, availed themselves of the opportunity to escape from Slavery and seek asylum within the Union lines was by no means a large one. Doubtless they comprised many who were ambitious and enterprising; but, speaking generally, they were the idle and the vi-

cious. Others went because of the scarcity on the plantations, caused by war, or of the new hardship, due to the absenteeism of their masters, and the rumors of gilded rewards awaiting them, — rewards beyond freedom, — which reached them in their homes. Many Confederate officers had their colored servants with them in the field. It was almost unheard of for one to desert. It was not unknown for them to avail themselves of their color to forage within the enemy's lines for their masters' mess.

The negroes had, as slaves, indeed, have often done during wars, borne themselves admirably all during the war, — a fact which speaks with equal force for their loyalty and for their knowledge of the resolution of their masters. Even those who, under the temptation of freedom and bounties, had gone into the Union army had never been charged with exceptional violence. Emancipation had brought no outbreak. They had generally gone off from their old homes, — perhaps as a practical proof of freedom, — most of them slipping away in the night; but the first taste of freedom over, and the first pinch of poverty experienced, they had come straggling back with a certain shamefacedness, and had been received with cordiality.

The writer can recall now the return of some of these prodigals, and the welcome they received.

In many cases they had their old cabins assigned them; in others, at their option, they were given a lodgment on a piece of land on some part of the plantation more or less removed from the mansion, where they could build and live independent whilst they worked as laborers for hire. Almost universally, the relation reestablished after the first break was one of friendship and good will. Their return was marked by a revival of the old plantation life, and in a short time the old régime appeared to have begun again, with every prospect of continuing. Land, the only property which had sur-

vived the war, rose in value, until it was as high as it had ever been. Loans were negotiated on it to repair the ravages of war and restock the plantations; cotton, wheat, and tobacco were at prices that promised well for the agricultural interest; and the people of the South began to experience the awakening of hope.

The machinery, however, had hardly got started when new factors injected into the new conditions began to make themselves felt. The treatment in prison of the ex-President, who was put in irons and subjected to the constant presence of a sentinel, aroused bitter resentment at the South. A very considerable faction there had always been opposed to Mr. Davis. But he had done no more during the Secession period than half the people of the South had done, and no more during the war than all of them had done, and his treatment now was taken as an intention to humiliate them. It had, moreover, as an object lesson, a disastrous effect on the negro population, who drew from it the not unnatural inference that the North was able and willing to go to any lengths.

The severity visited on Mr. Davis at once destroyed every vestige of resentment in those who had opposed him, and from that time to his death he stood to the South as a vicarious victim, sacrificed for her act.

Unhappily, the work of a madman cut down, in the very hour of success, the leader who had brought the country safely through the war, and who might, with his calm foresight and his gift for conciliation, have guided it through the troubled times that were to follow. The assassination of President Lincoln, with the murderous attack on his advisers, filled the North with consternation and rage, and gave the chief haters of the South an opportunity to vent their wrath, which they were not slow to use.

Under a plan devised by Mr. Lincoln, the recently seceded states had set to work to reorganize themselves, and their civil

governments were in full operation a few months after the close of the war. The next step was the election of representatives in Congress. In the main, men known nationally to be of conservative views, many of them old Union men, were selected. It was, however, to be long before Southern representatives were to be admitted.

Now, in its struggle, the South had no such potent friend as Lincoln might have been. The first official act of Secretary Stanton after Mr. Lincoln's death had been to reverse one of his decisions, and issue an order for the arrest of a member of the late Confederate Cabinet who was on his way to Canada. On Lincoln's death, Andrew Johnson, who had come into note as the war governor of the newly reconstructed state of Tennessee, had begun by breathing threatenings and slaughter against the South. His first measures had been so severe that Mr. Seward had felt it necessary to restrain him. His proposed action had been so violative of the terms accorded by Grant at Appomattox to Lee and his army that Grant, always magnanimous and courageous, had felt himself compelled to threaten him with the surrender of his command. In a short time, however, a contention had arisen between Johnson and the Congress, growing, on his side, partly out of his attempt to exercise the power claimed for the Executive by Mr. Lincoln, partly out of his ambition to be reelected, and the necessity he was under to secure the votes of the Southern states as a part of his electoral machinery; on the other side, out of the wish of the Congress to control the reorganization of the South, and the determination of its ablest leaders to secure at all cost perpetual control of the government. Johnson, who had been among the most virulent enemies of the South, and assuredly not the least hated, was thrown by this contest into the anomalous position of its advocate, and the Congress was hurried along, with its passions in-

flamed by its most radical leaders, until reason was lost, moderation was thrown to the winds, and it found itself paramount, indeed — with the South prostrate, the Constitution a thing to be tinkered with or overridden as partisan expediency suggested, and “the party of the Union” burdened in the South with the most ignorant, venal, and debauched representatives that ever cursed a land. The white race of the South, the constituent part of the great race that had made the country and was to help hold it in the coming years against the world, were outraged almost beyond cure. With every divergence of opinion forgot, every possibility of wholesome division on economic or other public questions buried, they were consolidated in the passionate desire to hold their homes and save their race.

The blacks had not been less injured by the political debauchery into which they had been wiled. Withdrawn from the field of activity in which they had been trained, and in which they might have attained continued success, the close of the reconstruction period found them estranged from the whites, their habits of industry impaired, their vision obscured, their aims turned in directions in which they have shown neither the genius nor the training to compete successfully. They were legislated into a position where they did only harm to themselves and others, and in which they could be maintained only by outside power.

It was the South’s misfortune that the new problems could not be worked out on their own merits. The negro question, “the direful spring of woes unnumbered,” almost at once became the paramount issue, and from that time to the present has tinged nearly every measure in which the South has been concerned. Emancipation had been accepted readily enough; but emancipation brought new problems. The proper solution of the new questions, which would have been a

delicate and difficult task under any circumstances, was rendered impossible by the ignorance of the elements to be handled, and the passion infused into every act touching them.

The institution known as the Freedmen’s Bureau, and its work in the South, played a not inconsiderable part in the trouble that arose. The motive for its origin was, no doubt, a good one, and, no doubt, a part of its work was beneficial to one of the races. It had the “supervision and management of all abandoned lands, and the control of all subjects relating to refugees and freedmen.” It issued rations to freedmen; regulated all matters of labor and contract in which the freedmen were interested; administered justice wherever they were concerned; and had power to take charge of all “abandoned lands” and parcel them out to negroes as homes, and generally to administrate the negro and his affairs. Incident to these duties was the power to arrest and imprison. The Bureau began its work with an idea which was fatal to its success: that the negro was a poor oppressed creature who was to be treated as the nation’s ward, and that the white was a hardened tyrant who had to be restrained.

The officials of the Bureau were of various kinds: honest men, more or less fair-minded and wise; honest men, hopelessly prejudiced and bigoted; and men without honesty, wisdom, or any other qualification. All were absolutely ignorant of the true relation between the old masters and slaves; all had a bigoted people behind them, and a bigoted people before them. Unhappily, the largest, or at least the most active element among the officials were the last class: sutlers, skulkers, and other refuse of a great army, who had no sooner found the dangers of war over than they had begun to look about them to see what spoil they could appropriate, and, recognizing in the newly freed negroes the most promising instrument at hand for their purposes,

had ingratiated themselves with the Freedmen's Bureau. One of the first evidences of their malign influence was the idea disseminated among the negroes, which grew out of the provision relating to abandoned lands, that every freedman was to be given by the government, out of the lands of his old master, forty acres and a mule, — a teaching which was productive of much danger to the whites, and of much evil to the blacks. Among other things, it prevented the former from settling the negroes on the old plantations, as they would otherwise have done very generally.

The Freedmen's Bureau and its work soon had the whole South in a ferment. The distribution of rations relieved the slaves, but misled them into thinking that the government would support them, whether they worked or not. The officials began inquisitorial investigations. They summoned the best and the most stately of the old gentry before them, as if they had been schoolboys. If the officials were of the last class mentioned above, they hectorated them before crowds of gaping negroes, which taught another lesson. They interfered with the administration of courts that had begun to work again, even taking convicted prisoners out of the hands of the officers of the law. As an illustration: In Virginia, an old magistrate, who had tried and sentenced a negro for some crime, was peremptorily ordered by the military authority to release the prisoner, and appear himself before the provost to explain his action. He replied that the prisoner had been tried fairly, convicted justly, and sentenced legally; and though he might be released by the military power, it would only be after he had summoned the whole power of the county to resist it. Naturally, such action tended to excite the negroes and embitter the whites.

The negroes in some places began to hold night meetings, and parcel out the lands of their former masters.

On one of the finest plantations in Virginia this nocturnal partition went along amicably enough until the mill was reached. Here trouble arose at once. The idea of being able to sit and watch the meal spurt down from under the hopper, with nothing to do but to take the tithe, was so attractive that there were too many claimants to agree to its disposal to any one of them, and the meeting broke up in a row. Knowledge of what was going on thus reached the master, who sent at once to the court house for the Federal officer stationed there, who then represented law and order in the county; and the officer soon settled the matter, and disposed of all apprehension of further trouble on that plantation.

No one would say that army officers make generally ideal rulers; for, after all, military rule subjects government to the will of one man. In the pacification of a people, the questions are so difficult and delicate that only wisdom, firmness, singleness of purpose, and an inherent sense of equity avail. These did not always exist. But a dispassionate reading of the records shows that the army officers in the South endeavored, in the main, to perform their duties with wisdom, equity, and moderation. Conditions, however, were to grow worse. The army officers were soon to be supplanted by worse rulers.

The carcass was recognized, and the eagles gathered together. The sutlers, skulkers, and refuse, who had been given a chance, under the working of the Bureau, to ingratiate themselves with the negroes, soon were chosen as the political leaders. The ignorance and the credulity of the negro became the capital of these creatures, and with it they traded to their own enrichment and the impoverishment of every one else. The misapprehension on the part of the Southern people of the changed conditions played into their hands.

The laboring population had been

withdrawn from the fields, but were still present in the community, while the fields were untilled and the plantations were going to waste. History had shown that such an element might change from a useless to a dangerous one. The legislatures of the various states, assuming that, after a successful war to preserve the Union, the Union still existed, and unable to recognize the completeness of their overthrow, began to pass labor laws directed at the negro, some of which certainly were calculated to impair his freedom of action. Similar laws existed in some of the Northern states, such as Maine, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. But these new statutes were frankly aimed to control the newly emancipated slaves. An impression of profound distrust was created throughout the North, the people of which, with their sympathies quickened for an entire race turned adrift, without homes or property, had almost begun to consider that the war had been fought for the emancipation of the blacks. Unhappily, at the same time state representatives were chosen whose votes might have a decisive influence on the fortunes of those leaders who now esteemed themselves the saviors of the country. It was determined by these leaders to perpetuate their power at every hazard, even if it were found necessary to overthrow the white race altogether, and put the black over them. The South was intractable and uncompromising. The North was blinded by passion, and led by partisan leaders bent on domination and without scruple in their exercise of power. A large element of the people of the North believed that they were doing God and man service in supporting them, and putting down a rancorous people who were, they thought, still ready to destroy the Union, and were trying to effect by shift what they had failed to do by force. But so far as the leaders were concerned it would appear that along with other motives was an implacable resentment

against the white people of the South, and a deliberate determination to humiliate them and render them forever powerless. The result was one of the mistakes that constitute what in the life of a nation is worse than a national crime, — a national blunder. Those who had been the masters, and had given proof by their works that they were behind no people in the highest fruits of civilization, — who had just shown by their constancy, if by no other virtue, that they were worthy of being treated with consideration, — were disfranchised and shut out from participation in the government, while their former slaves were put over them.

For instance, in the county that had produced Patrick Henry and Henry Clay, one of the most noted of the old gentlemen stood as a conservative candidate for the first General Assembly held in Virginia after the war. He was a man of remarkable intelligence and culture. He had traveled abroad, — a rare thing in those days, — and had translated the poems of Ariosto. He was one of the largest property owners in the state; had been a Union man, and one of the stoutest opponents of Secession. He was the head of one of the few old families in Virginia who, immediately after the war, announced their determination to accept the new conditions and act with the Republican party. This gentleman was beaten for the General Assembly by the brother of his negro carriage driver. This was early in the period following the war. Later on, when "ironclad oaths" had been devised, and the full work of disfranchisement had been effected, no whites but those who had had their disabilities specially removed could hold office or vote. For a time, only the negroes, the carpet-baggers, and those who disregarded perjury voted.

The white race were disfranchised, and were not allowed the franchise again until they had assented to giving the

black race absolute equality in all matters of civil right. This the leaders of the other side vainly imagined would perpetuate their power, and for a time it almost promised to do so.

The result of the new régime thus established in the South was such a riot of rapine and rascality as had never been known in the history of this country, and hardly ever in the history of the world. It would seem incredible to any but those who have investigated it for themselves. The states were given over to pillage at the hands of former slaves, led largely by adventurers whose only aim was to gratify their vengeance or their cupidity. The measure of their peculation and damage, as gauged by figures alone, staggers belief.

The cost to the state of Louisiana of four years and five months of carpet-bag rule amounted to \$106,020,337. Taxation went up in proportion. The wealth of New Orleans during the eight years of carpet-bag rule, instead of increasing, fell from \$146,718,790 to \$88,613,930. The governor himself, who, when he stood for the governorship, had a mite chest placed beside the ballot box, to receive contributions from the negroes to pay his expenses to Washington, had been in office only a year when it was estimated that he was worth \$225,000. When he retired, he was said to have one of the largest fortunes in Louisiana.

In Mississippi, the state levy for 1871 was four times what it was in 1869. For 1873 it was eight and one half times as great. For 1874 it was fourteen times as great, and 640,000 acres of land, comprising twenty per cent of all the land in the state, had been forfeited for non-payment of these extraordinary taxes.

In South Carolina, the taxable values in 1860 amounted to about \$490,000,000, and the tax to a little less than \$400,000. In 1871 the taxable values had been reduced to \$184,000,000, and the tax had been increased to \$2,000,000. A large percentage of the lands

of the state were sold for unpaid taxes, and a land commission was established to take them and distribute them among the freedmen and their friends on terms that substantially placed them at the disposal of the commission.

But as extraordinary as the mere figures would appear, and as strong as they are to show the extent of the robbery to which the people of the South were subjected, they give little idea of the bitterness of the degradation that they underwent. The true measure of injury to the people of the South was the humiliation to which they were subjected during the progress of this system of rapine. Some states were subjected to greater damage and, if possible, deeper humiliation than others. The people of South Carolina, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Arkansas, perhaps, suffered the most; but all underwent the humiliation of seeing their states given over to pillage by miscreants and malefactors, of having their slaves put over them and kept over them by armed power, whilst they themselves were forced to stand bound, helpless witnesses of their destruction.

Virginia escaped in a measure some of the most extreme consequences. For instance, there were no continued incitements to riot and no wholesale arrests of an entire community, as took place in South Carolina; there was no general subjection to an armed and insolent militia of former slaves who terrorized the country, as happened in the more southerly states. Virginia never had a governor, as Arkansas had, who issued to his adjutant general proscription lists of leading citizens, accompanied by a notification that he had marked with asterisks the names of the most obnoxious persons, and that if they could be tried by court-martial and executed while the writ of habeas corpus was suspended, the finding would be approved by the governor. The Ku Klux Klan, with its swath of outrage and terrorism, never obtained the footing in Virginia that it

had in states farther south, where life had been made more unendurable. But the people of Virginia, like those of the other Southern states, drank from the same cup of bitterness in seeing their civilization overthrown, — intelligence, culture, and refinement put under the heel of ignorance and venality, and a third of the people, who had comprised most of the laboring population and all the domestic servants, and had lived in the past in amity and affection with their masters, turned for a time into violent enemies.

Unhappily, the credulity and ignorance of the negroes threw them into the hands of the worst element among the adventurers who were vying to become their leaders. The man who was bold enough to bid the highest outstripped the others. Under the teaching and with the aid of these leaders, the negroes showed signs of rendering considerable parts of the Southern states uninhabitable by the whites. Had the latter given the slightest sign of being cowed or of yielding, they probably would have been lost forever; but, fortunately for the South, they never yielded.

Unable to resist openly the power of the National government that stood behind the carpet-bag governments of the states, the people of the South resorted to other means which proved for a time more or less effective. Secret societies were formed, which, under such titles as the "Ku Klux Klan," the "Knights of the White Camellia," the "White Brotherhood," etc., played a potent and, at first, it would seem, a beneficial part in restraining the excesses of the newly exalted leaders and their excited levies.

Wherever masked and ghostly riders appeared, the frightened negroes kept under cover. The idea spread with great rapidity over nearly all the South, and the secret organizations, known among themselves as the "Invisible Empire," were found to be so dangerous to

the continued power of the carpet-bag governments, and in places so menacing to their representatives personally, that the aid of the National government was called in to suppress them.

In a short time every power of the government was in motion, or ready to be set in motion, against them. "Ku Klux Acts" were passed; presidential proclamations were issued; the entire machinery of the United States courts was put in operation; the writ of habeas corpus was suspended in those sections where the Ku Klux were most in evidence, and Federal troops were employed.

The testimony taken before what was known as the "Ku Klux Committee," with the reports made by that committee, is contained in thirteen volumes, and makes interesting reading for the student of history. The investigation covered every state in the South.

One who studies those reports is likely to find his confidence in human nature somewhat shaken. It will appear to him that gross and palpable perjury was almost common before that committee, and that the story contained in those reports is so dreadful that if published now it would not be believed. It serves to illustrate, at least, the violence of party feeling at that time, that, under the stress of passion which then prevailed, the Republican members of the Committee of Investigation all signed one report laying the entire blame on the Southern people, and the Democratic members all signed a minority report charging the blame wholly on the other side.

With Congress passing penal acts against all connected with the secret societies, the army of the United States at hand to put them down, and the United States courts ready to push through the convictions of all participants in their work, the constituency and purposes of the secret societies soon changed. The more law-abiding and self-respecting element dropped out, and such organiza-

tions as remained were composed only of the most disorderly and reckless element. Under conduct of such a class, the societies, whatever their original design, soon degenerated into mere bands of masked ruffians, who used their organization and their disguises for the private purposes of robbery and revenge. As might have been foreseen, they became a general pest in the regions which they infested, and the better element of native Southerners were as concerned to put a stop to their action as was the government. This class, later on, found it necessary to keep themselves banded together; but it was no longer in a secret association. During the later phases of the struggle the meetings of the whites were open. Fortunately for them, by this time the debauchery of those who had formerly been sustained by the government had become so openly infamous that it began to be known at the North for what it really was, and the people of the North began to revolt against its continuance. The indorsement of the government leaders at Washington became more and more half-hearted; and as this was recognized, the white people of the South began to be reanimated with hope.

The action of the other side at the South generally played into their hands. The leaders lacked the first element of wisdom; their moderation was only the limit to their power.

The women and children of the Southern states, during the utmost excitement of war, had slept as secure with their slaves about them as if they had been guarded by their husbands and fathers, but under the new teaching the torch became a weapon. A distinguished leader of the colored race, a native white man in South Carolina, said, in a public speech to his constituents, that the barns had been built by them, and their contents belonged to them; and if they were refused the distribution of those contents, matches were only five cents a box. Is

it to be wondered at that, with such suggestion, the burning of houses became more or less frequent in the belts subject to the domination of the excited race? This man, who had many crimes to answer for, after passing through numberless dangers, became the victim of a foul assassination. A story is told that some years ago two men were sitting together in a well-known restaurant in Washington. One of them, who was from a Northern state, said to the other, who was from South Carolina, "Tell me, now that it is so long past, who murdered So-and-So," mentioning the name of the leader who has been spoken of. "Well," said the other quietly, "I was tried for it."

Amiable and orderly as the colored race were when the whites were in control, as soon as an election approached they showed every sign of excitement. When they were in power, life became intolerable, and a clash was imminent at every meeting; men and women went armed; many families, unable to endure the strain, abandoned their homes, and moved to other communities or other states. The distinguished pastor of a large church in the North, one of the godliest of men, who had a church during this period in one of the Southern states, has said that when he went to his night services he as regularly put a pistol in his pocket as he took his Bible. Even funerals were liable to be interrupted by the half-maddened creatures, and instances occurred when the hearse had to be driven at full speed to outstrip a mob bent on the last extremity of insult.

It was notable that even during the periods of greatest excitement, when the negroes were stirred almost to frenzy, the old family servants ever stood ready to prevent personal harm to their former masters and mistresses; and that when the excitement had passed, the entire race were ready to resume, and even to seek, friendly relations with the whites.

When, at last, with their homes ren-

dered unsafe and their life intolerable, the people of the South finally threw off the yoke under which they had been bowed, it is hardly strange that they should thenceforth have remained solidified to withstand the possibility of such a condition ever being repeated.

It is not probable that any wholly sane man of any section or race, who knows the facts, would ever wish its repetition. The last governor of South Carolina under that régime (who has recently written a paper in this series) stated, during his incumbency, that when, in May, 1875, he entered on his duties as governor, two hundred trial justices were holding office by executive appointment (of his predecessor) who could neither read nor write. No wonder that he should have declared, as he did, in writing to the New England Society, that the civilization of the Puritan and Cavalier, of the Roundhead and Huguenot, was in peril.

In the last stages of their existence, these governments were sustained solely by the bayonet. As soon as the United States troops were removed they melted away. As an illustration: In South Carolina, in 1876, after the extraordinary Wade Hampton campaign, in which the whites had won a signal victory, two distinct state governments performed their functions in the State House; a small guard of United States soldiers marched their beats back and forth, representing the power that alone sustained one of those governments. An order was issued by the President of the United States removing the troops, and in twenty-four hours, without a drop of blood shed, without a single clash, the government of the carpet-bagger and the negro had disappeared, and the government of the native South Carolinian and of the white man had quietly, after a lapse of years, resumed control. But during those years the people of the South had seen their most cherished traditions traversed, their civilization overthrown.

All this is now matter of history. The fierce passions of that time have almost, or quite, burned out. Even the memory of the enforced humiliation through which the people of the South passed is blunted by the passage of time, by the ever increasing friendliness between the sections, which grows steadily under the influences of a greater community of interest, a better understanding of each other, and a wider patriotism. The old life of the South, of the kind which made it distinguished, has more or less passed away; a new life, and possibly one that embraces a larger section of the people in its advantages, is taking its place. A more practical spirit is growing up, prepared to utilize present conditions, and avail itself of all the material advantages that may be offered. The waste and the anguish of that time have long since been passed to the account of profit and loss, which only the historian or the student ventures to open. Many of the old houses which were the chief charm of the South went down under the ploughshare of reconstruction. The people who made them and gave them their sweetness have passed or are passing away.

One riding through the stretches of country where the fields have reverted to forest, or are worked by the small cropper, can form little idea of the time when they were a part of a wide and well-tilled domain which supported the whole population of a teeming plantation. He might as well imagine that the quiet, grizzled farmer whom he sees in the field or meets on the road, in friendly intercourse with some dusky neighbor, once fought in battles that marked the high tide of Anglo-Saxon courage, or rode with a band of night-riders, resolute to withstand for his race those who threatened it, backed by the dread power of the United States.

The present generation is, as is, of course, every generation, the product of heredity and environment. Its members

are said to exhibit qualities which were once wanting, or which, if they existed, were despised; but, in reckoning their virtues, a deeper student is likely to conclude that the best that is in them is the inheritance from their fathers: devotion to duty, the sense of honor, and a passion for free government.

The senior Senator from Massachusetts passed, years ago, a judgment upon the Southern people which was not lacking in vigorous criticism; but his criticism was tempered by a piece of characterization which it seems not impertinent to quote here.

"They have," he said, "an aptness for command which makes the Southern gentleman, wherever he goes, not a peer only, but a prince. They have a love for home; they have, the best of them, and the most of them, inherited from the great race from which they come the sense of duty and the instinct of honor as no other people on the face of the earth. They are lovers of home. They have not the mean traits which grow up somewhere in places where money-making is the chief end of life. They have, above all, and giving value to all, that supreme and superb constancy which, without regard to personal ambition and without yielding to the temptation of wealth, without getting tired and without getting diverted, can pursue a great public object, in and out, year after year, and generation after generation."

Looking at the other race in the South, — who must be reckoned, if they will allow themselves to be so, as a part of the Southern people, — whilst there is much to cause regret and even disappointment to those who are their truest friends, yet there is no little from which to draw hope. No other people ever had more disadvantages to contend with on their issue into freedom. They were seduced, deceived, misled. Their habits of industry were destroyed, and they were fooled into believing that they could be legislated into immediate equality with

a race that, without mentioning superiority of ability and education, had a thousand years' start of them. They were made to believe that their only salvation lay in aligning themselves against the other race, and following blindly the adventurers who came to lead them to a new Promised Land. It is no wonder that they committed great blunders and great excesses. For nearly a generation they have been pushed along the wrong road. But now, in place of political leaders who were simply firebrands is arising a new class of leaders, who, with a wider horizon, a deeper sagacity, and a truer patriotism, are endeavoring to establish a foundation of morality, industry, and knowledge, and upon these to build a race that shall be capable of availing itself of every opportunity that the future may present, and worthy of whatever fortune it may bring.

Many of the baleful fruits of reconstruction remain among us. Inability to divide freely on great public questions is a public misfortune.

Obedience to law is one of the highest qualities of a people, and one of the first elements of national greatness. However strong the necessity may appear, law cannot be overridden without creating a spirit that will override law, — a spirit which is liable to end by substituting for law its will, and by confounding with right its interest.

Among the baleful fruits is whatever fraud or evasion has appeared in the electoral system in any part of the South. In old times this evil was not known among the people of the South. Fighting the devil with fire may be the only effective mode of such warfare; but fire is a dangerous weapon to use under any circumstances.

Something has been said in these papers on the subject of lynching in the South. It is not too much to say that nearly every black victim of lynching and nearly every victim of that person

may be set down to the not yet closed account of reconstruction. This, too, was a crime which in old times was not known in the South.

Among the better signs is the increasing feeling that it is best, on the whole, to leave every section to work out its own problems. Many years ago Mr. Seward said of the negro race: "They will find their place; they must take their level. The laws of political economy will determine their position and the relation of the two races. Congress cannot contravene those."

Congress attempted to contravene them; but though for a brief period it appeared to have succeeded, the lapse of time has shown its failure. It might as well have attempted to contravene the law of gravitation.

That intelligence, virtue, and force of character will eventually rule is as certain in the states of the South as it is elsewhere; and everywhere it is as certain as the operation of the law of gravitation. Whatever people wish to rule in those states must possess these qualities.

Thomas Nelson Page.

HUNTING BIG REDWOODS.

THE Big Tree (*Sequoia gigantea*) is nature's forest masterpiece, and, as far as I know, the greatest of living things. It belongs to an ancient stock, as its remains in old rocks show, and has a strange air of other days about it, a thoroughbred look inherited from the long ago, the auld lang syne of trees. Once the genus was common, and with many species flourished in the now desolate Arctic regions, the interior of North America, and in Europe; but in long eventful wanderings from climate to climate only two species have survived the hardships they had to encounter, the *gigantea* and *sempervirens*: the former now restricted to the western slopes of the Sierra, the other to the Coast Mountains, and both to California, excepting a few groves of redwood which extend into Oregon. The Pacific coast in general is the paradise of conifers. Here nearly all of them are giants, and display a beauty and magnificence unknown elsewhere. The climate is mild, the ground never freezes, and moisture and sunshine abound all the year. Nevertheless, it is not easy to account for the colossal size of the Sequoias. The largest are about three hundred feet high, and

thirty feet in diameter. Who of all the dwellers of the plains and prairies and fertile home forests of round-headed oak and maple, hickory and elm, ever dreamed that earth could bear such growths?—trees that the familiar pines and firs seem to know nothing about, lonely, silent, serene, with a physiognomy almost god-like, and so old, thousands of them still living had already counted their years by tens of centuries when Columbus set sail from Spain, and were in the vigor of youth or middle age when the star led the Chaldean sages to the infant Saviour's cradle. As far as man is concerned, they are the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, emblems of permanence.

No description can give any adequate idea of their singular majesty, much less of their beauty. Excepting the sugar pine, most of its neighbors with pointed tops seem to be forever shouting "Excelsior!" while the Big Tree, though soaring above them all, seems satisfied, its rounded head poised lightly as a cloud, giving no impression of trying to go higher. Only in youth does it show, like other conifers, a heavenward yearning, keenly aspiring with a long quick-grow-

ing top. Indeed, the whole tree, for the first century or two, or until a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet high, is arrowhead in form, and, compared with the solemn rigidity of age, is as sensitive to the wind as a squirrel tail. The lower branches are gradually dropped, as it grows older, and the upper ones thinned out, until comparatively few are left. These, however, are developed to great size, divide again and again, and terminate in bossy rounded masses of leafy branchlets, while the head becomes dome-shaped. Then, poised in fullness of strength and beauty, stern and solemn in mien, it glows with eager, enthusiastic life, quivering to the tip of every leaf and branch and far-reaching root, calm as a granite dome. — the first to feel the touch of the rosy beams of the morning, the last to bid the sun good-night.

Perfect specimens, unhurt by running fires or lightning, are singularly regular and symmetrical in general form, though not at all conventional, showing infinite variety in sure unity and harmony of plan. The immensely strong, stately shafts, with rich purplish-brown bark, are free of limbs for a hundred and fifty feet or so, though dense tufts of sprays occur here and there, producing an ornamental effect, while long parallel furrows give a fluted, columnar appearance. The limbs shoot forth with equal boldness in every direction, showing no weather side. On the old trees the main branches are crooked and rugged, and strike rigidly outward, mostly at right angles from the trunk, but there is always a certain measured restraint in their reach which keeps them within bounds. No other Sierra tree has foliage so densely massed, or outlines so finely, firmly drawn, and so obediently subordinate to an ideal type. A particularly knotty, angular, ungovernable-looking branch, five to eight feet in diameter, and perhaps a thousand years old, may occasionally be seen pushing out from the trunk, as if determined to break across

the bounds of the regular curve; but, like all the others, as soon as the general outline is approached, the huge limb dissolves into massy bosses of branchlets and sprays, as if the tree were growing beneath an invisible bell glass, against the sides of which the branches were moulded, while many small varied departures from the ideal form give the impression of freedom to grow as they like.

Except in picturesque old age, after being struck by lightning and broken by a thousand snowstorms, this regularity of form is one of the Big Tree's most distinguishing characteristics. Another is the simple sculptural beauty of the trunk, and its great thickness as compared with its height and the width of the branches; many of them being from eight to ten feet in diameter at a height of two hundred feet from the ground, and seeming more like finely modeled and sculptured architectural columns than the stems of trees, while the great strong limbs are like rafters supporting the magnificent dome head.

The root system corresponds in magnitude with the other dimensions of the tree, forming a flat, far-reaching, spongy network, two hundred feet or more in width, without any taproot; and the instep is so grand and fine, so suggestive of endless strength, it is long ere the eye is released to look above it. The natural swell of the roots, though at first sight excessive, gives rise to buttresses no greater than are required for beauty as well as strength, as at once appears when you stand back far enough to see the whole tree in its true proportions. The fineness of the taper of the trunk is shown by its thickness at great heights, — a diameter of ten feet at a height of two hundred being, as we have seen, not uncommon. Indeed, the boles of but few trees hold their thickness so well as Sequoia. Resolute, consummate, determined in form, always beheld with wondering admiration, the Big Tree always

seems unfamiliar, standing alone, unrelated, with peculiar physiognomy, awfully solemn and earnest. Nevertheless, there is nothing alien in its looks. The madroña, clad in thin smooth red and yellow bark and big glossy leaves, seems, in the dark coniferous forests of Washington and Vancouver Island, like some lost wanderer from the magnolia groves of the South, while Sequoia, with all its strangeness, seems more at home than any of its neighbors, holding the best right to the ground as the oldest, strongest inhabitant. One soon becomes acquainted with new species of pine and fir and spruce as with friendly people, shaking their outstretched branches like shaking hands, and fondling their beautiful little ones; while the venerable aboriginal Sequoia, ancient of other days, keeps you at a distance, taking no notice of you, speaking only to the winds, thinking only of the sky, looking as strange in aspect and behavior among the neighboring trees as would the mastodon or hairy elephant among the homely bears and deer. Only the Sierra juniper is at all like it, standing rigid and unconquerable on glacial pavements for thousands of years, grim, rusty, silent, uncommunicative, with an air of antiquity about as pronounced as that so characteristic of Sequoia.

The bark of full-grown trees is from one to two feet thick, rich cinnamon-brown, purplish on young trees and shady parts of the old, forming magnificent masses of color with the underbrush and beds of flowers. Toward the end of winter the trees themselves bloom, while the snow is still eight or ten feet deep. The pistillate flowers are about three eighths of an inch long, pale green, and grow in countless thousands on the ends of the sprays. The staminate are still more abundant, pale yellow, a fourth of an inch long, and when the golden pollen is ripe they color the whole tree, and dust the air and the ground far and near.

The cones are bright grass-green in

color, about two and a half inches long, one and a half wide, and are made up of thirty or forty strong closely packed rhomboidal scales, with four to eight seeds at the base of each. The seeds are extremely small and light, being only from an eighth to a fourth of an inch long and wide, including a filmy surrounding wing, which causes them to glint and waver in falling, and enables the wind to carry them considerable distances from the tree.

The faint lisp of snowflakes, as they alight, is one of the smallest sounds mortal can hear. The sound of falling Sequoia seeds, even when they happen to strike on flat leaves or flakes of bark, is about as faint. Very different are the bumping and thudding of the falling cones. Most of them are cut off by the Douglas squirrel, and stored for the sake of the seeds, small as they are. In the calm Indian summer these busy harvesters with ivory sickles go to work early in the morning, as soon as breakfast is over, and nearly all day the ripe cones fall in a steady pattering, bumping shower. Unless harvested in this way, they discharge their seeds, and remain on the tree for many years. In fruitful seasons the trees are fairly laden. On two small specimen branches, one and a half and two inches in diameter, I counted four hundred and eighty cones. No other California conifer produces nearly so many seeds, excepting perhaps its relative, the redwood of the Coast Mountains. Millions are ripened annually by a single tree, and the product of one of the main groves in a fruitful year would suffice to plant all the mountain ranges of the world.

The dense tufted sprays make snug nesting places for birds, and in some of the loftiest, leafiest towers of verdure thousands of generations have been reared, the great solemn trees shedding off flocks of merry singers every year from nests like the flocks of winged seeds from the cones.

The Big Tree keeps its youth far longer than any of its neighbors. Most silver firs are old in their second or third century, pines in their fourth or fifth, while the Big Tree, growing beside them, is still in the bloom of its youth, juvenile in every feature, at the age of old pines, and cannot be said to attain anything like prime size and beauty before its fifteen hundredth year, or, under favorable circumstances, become old before its three thousandth. Many, no doubt, are much older than this. On one of the Kings River giants, thirty-five feet and eight inches in diameter, exclusive of bark, I counted upwards of four thousand annual wood rings, in which there was no trace of decay after all these centuries of mountain weather. There is no absolute limit to the existence of any tree. Their death is due to accidents, not, as of animals, to the wearing out of organs. Only the leaves die of old age, — their fall is foretold in their structure; but the leaves are renewed every year, and so also are the other essential organs, wood, roots, bark, buds. Most of the Sierra trees die of disease. Thus the magnificent silver firs are devoured by fungi, and comparatively few of them live to see their three hundredth birth year. But nothing hurts the Big Tree. I never saw one that was sick or showed the slightest sign of decay. It lives on through indefinite thousands of years, until burned, blown down, undermined, or shattered by some tremendous lightning stroke. No ordinary bolt ever seriously hurts Sequoia. In all my walks I have seen only one that was thus killed outright. Lightning, though rare in the California lowlands, is common on the Sierra. Almost every day in June and July small thunderstorms refresh the main forest belt. Clouds like snowy mountains of marvelous beauty grow rapidly in the calm sky about midday, and cast cooling shadows and showers that seldom last more than an hour. Nevertheless, these brief, kind storms wound or

kill a good many trees. I have seen silver firs, two hundred feet high, split into long peeled rails and slivers down to the roots, leaving not even a stump; the rails radiating like the spokes of a wheel from a hole in the ground where the tree stood. But the Sequoia, instead of being split and slivered, usually has forty or fifty feet of its brash knotty top smashed off in short chunks about the size of cord wood, the beautiful rosy-red ruins covering the ground in a circle a hundred feet wide or more. I never saw any that had been cut down to the ground, or even to below the branches, except one in the Stanislaus Grove, about twelve feet in diameter, the greater part of which was smashed to fragments, leaving only a leafless stump about seventy-five feet high. It is a curious fact that all the very old Sequoias have lost their heads by lightning. "All things come to him who waits;" but of all living things Sequoia is perhaps the only one able to wait long enough to make sure of being struck by lightning. Thousands of years it stands ready and waiting, offering its head to every passing cloud as if inviting its fate, praying for heaven's fire as a blessing; and when at last the old head is off, another of the same shape immediately begins to grow on. Every bud and branch seems excited, like bees that have lost their queen, and tries hard to repair the damage. Branches that for many centuries have been growing out horizontally at once turn upward, and all their branchlets arrange themselves with reference to a new top of the same peculiar curve as the old one. Even the small subordinate branches halfway down the trunk do their best to push up to the top and help in this curious head-making.

The great age of these noble trees is even more wonderful than their huge size, standing bravely up, millennium in, millennium out, to all that fortune may bring them; triumphant over tempest and fire and time, fruitful and beautiful, giving food and shelter to multitudes of

small fleeting creatures dependent upon their bounty. Other trees may claim to be about as large or as old: Australian gums, Senegal baobabs, Mexican taxodiums, English yews, and venerable Lebanon cedars, trees of renown, some of which are from ten to thirty feet in diameter. We read of oaks that are supposed to have existed ever since the creation, yet, strange to say, I can find no definite accounts of the age of any of these trees, but only estimates based on tradition and assumed average rates of growth. No other known tree approaches the Sequoia in grandeur, height and thickness being considered, and none, as far as I know, has looked down on so many centuries, or opens such impressive and suggestive views into history. The majestic monument of the Kings River Forest is, as we have seen, fully four thousand years old, and, measuring the rings of annual growth, we find it was no less than twenty-seven feet in diameter at the beginning of the Christian era, while many observations lead me to expect the discovery of others ten or twenty centuries older. As to those of moderate age, there are thousands, mere youths as yet, that

"saw the light that shone
On Mahomed's uplifted crescent,
On many a royal gilded throne
And deed forgotten in the present,
... saw the age of sacred trees
And Druid groves and mystic larches,
And saw from forest domes like these
The builder bring his Gothic arches."

Great trees and groves need to be venerated as sacred monuments and halls of council and worship. But soon after the discovery of the Calaveras Grove one of the grandest trees was cut down for the sake of the stump! The laborious vandals had seen "the biggest tree in the world;" then, forsooth, they must try to see the biggest stump and dance on it.

The growth in height for the first two centuries is usually at the rate of eight to ten inches a year. Of course all very large trees are old, but those equal in

size may vary greatly in age, on account of variations in soil, closeness or openness of growth, etc. Thus, a tree about ten feet in diameter that grew on the side of a meadow was, according to my own count of the wood rings, only two hundred and fifty-nine years old at the time it was felled, while another in the same grove, of almost exactly the same size, but less favorably situated, was fourteen hundred and forty years old. The Calaveras tree cut for a dance floor was twenty-four feet in diameter, and only thirteen hundred years old; another, about the same size, was a thousand years older.

One of my own best excursions among the Sequoias was made in the autumn of 1875, when I explored the then unknown or little-known Sequoia region south of the Mariposa Grove for comprehensive views of the belt, and to learn what I could of the peculiar distribution of the species and its history in general. In particular, I was anxious to try to find out whether it had ever been more widely distributed since the glacial period; what conditions, favorable or otherwise, were affecting it; what were its relations to climate, topography, soil, and the other trees growing with it, etc.; and whether, as was generally supposed, the species was nearing extinction. I was already acquainted in a general way with the northern groves, but, excepting some passing glimpses gained on excursions into the high Sierra about the head waters of Kings and Kern rivers, I had seen nothing of the south end of the belt.

Nearly all my mountaineering has been done on foot, carrying as little as possible, depending on camp fires for warmth, that so I might be light and free to go wherever my studies might lead. But on this Sequoia trip, which promised to be long, I was persuaded to take a small wild mule with me, to carry provisions and a pair of blankets. The friendly owner of the animal, having no-

ticed that I sometimes looked tired when I came down from the peaks to replenish my bread sack, assured me that his "little Brownie mule" was just what I wanted, — tough as a knot, perfectly untirable, low and narrow, just right for squeezing through brush, able to climb like a chipmunk, jump from boulder to boulder like a wild sheep, and go anywhere a man could go. But tough as he was, and accomplished as a climber, many a time in the course of our journey, when he was jaded and hungry, wedged fast in rocks or struggling in chaparral like a fly in a spider web, his troubles were sad to see, and I wished he would leave me and find his way home alone.

We set out from Yosemite about the end of August, and our first camp was made in the well-known Mariposa Grove. Here and in the adjacent pine woods I spent nearly a week, carefully examining the boundaries of the grove for traces of its greater extension without finding any. Then I struck out into the majestic trackless forest to the southeastward, hoping to find new groves or traces of old ones in the dense silver fir and pine woods about the head of Big Creek, where soil and climate seemed most favorable to their growth; but not a single tree or old monument of any sort came to light until I climbed the high rock called Wamellow by the Indians. Here I obtained telling views of the fertile forest-filled basin of the upper Fresno. Innumerable spires of the noble yellow pine were displayed rising one above another on the braided slopes, and yet nobler sugar pines with superb arms outstretched in the rich autumn light, while away toward the southwest, on the verge of the glowing horizon, I discovered the majestic domelike crowns of Big Trees towering high over all, singly and in close grove congregations. There is something wonderfully attractive in this king tree, even when beheld from afar, that draws us to it with indescribable enthu-

siasm, — its superior height and massive smoothly rounded outlines proclaiming its character in any company; and when one of the oldest of them attains full stature on some commanding ridge, it seems the very god of the woods. I ran back to camp, packed Brownie, and steered over the divide and down into the heart of the Fresno Grove. Then choosing a camp on the side of a brook where the grass was good, I made a cup of tea, and set off free among the brown giants, glorying in the abundance of new work about me. One of the first special things that caught my attention was an extensive landslip. The ground on the side of a stream had given way to a depth of about fifty feet, and with all its trees had been launched into the bottom of the stream ravine. Most of the trees — pines, firs, incense cedar, and Sequoia — were still standing erect and uninjured, as if unconscious that anything out of the common had happened. Tracing the ravine alongside the avalanche, I saw many trees whose roots had been laid bare, and in one instance discovered a Sequoia, about fifteen feet in diameter, growing above an old prostrate trunk that seemed to belong to a former generation. This slip had occurred seven or eight years ago, and I was glad to find not only that most of the Big Trees were uninjured, but that many companies of hopeful seedlings and saplings were growing confidently on the fresh soil along the broken front of the avalanche. These young trees were already eight or ten feet high, and were shooting up vigorously, as if sure of eternal life, though young pines, firs, and libocedrus were running a race with them for the sunshine, with an even start. Farther down the ravine I counted five hundred and thirty-six promising young Sequoias on a bed of rough bouldery soil not exceeding two acres in extent.

The Fresno Big Trees covered an area of about four square miles, and while wandering about, surveying the bounda-

ries of the grove, anxious to see every tree, I came suddenly upon a handsome log cabin, richly embowered, and so fresh and unweathered it was still redolent of gum and balsam, like a newly felled tree. Strolling forward, wondering who could have built it, I found an old, weary-eyed, unspeculative, gray-haired man on a bark stool by the door, reading a book. The discovery of his hermitage by a stranger seemed to surprise him; but when I explained that I was only a tree lover sauntering along the mountains to study Sequoia, he bade me welcome, and made me bring my mule down to a little slanting meadow before his door and camp with him, promising to show me his pet trees and many curious things bearing on my studies.

After supper, as the evening shadows were falling, the good hermit sketched his life in the mines, which, in the main, was like that of most other pioneer gold hunters, — a succession of intense experiences, full of big ups and downs, like the mountain topography. Since "49" he had wandered over most of the Sierra, sinking innumerable prospect holes like a sailor making soundings, digging new channels for streams, sifting gold-sprinkled boulder and gravel beds with unquenchable energy, — life's noon, the meanwhile, passing unnoticed into late afternoon shadows. Then, health and gold gone, the game played and lost, like a wounded deer creeping into this forest solitude, he awaits the sundown call. How sad the undertones of many a life here, now the noise of the first big gold battles has died away! How many interesting wrecks lie drifted and stranded in hidden nooks of the gold region! Perhaps no other range contains the remains of so many rare and interesting men. The name of my hermit friend is John A. Nelder, a fine, kind man, who in going into the woods has at last gone home; for he loves nature truly, and realizes that these last shadowy days, with scarce a glint of gold in them, are

the best of all. Birds, squirrels, plants, get loving natural recognition, and delightful it was to see how sensitively he responded to the silent influences of the woods. His eyes brightened as he gazed on the trees that stand guard around his little home; squirrels and mountain quails came at his call to be fed; and he tenderly stroked the little snow-bent sapling Sequoias, hoping they might yet grow straight to the sky and rule the grove. One of the greatest of his trees stands a little way back of his cabin, and he proudly led me to it, bidding me admire its colossal proportions and measure it, to see if in all the forest there could be another so grand. It proved to be only twenty-six feet in diameter, and he seemed distressed to learn that the Mariposa Grizzly Giant was larger. I tried to comfort him by observing that his was the taller, finer formed, and perhaps the more favorably situated. Then he led me to some noble ruins, remnants of gigantic trunks of trees that he supposed must have been larger than any now standing; and though they had lain on the damp ground, exposed to fire and the weather for centuries, the wood was perfectly sound. Sequoia timber is not only beautiful in color, — rose-red when fresh, and as easily worked as pine, — but it is almost absolutely unperishable. Build a house of Big Tree logs on granite, and that house will last about as long as its foundation. Indeed, fire seems to be the only agent that has any appreciable effect on it. From one of these ancient trunk remnants I cut a specimen of the wood, which neither in color, strength, nor soundness could be distinguished from specimens cut from living trees, although it had certainly lain on the damp forest floor for more than three hundred and eighty years; probably more than thrice as long. The time in this instance was determined as follows: when the tree from which the specimen was derived fell, it sunk itself into the ground, making a ditch about

two hundred feet long and five or six feet deep; and in the middle of this ditch, where a part of the fallen trunk had been burned out of the way, a silver fir, four feet in diameter and three hundred and eighty years old, was growing; showing that the Sequoia trunk had lain on the ground three hundred and eighty years plus the unknown time that it lay before the part whose place had been taken by the fir was burned out of the way, and that which had elapsed ere the seed from which the monumental fir sprang fell into the prepared soil and took root. Now, because Sequoia trunks are never wholly consumed in one forest fire, and these fires recur only at considerable intervals, and because Sequoia ditches, after being cleared, are often left unplanted for centuries, it becomes evident that the trunk remnant in question may have been on the ground a thousand years or more. Similar vestiges are common, and, together with the root bowls and long straight ditches of the fallen monarchs, throw a sure light back on the postglacial history of the species, bearing on its distribution. One of the most interesting features of this grove is the apparent ease and strength and comfortable independence in which the trees occupy their place in the general forest. Seedlings, saplings, young and middle-aged trees, are grouped promisingly around the old patriarchs, betraying no sign of approach to extinction. On the contrary, all seem to be saying, "Everything is to our mind, and we mean to live forever." But, sad to tell, a lumber company was building a large mill and flume near by, assuring widespread destruction.

Day after day, from grove to grove, cañon to cañon, I made a long wavering way; terribly rough in some places for Brownie, but cheery for me, for Sequoias were seldom out of sight. We crossed the rugged, picturesque basins of Redwood Creek, the North Fork of the Kaweah, and Marble Fork, gloriously for-

ested, and full of beautiful cascades and falls, sheer and slanting, infinitely varied with broad curly foam fleeces and strips of embroidery in which the sunbeams revel. Thence we climbed into the noble forest on the Marble and Middle Fork divide. After a general exploration of the Kaweah basin this part of the Sequoia belt seemed to me the finest, and I then named it the Giant Forest. It extends, a magnificent growth of giants, grouped in pure temple groves, ranged in colonnades along the sides of meadows, or scattered among the other trees, from the granite headlands overlooking the hot foothills and plains of the San Joaquin back to within a few miles of the old glacier fountains, at an elevation of five thousand to eight thousand four hundred feet above the sea.

When I entered this sublime wilderness the day was nearly done; the trees, with rosy glowing countenances, seemed to be hushed and thoughtful, as if waiting in conscious religious dependence on the sun, and one naturally walked softly and awestricken among them. I wandered on, meeting nobler trees where all are noble, subdued in the general calm, as if in some vast hall pervaded by the deepest sanctities and solemnities that sway human souls. At sundown the trees seemed to cease their worship and breathe free. I heard the birds going home. I too sought a home for the night on the edge of a level meadow, where there is a long open view between the evenly ranked trees standing guard along its sides. Then, after a good place was found for poor Brownie, who had had a hard, weary day, sliding and scrambling across the Marble cañon, I made my bed and supper, and lay on my back, looking up to the stars through pillared arches finer far than the pious heart of man telling its love ever reared. Then I took a walk up the meadow to see the trees in the pale light. They seemed still more marvelously massive and tall than by day, heaving their colossal heads into

the depths of the sky among the stars, some of which seemed to be sparkling on their branches like flowers. I built a big fire, that vividly illumined the huge brown boles of the nearest trees, and the little plants and cones and fallen leaves at their feet; keeping up the show until I fell asleep to dream of boundless forests and trail-building for Brownie.

Joyous birds welcomed the dawn, and the squirrels, now their food cones were ripe, and had to be quickly gathered and stored for winter, began their work before sunrise. My tea-and-bread-crumbs breakfast was soon done, and leaving jaded Brownie to feed and rest, I sauntered forth to my studies. In every direction Sequoia ruled the woods. Most of the other big conifers were present here and there, but not as rivals or companions. They only served to thicken and enrich the general wilderness. Trees of every age cover craggy ridges as well as the deep moraine-soiled slopes, and plant their magnificent shafts along every brookside and meadow. Bogs and meadows are rare or entirely wanting in the isolated groves north of Kings River; here there is a beautiful series of them lying on the broad top of the main dividing ridge, imbedded in the very heart of the mammoth woods, as if for ornament, their smooth plushy bosoms kept bright and fertile by streams and sunshine.

Resting awhile on one of the most beautiful of them, when the sun was high, it seemed impossible that any other forest picture in the world could rival it. There lay the grassy, flowery lawn, three fourths of a mile long, smoothly outspread, basking in mellow autumn light, colored brown and yellow and purple, streaked with lines of green along the streams, and ruffled here and there with patches of ledum and scarlet vaccinium. Around the margin there is first a fringe of azalea and willow bushes, colored orange-yellow and enlivened with vivid dashes of red cornel, as if painted. Then up spring the mighty walls of verdure,

three hundred feet high, the brown fluted pillars so thick and tall and strong they seem fit to uphold the sky; the dense foliage, swelling forward in rounded bosses on the upper half, variously shaded and tinted, — that of the young trees dark green, of the old yellowish. An aged lightning-smitten patriarch, standing a little forward beyond the general line, with knotty arms outspread, was covered with gray and yellow lichens, and surrounded by a group of saplings whose slender spires seemed to lack not a single leaf or spray in their wondrous perfection.

Such was the Kaweah meadow picture that golden afternoon; and as I gazed every color seemed to deepen and glow, as if the progress of the fresh sun work were visible from hour to hour, while every tree seemed religious and conscious of the presence of God. A freeman revels in a scene like this, and time goes by unmeasured. I stood fixed in silent wonder, or sauntered about, shifting my points of view, studying the physiognomy of separate trees, and going out to the different color patches to see how they were put on and what they were made of; giving free expression to my joy, exulting in nature's wild immortal vigor and beauty, never dreaming any other human being was near. Suddenly the spell was broken by dull bumping, thudding sounds, and a man and horse came in sight at the farther end of the meadow, where they seemed sadly out of place. A good big bear or mastodon or megatherium would have been more in keeping with the old mammoth forest. Nevertheless, it is always pleasant to meet one of our own species, after solitary rambles, and I stepped out where I could be seen and shouted, when the rider reined in his galloping mustang and waited my approach. He seemed too much surprised to speak, until, laughing in his puzzled face, I said I was glad to meet a fellow mountaineer in so lonely a place. Then he abruptly asked: "What are you do-

ing? How did you get here?" I explained that I came across the cañons from Yosemite, and was only looking at the trees. "Oh, then I know," he said, greatly to my surprise. "You must be John Muir." He was herding a band of horses that had been driven up a rough trail from the lowlands to feed on these forest meadows. A few handfuls of crumb detritus was all that was left in my bread sack, so I told him that I was nearly out of provisions, and asked whether he could spare me a little flour. "Oh yes, of course you can have anything I've got," he said. "Just take my track, and it will lead you to my camp in a big hollow log on the side of a meadow two or three miles from here. I must ride after some strayed horses, but I'll be back before night; in the meantime make yourself at home." He galloped away to the northward. I returned to my own camp, saddled Brownie, and by the middle of the afternoon discovered his noble den in a fallen Sequoia hollowed by fire, — a spacious log house of one log, carbon-lined, centuries old, yet sweet and fresh, weather-proof, earthquake-proof, likely to outlast the most durable stone castle, and commanding views of garden and grove grander far than the richest king ever enjoyed. Brownie found plenty of grass, and I found bread, which I ate, with views from the big, round, ever open door. Soon the Good Samaritan mountaineer came in, and I enjoyed a famous rest, listening to his observations on trees, animals, adventures, etc., while he was busy preparing supper. In answer to inquiries concerning the distribution of the Big Trees he gave a good deal of information of the forest we were in, with little in general. He had heard that the species extended a long way south, — he knew not how far.

In the forest between the Middle and East Fork of the Kaweah I met a grand fire; and as fire is the master scourge and controller of the distribution of trees,

I stopped to watch it and learn what I could of its works and ways with the giants. It came racing up the steep chaparral-covered slopes of the East Fork cañon with passionate enthusiasm in a broad cataract of flames: now bending down low to feed on the green bushes, devouring acres of them at a breath; now towering high in the air, as if looking abroad to choose a way; then stooping to feed again, — the lurid flapping surges and the smoke and terrible rushing and roaring hiding all that is gentle and orderly in the work. But as soon as the deep forest was reached the ungovernable flood became calm, like a torrent entering a lake; creeping and spreading beneath the trees, where the ground was level or sloped gently, slowly nibbling the cake of compressed needles and scales with flames an inch high, rising here and there to a foot or two on dry twigs and clumps of small bushes and brome grass. Only at considerable intervals were fierce bonfires lighted, where heavy branches broken off by snow had accumulated, or around some venerable giant whose head had been stricken off by lightning.

I tethered Brownie on the edge of a little meadow beside a stream, a good safe way off, and then cautiously chose a camp for myself in a big stout hollow trunk, not likely to be crushed by the fall of burning trees, and made a bed of ferns and boughs in it. The night, however, and the strange wild fireworks were too beautiful and exciting to allow much sleep. There was no danger of being chased and hemmed in; for in the main forest belt of the Sierra, even when swift winds are blowing, fires seldom or never sweep over the trees in broad all-embracing sheets, as they do in the dense Rocky Mountain woods and in those of the Cascade Mountains of Oregon and Washington. Here they creep from tree to tree with tranquil deliberation, allowing close observation, though caution is required, in venturing around the burning giants, to avoid falling limbs

and knots and fragments from dead shattered tops. Though the day was best for study, I sauntered about night after night, learning what I could, and admiring the wonderful show vividly displayed in the lonely darkness: the ground fire advancing in long crooked lines, gently grazing and smoking on the close-pressed leaves, springing up in thousands of little jets of pure flame on dry tassels and twigs, and tall spires and flat sheets with jagged flapping edges dancing here and there on grass tufts and bushes; big bonfires blazing in perfect storms of energy, where heavy branches mixed with small ones lay smashed together in hundred-cord piles; big red arches between spreading root swells and trees growing close together; huge fire-mantled trunks on the hill slopes glowing like bars of hot iron; violet-colored fire running up the tall trees, tracing the furrows of the bark in quick-quivering rills, and lighting magnificent torches on dry shattered tops; and ever and anon, with a tremendous roar and burst of light, young trees clad in low-descending feathery branches vanishing in one flame two or three hundred feet high.

One of the most impressive and beautiful sights was made by the great fallen trunks lying on the hillsides, all red and glowing like colossal iron bars fresh from a furnace; two hundred feet long, some of them, and ten to twenty feet thick. After repeated burnings have consumed the bark and sapwood, the sound charred surface, being full of cracks and sprinkled with leaves, is quickly overspread with a pure rich furred ruby glow, almost flameless and smokeless, producing a marvelous effect in the night. Another grand and interesting sight are the fires on the tops of the largest living trees, flaming above the green branches at a height of perhaps two hundred feet, entirely cut off from the ground fires, and looking like signal beacons on watch towers. From one standpoint I sometimes saw a dozen

or more, those in the distance looking like great stars above the forest roof. At first I could not imagine how these Sequoia lamps were lighted, but the very first night, strolling about, waiting and watching, I saw the thing done again and again. The thick fibrous bark of old trees is divided by deep, nearly continuous furrows, the sides of which are bearded with the bristling ends of fibres broken by the growth swelling of the trunk; and when the fire comes creeping around the foot of the tree, it runs up these bristly furrows in lovely pale blue quivering, bickering rills of flame, with a low, earnest, whispering sound, to the lightning-shattered top of the trunk, which, in the dry Indian summer, with perhaps leaves and twigs and squirrel-gnawed cone scales and seed wings lodged on it, is readily ignited. These lamp-lighting rills, the most beautiful fire streams I ever saw, last only a minute or two; but the big lamps burn with varying brightness for days and weeks, throwing off sparks like the spray of a fountain, while ever and anon a shower of red coals comes sifting down through the branches, followed at times, with startling effect, by a big burned-off chunk weighing perhaps half a ton.

The immense bonfire, where fifty or a hundred cords of peeled, split, smashed wood have been piled around some old giant by a single stroke of lightning, is another grand sight in the night. The light was so great I found I could read common print three hundred yards from them, and the illumination of the circle of on-looking trees is indescribably impressive. Other big fires, roaring and booming like waterfalls, were blazing on the upper sides of trees on hill slopes against which limbs broken off by heavy snow had rolled, while branches high overhead, tossed and shaken by the ascending air current, seemed to be writhing in pain. Perhaps the most startling phenomenon of all was the quick death of childlike Sequoias only a cen-

tury or two of age. In the midst of the other comparatively slow and steady fire work, one of these tall beautiful saplings, leafy and branchy, would be seen blazing up suddenly all in one heaving, booming, passionate flame reaching from the ground to the top of the tree, and fifty to a hundred feet or more above it, with a smoke column bending forward and streaming away on the upper free-flowing wind. To burn these green trees, a strong fire of dry wood beneath them is required to send up a current of air hot enough to distill inflammable gases from the leaves and sprays; then, instead of the lower limbs gradually catching fire and igniting the next and next in succession, the whole tree seems to explode almost simultaneously, and with awful roaring and throbbing a round tapering flame shoots up two or three hundred feet, and in a second or two is quenched, leaving the green spire a black dead mast, bristled and roughened with down-curling boughs. Nearly all the trees that have been burned down are lying with their heads uphill, because they are burned far more deeply on the upper side, on account of broken limbs rolling down against them to make hot fires, while only leaves and twigs accumulate on the lower side, and are quickly consumed without injury to the tree. But green resinless Sequoia wood burns very slowly, and many successive fires are required to burn down a large tree. Fires can run only at intervals of several years, and when the ordinary amount of firewood that has rolled against the gigantic trunk is consumed, only a shallow scar is made, which is slowly deepened by recurring fires until far beyond the centre of gravity; and when at last the tree falls, it of course falls uphill. The healing folds of wood layers on some of the deeply burned trees show that centuries have elapsed since the last wounds were made.

When a great Sequoia falls, its head is smashed into fragments about as small

as those made by lightning, and are mostly devoured by the first running hunting fire that finds them, while the trunk is slowly wasted away by centuries of fire and weather. One of the most interesting fire actions on the trunk is the boring of those great tunnel-like hollows through which horsemen may gallop. All of these famous hollows are burned out of the solid wood, for no Sequoia is ever hollowed by decay. When the tree falls, the brash trunk is often broken straight across into sections, as if sawed; into these joints the fire creeps, and, on account of the great size of the broken ends, burns for weeks or even months without being much influenced by the weather. After the great glowing ends fronting each other have burned so far apart that their rims cease to burn, the fire continues to work on in the centres, and the ends become deeply concave. Then, heat being radiated from side to side, the burning goes on in each section of the trunk independent of the other, until the diameter of the bore is so great that the heat radiated across from side to side is not sufficient to keep them burning. It appears, therefore, that only very large trees can receive the fire auger and have any shell rim left.

Of all the Tule basin forest the section on the North Fork seemed the finest, surpassing, I think, even the Giant Forest of the Kaweah. Southward from here, though the width and general continuity of the belt is well sustained, I thought I could detect a slight falling off in the height of the trees and in closeness of growth. All the basin was swept by swarms of hoofed locusts, the southern part over and over again, until not a leaf within reach was left on the wettest bogs, the outer edges of the thorniest chaparral beds, or even on the young conifers, which, unless under the stress of dire famine, sheep never touch. Of course Brownie suffered, though I made diligent search for grassy sheep-proof spots. When I turned him

loose one evening on the side of a carex bog, he dolefully prospected the desolate neighborhood without finding anything that even a starving mule could eat. Then, utterly discouraged, he stole up behind me while I was bent over on my knees making a fire for tea, and in a pitiful mixture of bray and neigh begged for help. It was a mighty touching prayer, and I answered it as well as I could with half of what was left of a cake made from the last of the flour given me by the Indians; hastily passing it over my shoulder, and saying: "Yes, poor fellow, I know, but soon you'll have plenty. To-morrow down we go to alfalfa and barley," — speaking to him as if he were human, as through stress of trouble plainly he was. After eating his portion of bread he seemed content, for he said no more, but patiently turned away to gnaw leafless ceanothus stubs. Such clinging, confiding dependence, after all our scrambles and adventures together, was very touching, and I felt conscience-stricken for having led him so far in so rough and desolate a country. "Man," says Lord Bacon, "is the god of the dog." So also he is of the mule and many other dependent fellow mortals.

Next morning I turned westward, determined to force a way straight to pasture, letting Sequoia wait. Fortunately, ere we had struggled down through half a mile of chaparral we heard a mill whistle, for which we gladly made a bee line. At the sawmill we both got a good meal; then, taking the dusty lumber road, pursued our way to the lowlands. The nearest good pasture, I counted, might be thirty or forty miles away. But scarcely had we gone ten when I noticed a little log cabin, a hundred yards or so back from the road, and a tall man, straight as a pine, standing in front of it, observing us as we came plodding down through the dust. Seeing no sign of grass or hay, I was going past without stopping, when he shouted, "Travelin'?" Then,

drawing nearer: "Where have you come from? I did n't notice you go up." I replied I had come through the woods from the north, looking at the trees. "Oh, then you must be John Muir. Halt; you're tired; come and rest, and I'll cook for you." Then I explained that I was tracing the Sequoia belt; that on account of sheep my mule was starving, and therefore I must push on to the lowlands. "No, no," he said. "That corral over there is full of hay and grain. Turn your mule into it. I don't own it, but the fellow who does is hauling lumber, and it will be all right. He's a white man. Come and rest. How tired you must be! The Big Trees don't go much farther south, nohow. I know the country up there; have hunted all over it. Come and rest, and let your little doggone rat of a mule rest. How in heavens did you get him across the cañons? Roll him, or carry him? He's poor, but he'll get fat; and I'll give you a horse, and go with you up the mountains, and while you're looking at the trees I'll go hunting. It will be a short job, for the end of the Big Trees is not far." Of course I stopped. No true invitation is ever declined. He had been hungry and tired himself many a time in the Rocky Mountains as well as in the Sierra. Now he owned a band of cattle, and lived alone. His cabin was about eight by ten feet; the door at one end, a fireplace at the other, and a bed on one side, fastened to the logs. Leading me in without a word of mean apology, he made me lie down on the bed; then reached under it, brought forth a sack of apples, and advised me to keep "chawing" at them until he got supper ready. Finer, braver hospitality I never found in all this good world, so often called selfish.

Next day, with hearty, easy alacrity, the mountaineer procured horses, prepared and packed provisions, and got everything ready for an early start the following morning. Well mounted, we

pushed rapidly up the South Fork of the river, and soon after noon were among the giants once more. On the divide between the Tule and Deer Creek a central camp was made, and the mountaineer spent his time in deer-hunting, while, with provisions for two or three days, I explored the woods, and, in accordance with what I had been told, soon reached the southern extremity of the belt on the South Fork of Deer Creek. To make sure, I searched the woods a considerable distance south of the last Deer Creek grove, passed over into the basin of the Kern, and climbed several high points commanding extensive views over the sugar-pine woods, without seeing a single Sequoia crown in all the wide expanse to the southward. On the way back to camp, however, I was greatly interested in a grove I discovered on the east side of the Kern River divide, opposite the North Fork of Deer Creek. The height of the pass where the species crossed over is about seven thousand feet, and I heard of still another grove whose waters drain into the upper Kern, opposite the Middle Fork of the Tule. It appears, therefore, that though the Sequoia belt is two hundred and sixty miles long most of the trees are on a section to the south of Kings River, only about seventy miles in length. But though the area occupied by the species increases so much to the southward, there is but little difference in the size of the trees. A diameter of twenty feet and height of two hundred and seventy-five is perhaps about the average for anything like mature and favorably situated trees. Specimens twenty-five feet in diameter are not rare, and a good many approach a height of three hundred feet. Occasionally one meets a specimen thirty feet in diameter, and rarely one that is larger. The majestic stump on Kings River is the largest I saw and measured on the entire trip. Careful search around the boundaries of the forests and groves and in the gaps of the belt failed to discover any trace

of the former existence of the species beyond its present limits. On the contrary, it seems to be slightly extending its boundaries; for the outstanding stragglers, occasionally met a mile or two from the main bodies, are young instead of old monumental trees. Ancient ruins and the ditches and root bowls the big trunks make in falling were found in all the groves, but none outside of them. We may therefore conclude that the area covered by the species has not been diminished during the last eight or ten thousand years, and probably not at all in postglacial times. For admitting that upon those areas supposed to have been once covered by Sequoia every tree may have fallen, and that fire and the weather had left not a vestige of them, many of the ditches made by the fall of the ponderous trunks, weighing five hundred to nearly a thousand tons, and the bowls made by their upturned roots would remain visible for thousands of years after the last remnant of the trees had vanished. Some of these records would doubtless be effaced in a comparatively short time by the inwashing of sediments, but no inconsiderable part of them would remain enduringly engraved on flat ridge tops, almost wholly free from such action.

In the northern groves, the only ones that at first came under the observation of students, there are but few seedlings and young trees to take the places of the old ones. Therefore the species was regarded as doomed to speedy extinction, as being only an expiring remnant, vanquished in the so-called struggle for life, and shoved into its last strongholds in moist glens where conditions are exceptionally favorable. But the majestic continuous forests of the south end of the belt create a very different impression. Here, as we have seen, no tree in the forest is more enduringly established. Nevertheless, it is oftentimes vaguely said that the Sierra climate is drying out, and that this on-coming, constantly

increasing drought will of itself surely extinguish King Sequoia, though sections of wood rings show that there has been no appreciable change of climate during the last forty centuries. Furthermore, that Sequoia *can* grow and *is* growing on as dry ground as any of its neighbors or rivals we have seen proved over and over again. "Why, then," it will be asked, "are the Big Tree groves always found on well-watered spots?" Simply because Big Trees give rise to streams. It is a mistake to suppose that the water is the cause of the groves being there. On the contrary, the groves are the cause of the water being there. The roots of this immense tree fill the ground, forming a sponge, which hoards the bounty of the clouds, and sends it forth in clear perennial streams instead of allowing it to rush headlong in short-lived, destructive floods. Evaporation is also checked and the air kept still in the shady Sequoia depths, while thirsty robber winds are shut out.

Since, then, it appears that Sequoia can and does grow on as dry ground as its neighbors, and that the greater moisture found with it is an effect rather than a cause of its presence, the notions as to the former greater extension of the species and its near approach to extinction, based on its supposed dependence on greater moisture, are seen to be erroneous. Indeed, all my observations go to show that in case of prolonged drought the sugar pines and firs would die before Sequoia. Again, if the restricted and irregular distribution of the species be interpreted as the result of the desiccation of the range, then, instead of increasing in individuals toward the south, where the rainfall is less, it should diminish.

If, then, its peculiar distribution has not been governed by superior conditions of soil and moisture, by what has it been governed? Several years before I made this trip, I noticed that the northern groves were located on those parts

of the Sierra soil belt that were first laid bare and opened to preemption when the ice sheet began to break up into individual glaciers. And when I was examining the basin of the San Joaquin, and trying to account for the absence of Sequoia where every condition seemed favorable for its growth, it occurred to me that this remarkable gap in the belt is located in the channel of the great ancient glacier of the San Joaquin and Kings River basins which poured its frozen floods to the plain, fed by the snows that fell on more than fifty miles of the summit peaks of the range. Constantly brooding on the question, I next perceived that the great gap in the belt to the northward, forty miles wide, between the Stanislaus and Tuolumne groves, occurs in the channel of the great Stanislaus and Tuolumne glacier, and that the smaller gap between the Merced and Mariposa groves occurs in the channel of the smaller Merced glacier. The wider the ancient glacier, the wider the gap in the Sequoia belt, while the groves and forests attain their greatest development in the Kaweah and Tule River basins; just where, owing to topographical conditions, the region was first cleared and warmed, while protected from the main ice rivers that flowed past to right and left down the Kings and Kern valleys. In general, where the ground on the belt was first cleared of ice, there the Sequoia now is; and where, at the same elevation and time, the ancient glaciers lingered, there the Sequoia is not. What the other conditions may have been which enabled the Sequoia to establish itself upon these oldest and warmest parts of the main soil belt I cannot say. I might venture to state, however, that since the Sequoia forests present a more and more ancient and long-established aspect to the southward, the species was probably distributed from the south toward the close of the glacial period, before the arrival of other trees. About this branch of the

question, however, there is at present much fog, but the general relationship I have pointed out between the distribution of the Big Tree and the ancient glacier system is clear. And when we bear in mind that all the existing forests of the Sierra are growing on comparatively fresh moraine soil, and that the range itself has been recently sculptured and brought to light from beneath the ice mantle of the glacial winter, then many lawless mysteries vanish, and harmonies take their places.

But notwithstanding all the observed phenomena bearing on the postglacial history of this colossal tree point to the conclusion that it never was more widely distributed on the Sierra since the close of the glacial epoch; that its present forests are scarcely past prime, if indeed they have reached prime; that the postglacial day of the species is probably not half done; yet when, from a wider outlook, the vast antiquity of the genus is considered, and its ancient richness in species and individuals, — comparing our Sierra giant and *Sequoia sempervirens* of the coast, the only other living species, with the many fossil species already discovered, and described by Heer and Lesquereux, some of which flourished over large areas around the Arctic Circle, and in Europe and our own territories, during tertiary and cretaceous times, — then indeed it becomes plain that our two surviving species, restricted to narrow belts within the limits of California, are mere remnants of a genus both as to species and individuals, and that they probably are verging to extinction. But the verge of a period beginning in cretaceous times may have a breadth of tens of thousands of years, not to mention the possible existence of conditions calculated to multiply and reëxtend both species and individuals. No unfavorable change of climate, so far as I can see, no disease, but only fire and the axe and the ravages of flocks and herds threaten the existence of these noblest

of God's trees. In nature's keeping they are safe, but through man's agency destruction is making rapid progress, while in the work of protection only a beginning has been made. The Mariposa Grove belongs to and is guarded by the state; the General Grant and Sequoia National Parks, established ten years ago, are efficiently guarded by a troop of cavalry under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior; so also are the small Tuolumne and Merced groves, which are included in the Yosemite National Park; while a few scattered patches and fringes, scarce at all protected, though belonging to the national government, are in the Sierra Forest Reservation.

Perhaps more than half of all the Big Trees have been sold, and are now in the hands of speculators and millmen. Even the beautiful little Calaveras Grove of ninety trees, and so historically interesting from its being the first discovered, is now owned, together with the much larger South or Stanislaus Grove, by a lumber company.

Far the largest and most important section of protected Big Trees is in the grand Sequoia National Park, now easily accessible by stage from Visalia. It contains seven townships, and extends across the whole breadth of the magnificent Kaweah basin. But, large as it is, it should be made much larger. Its natural eastern boundary is the high Sierra, and the northern and southern boundaries the Kings and Kern rivers; thus including the sublime scenery on the head waters of these rivers, and perhaps nine tenths of all the Big Trees in existence. Private claims cut and blotch both of the Sequoia parks as well as all the best of the forests, every one of which the government should gradually extinguish by purchase, as it readily may, for none of these holdings is of much value to the owners. Thus, as far as possible, the grand blunder of selling would be corrected. The value of these

forests in storing and dispensing the bounty of the mountain clouds is infinitely greater than lumber or sheep. To the dwellers of the plain, dependent on irrigation, the Big Tree, leaving all its higher uses out of the count, is a tree of life, a never failing spring, sending living water to the lowlands all through the

hot, rainless summer. For every grove cut down a stream is dried up. Therefore all California is crying, "Save the trees of the fountains!" Nor, judging by the signs of the times, is it likely that the cry will cease until the salvation of all that is left of *Sequoia gigantea* is sure.

John Muir.

HIS ENEMY.

DR. ST. JOHN was traveling down to Hartsdale by the express. A man of world-wide mark, he had also a local following, and wherever he might go, within a day's journey from home, some one was sure to name him as "St. John, the oculist." A stranger, even, might have guessed at his profession from the keen glance, the considered movements, of a man used to meeting emergencies. The doctor's face wore a veil of reserve: friendly to the present, it indicated a guarded past; and the iron-gray hair, the sunken temples, showed, with some likelihood of exactness, how remote a past it had been. On that journey memory gripped him hard. He was retracing twenty-odd years, and wondering how, in all that time, he could have been so sure God would deliver his enemy into his hand. He put it so, not from any belief in God's immediate justice, but because a formulated saying was easily remembered, and stood by him when he scorned to recall the poor old drama which had at once impoverished and enriched him.

In that past, so far removed now that childhood seemed the nearer, he was a young man with a good deal of money, some knowledge of medicine, and a beautiful wife. Now, with his perceptions quickened under the lash, he realized how dull he must have been in those old days; not so much with the facile dullness of youth, articulate because it

has so little to say, but from that inertia born of prosperity and a belief in the permanence of tangible things. His practice lay among a class whose forbears had hobnobbed with his. He had a serious house full of ancestral gods, on the sacredness of which he most devoutly reckoned; and he had, to hold until Judgment Day, the beautiful wife. Then the other man appeared, the man who delighted in a changing universe, and preached the irony of fixed beliefs; and he, while St. John considered lenses in the office, made romantic love to the wife in the parlor. St. John never knew how it began. If he had known, it would have seemed to him far less dignified than he allowed himself to call it, even when he reflected that his wife had a great-grandmother of unknown extraction, though indisputably French. It was at first only a foolish little game, born of a man's greed and a woman's vanity, full of roses, echoing regrets, sighs over coming absence, and deification of chivalry and beauty. The woman was a flower plucked too soon; the man a martyr denied the wearing of her. These were theories easily engendered in a wife who had been wooed too coldly, and a free lance frankly amorous, and lately become an epicure at the feast. Whether the two would have sought each other, had they found no barriers, will not be known; but the frowning

wall of her vow and his dishonor piqued and tempted them. At last they were in love; and, with the enormous egotism of that state, they flaunted their banners and cried out to the world, "Make way!" St. John was slow in discovering the invasion of his home. His wife was cold to him, — that, at least, he knew; and when, in a moment of hysteria, she told him how she stood upon the ruins of what her life might have been, he suffered that pang of sexual jealousy which is perhaps a man's most terrible inheritance from the fighting male. For him, however, the horror of the situation was only equalled by its simplicity. He walked away from her without dwelling, even in fancy, upon the crass revenges of an earlier age, and as soon as the law would let him presented her with the legal document he thought she craved. She was free. Then he settled half his property upon her, and she and Ferguson, pushed into each other's arms, married and went away, rather dazed, with the wages of indiscretion in their pockets. He had not seen them since, and he had never ceased to believe that God would deliver Ferguson into his hands. He felt quite easy in expecting it, because, it seemed to him, he did it quite impersonally, as an on-looker who has paid dearly for a place at the game.

People were amazed when he gave his wife her freedom and her fee in that simple fashion. At first they laughed; then they called it quixotism, and because he kept a steady front they gave up talking about it. But actually no one in the round world dreamed how he bled at the heart, not more from losing the woman than the wounding of an armored pride and the consciousness that his respectable life was wrapped about in bathos. He had inherited unsmirched traditions, and a woman had turned them into a lampoon. The lampoon would never be forgotten. So, in his defeated state, he carried himself invulnerably, and bent his wits to the

practice of medicine. That ill-used mind of his — befogged by the dictum that the St. Johns are a chosen people, bound to intermarry with other chosen people and breed decorum — arose to shine. Necessity had touched him on the shoulder. At first he looked around scornfully, to say, What fellow is this? But the messenger did not quail; and he began to realize that the world is made up of men and women, — not St. Johns and others. After his intellect had expanded to take in that idea, it took in a few more, and his colleagues, wondering, said that St. John was not such a fool, after all. A few years later they hailed him with acclaim. He had given them something; he was the equal of other men who had given. At last he might enter that splendid republic where crowns are won only by desert; and at last, they knew, he loved the equality he had learned to understand. For the first time in a thousand years of arrogance St. John was a great name, and the man who had made it so wore it with humility.

To-day the doctor's heart beat hard with a personal excitement it was seldom called upon to register. In spite of himself, he seemed to be reaching forth to a triumph from which, at the same time, he shrank. It was a tawdry situation, and yet quite inevitable. He hated it; but he would no more have refused it than any other step in the appointed way. For, through long comparison of deeds and their results, he believed in the constraining power of one act upon another. The germ of this afternoon's event had been planted in his youth. He could not refuse the harvesting.

Taking out the letter, he held it secure from cursory eyes behind him, and read it over. There was not a word in it to be concealed, yet the phrases flamed in fire. It was from Ferguson, begging him to come down and see Mildred. She was alarmingly nervous, and, doubt-

less for that reason, imagined that something was the matter with her eyes. It was one of her whims that nobody but Dr. St. John could give her a trustworthy verdict, and Ferguson had no resource save to convey her wishes. The letter was sincerely worded, yet, even at his first reading, St. John caught himself threading into it a tone of inevitable shame. He had responded with complete simplicity, believing that, in some way, this was God's method of handing over his fettered foe.

The day was warm with the grace of Indian summer. A haze dwelt upon the distance, mysteriously purpling above the russet of the fields. For the last two months St. John had been working in the city; and looking to find the year where he left it, he saw how it had fled away into this soft magnificence of change. His eyes grew wistful over the transmuting of remembered beauty, where uplands, warm in ripened grasses, swelled beside the track, and fences marked a line of seething underbrush. He felt suddenly alive to every atom of the rolling earth. Some keener sentience had responded to the turmoil of the little world within his brain.

The express drew into the station, where Ferguson himself sat waiting in a speckless trap. St. John knew him at once, in spite of the betraying years. He did not think of the change in himself, as he walked across the platform, bag in hand, with the alert step of one whose arrival bears a meaning. He was the only passenger to alight, and Ferguson knew him: that was the only reason. He nodded, and offered a hand which St. John, setting his bag in the trap, did not see.

"Thought I'd drive you over myself," said Ferguson, as the doctor took the place beside him. "It's rather necessary — see you beforehand, you know. You've got to be prepared."

St. John nodded, not looking at him again, but really almost overthrown by

the keenness of his wonder. For fate was being fulfilled. The man had worked out his destiny. Disease had stricken him, and left her cruel marks. Ferguson was heavy; his broad shoulders, once so alluring to the feminine fancy, were shrugged forward under excess of brawn, and his head crouched close between them. But it was the face where, to the practiced eye, Tragedy had taken up her dwelling. The unwholesome flesh, the baggy outline, the tattling color, — St. John shrank under the implication, as if a curse had fallen there, and he had wrought it. Ferguson pulled the horses into a walk, and, watching them keenly, tried to tell his story.

"It's damned good of you to come!" he burst out, turning for an instant toward St. John.

"We always answer professional calls," said the doctor, unreasonably irritated that, having meant to speak neutrally, he only managed a cold constraint.

"Yes, I know, but — However, here's the whole thing in a nutshell. She's been breaking down, one way or another, for a number of years. I saw it, — God! I guess I did! Everybody saw it, — but there didn't seem to be anything to do, except stand from under. Tantrums, you know, that sort of thing. I've been a brute; that is, I suppose so. I used to think she could help it; so I gave her what-for. But that was when she was 'round on her feet. Now she lies and shudders, and says she's going to be blind; and, good Lord! a man can't stand that, you know. I'd cut off my right hand."

Involuntarily the doctor glanced at the strong hand in its driving glove, and read honesty in the husky tone, though it was not yet apparent whether Ferguson would make that sacrifice to benefit the woman or to save himself her complaints.

"Have her eyes been examined?" he asked curtly.

"No ; she would n't consent to it unless I'd send for you. Said she could n't bear to hear it from anybody else. The fact is, I don't believe there's anything the matter. It's her general health. She's had a hundred imaginary diseases since she broke down. Now it's her eyes. Isn't that possible ?"

"Quite possible."

"It's all hysteria, I tell her," said Ferguson, letting the horses go, and, quite unconsciously to himself, brightening into pleasure over their action. "Bad enough, but still it does n't kill, now does it ?"

"No, it does n't kill," said the doctor ; and the two men watched the horses in silence until, driving up a long avenue, they stopped before a colonial house, and a man ran out to meet them. Ferguson became warmly hospitable. He made as if to take the doctor's bag ; but St. John, with a little dissenting gesture, laid hands on it himself, and followed him up the steps. In the great hall he took off his overcoat, with the stiffness of one who is breathing an alien air, and then accompanied his host upstairs. He felt as if he should pay exorbitantly for the interview. Still, he told himself rigidly, he could not refuse it. Midway of the flight Ferguson paused.

"Won't you have something before you go in ?" he asked. "Glass of wine ? brandy ?"

"No, thanks."

"Well, dinner 'll be on the table presently."

They stopped before a closed door, and Ferguson knocked, saying, at the same instant, in a whisper, "You go in alone."

"No !" responded St. John sharply. It was a tone quite familiar to his assistant and some of the nurses. His face changed swiftly to a tense command. He had entered his own ground, where he was accustomed to be obeyed. "I may need you," he added. "You will stay."

"All right," complied Ferguson, shrugging his shoulders with the air of one who is never permitted to escape.

Meantime a woman's voice had called twice, "Come in !" and Ferguson opened the door.

"Here he is, Milly," he said ; and St. John, advancing with composure, went up to her couch. He had forbidden himself to look at her with the eyes of the heart or memory.

She was lying there, a graceful length, all white lace and light blue ribbons. She rose on one elbow, and a sleeve, in falling, showed the wasting of her arm. She was in the pathetic stage of a woman who has been beautiful, and still retains the charm which is more than beauty. Her black hair had only a thread or two of gray ; her black lashes were long and beguiling, but the blue eyes they shaded held an alien look. That was fear. St. John, with a quick professional air, took the seat in readiness at her elbow. For all his manner told, he might never have seen her until this moment. She put out her hand in an impulsive way, and he, accepting it, laid it gently on the couch.

"Now for the eyes," he said, in a tone of perfunctory cheerfulness. "What seems to be the matter with them ?"

They were dwelling on his face.

"How you have changed !" she murmured, her voice touching upon awe.

Ferguson turned quickly on his heel, and, in spite of himself, St. John felt a hot flush mount wretchedly to his brow.

"Just draw up that shade," he said peremptorily to the other man. "Help me fix these pillows. Stay by, please. I shall want you."

Then, insisting upon trivial services not in the least needful, he proceeded to an examination. By the time it was three quarters over she had begun to talk, uncontrollably, like one who finds relief in words.

"It is true, is n't it ?" she kept repeating. "Just what I knew before.

I'm going to be blind. But don't tell me to-day. I could n't bear it yet. I suppose you've told hundreds of people the same thing. It does n't mean anything to you. Shall you want me to have an operation? I could n't bear it! I could n't bear it!"

This was her cry, — the cry of fear. She could not bear it, whatever it was to be. Meantime, his large white hands, almost divine in their trained gentleness, were upon either side her head, as he placed it on the pillow. He knew there was some virtue either in his touch or in the acquiescent minds of patients, for he could always soothe them. And then, unprepared for speech, he opened his lips and said lightly, surprising himself as much as he did her, —

"Well, I don't think you need to be afraid of blindness just yet."

"There!" cried Ferguson. "By Jove! what did I tell you? Last week it was pneumonia, and the week before, your head buzzed. By George! I wish there was a pill for hysteria!" But his tone was kindly and full of relief. St. John guessed that the little eyes, half hidden within their fleshy caverns, were wet with tears.

Mildred was looking at the doctor.

"How can you tell me so?" she asked calmly. "How can you?"

He returned her gaze.

"I don't say you have n't more or less trouble with your eyes," he continued, "but my theory would be that you must build up your general health."

"Just what I said," interposed Ferguson. "The general health!"

"Who is your family doctor?"

"I hate him," she remarked indifferently.

"Has n't seen him for three years," put in Ferguson. "Just lies here and thinks up diseases, and won't let me call anybody in."

"I should suggest your taking to yourself a doctor," advised St. John gravely. "You need to lie in bed awhile; milk,

eggs, massage, trained nurse, — that sort of thing. Then, after a time, have your eyes looked at again. I could send somebody down, if I could n't come myself." He had privately resolved not to come himself. The test was overpowering him. "Now," he concluded, rising, "if I were you, I'd take a little bromide or something, — got any bromide in the house? — and try to go to sleep. You are going through a strain. Give up to it. Rest."

She reached forward and caught his hand, clinging to it with both hers, drawing it toward her until he thought she meant to touch it with her lips.

"No! no!" she sobbed. "Don't go. I am so afraid when I am alone. If you go, I shall be alone."

Ferguson drew nearer, not excited by the appeal, as the other man could see, but only wistfully sorry. St. John sat down again, holding her hand.

"You are not to be alone," he said, compelling her attention. "You are not to be alone at all. And you are not to be afraid. There is nothing to be afraid of."

She lay still, her forehead contracted into delicate lines, her lips pitiful. Her lids were down, but the tears trickled underneath them. St. John sat silent until she breathed more calmly, and then took out his tablet and wrote a prescription.

"You'd better send down to the village for this," he said. "It's very simple. Now, remember, you're not going to be afraid or alone. We will take care of you." He touched her hand softly, and her fingers clung.

"When will you come again?" she asked feverishly. And, in spite of himself, he answered, —

"When you need me."

Then he got out of the room, Ferguson behind him. When they were outside the door, he said peremptorily: —

"Send somebody in to her. Who is there here?"

"Her maid."

"Sensible woman?"

"Yes."

"Very well, send her. Have this put up, and give it to her."

Ferguson summoned the woman, and, from the hall below, dispatched a boy for the medicine. Then he drew a long breath, and wiped his forehead.

"By George!" he breathed, "that's a good job well over. The fact is, she was so keen on it I half believed she was right. Her eyes, you know, — something the matter with them."

They turned into the library, and St. John sank into a chair.

"There is," he said hopelessly.

Ferguson sat down opposite, and looked at him.

"It takes it out of you," he remarked untactfully, but with a kindness St. John could not resent. "You're as white as a ghost. Wait a jiff. There's a decanter across the way."

St. John stopped him with a gesture.

"I don't want anything," he said. "As to her eyes, she is right."

Ferguson was staring at him. His own eyes were almost bulging. With his bulk and terror, he looked, St. John saw with an idle interest, almost froggy.

"Right?" repeated Ferguson. "Then there is something serious?"

"Yes."

"You don't mean she's going to be blind?"

"Inevitably."

"You thought it best to deceive her?"

"I don't know."

Ferguson looked at him as if he wondered what key would unlock him.

"You don't know?" he repeated.

"No; I had no intention in speaking. I simply didn't tell her."

There was a dark silence, and Ferguson said to himself, "Well, I shan't tell her."

"No," St. John acquiesced.

They fell into a maze of thought, and

seemed to forget each other. The moment was broken by a soft-voiced maid, coming in to announce that dinner was served. Ferguson rose with a start, and St. John rose also, saying: —

"Where did I leave my coat? I must be getting on."

"Of course, after dinner; though I'd like you to stay the night. I believe they're ready for us in the dining room."

"Thank you," said St. John, now in the hall, struggling into his coat. "But I lunched late, and I'm rather depending on the walk. I want a breath of country air."

Ferguson looked worried and defeated.

"Oh, come, now!" he urged; "have a bite of something, and I'll drive you the twelve miles to the flag station. You can take the train there. You'll find lashings of country air."

But St. John was on the outer step now, bag in hand, looking his determination. The moist cold of the twilight struck upon his face, and recalled him to professional demands.

"She should see a doctor," he said. "Hamerton's a good general practitioner. As I remember, he's only a mile or so from here. Put her into his hands. But first send him up to consult with me." He turned away, and then, with the uncontrollable impulse of a non-impulsive nature, turned back. "Pardon me for saying that you should see a doctor yourself," he added. "Borrowdale, for example."

Ferguson started, as if the words had stung him. His face grew livid.

"Good God!" he sibilated. "Can you see through stone walls? How do you know what's the matter with me?"

The doctor was drawing his gloves through his chilling hands.

"I should see Borrowdale," he repeated, and walked away down the steps.

Ferguson was beside him; he was

trembling, and his voice, too, shook pathetically.

"For God's sake," he was entreating, "don't leave a man like this! How did you know I'd seen Borrowdale?"

"I did n't. I recommended your doing it."

"Well, Hamerton recommended it, too. I went last week."

"So!" said St. John, with an unhappy attempt at lightness. "Then you have n't got to do it again."

Ferguson stopped short, with so compelling an air that St. John stopped, also, and looked at him. The man was gazing off into the west, where windy clouds were parted by a line of light.

"No, I have n't got it to do again," he said savagely. "I've paid my scot. I've been told to live moderately, cultivate a cheerful mind, keep a medicine bottle at my elbow and some little pills in my pocket. Want to see 'em? There they are." He took out a small paste-board box, and glanced at it with a curious distaste. "I did n't know I had any imagination," he continued, drawing the words, with difficulty, from some fund of hateful experience, "but that box has given me D. T. I'd rather see snakes under the bed. I'm afraid of it, but I don't dare to stop carrying it 'round, and I don't dare to stop taking the pills." He looked full at his listener, with the stare of one summoning a familiar horror. St. John could see that he was under the spell of a breaking mortality. This is the moment when the soul is beckoned from a body still robust. It has not reached the stage when gravity is overcome, and it rises from the earth of its own lightness. St. John, like all doctors, had read the moods of those who are to be reft away. He knew how terrible the pang may be in anticipation; how simple and natural it is when it really comes.

"This is the first stage," he said, hardly knowing how he spoke. "You won't mind it later."

"Not mind it! Great God!" breathed Ferguson. "Give up all this, and not mind it!" He looked about at the trees, and then beyond to the horizon and the upper sky, as if he owned them all.

"Have you told — any one?" St. John hesitated.

"Mildred? No. That's the devil of it. What am I going to leave her to?" Again the tears came into his eyes, and the doctor, hardly knowing he did so, put out his hand to his enemy; and so they parted.

St. John walked to the station with a determined haste. His blood flowed quickly. He was conscious of that deep excitement which rises inevitably as a tide obedient to spiritual issues; but action had ceased to express even the index of what he felt. Blinding possibilities stared him in the face. He could not as yet guess at their outcome; he could only quiver under their terrible concrete potency.

The next day, when time had served him as time will, and enabled him to settle into a habit of thought, it was not quite the same. Yet he could only see himself in the midst of a moral puzzle. His enemy and his enemy's wife were not to be formulated. Hitherto, they had seemed to him two creatures set in the universe in relation to himself alone. He smiled with an awestricken amusement born of the discovery that he had overrated the forces of this vastness called life. He had regarded it from the one centre made by himself, only to find that this was no centre at all, but only another fluent atom. For many years Ferguson and Mildred had borne the part of sinners whom he was presently, by some righteous necessity, to judge. Now they insisted on appearing as well-defined individuals, who belonged neither to him nor, perhaps, to each other. Each seemed to be clinging to some uncertain spar, quite isolated, quite out of relation to anything human,

— accompanied only by that mystery whence being springs. More than that, the professional conscience, rising up in him, bade him remember that there was something practical to be done, and bound him, by all forms of honor, to do it.

In a few days Dr. Hamerton came up to consult with him, and they agreed that, in the woman's present state, nothing should be said to disturb her. The blow must fall, but time itself might soften it. Then followed daily bulletins, irksome to St. John in welding a tie he left unrecognized, and at the same time assuaging the anxiety he had to feel. For a time Hamerton said she was better, and, as he boldly assumed, from having seen St. John and receiving from him some impulse of cure. But now she was falling into uncontrolled hysteria; and he felt with her that she needed to see the oculist again. At least it was an experiment to be made. So the other man went down, and got off at the little station where bare tree trunks were blackened under melting frost. This time Ferguson did not meet him. He was keeping his room a good deal, the coachman said.

At the house a nurse stood visibly in waiting, and her look hurried St. John up the stairs. Mildred lay on her couch, a handkerchief across her eyes.

"You have come!" she cried, in shrill welcome. "I thank God! I thank God!"

He sat down by her, and took her wrist in a reassuring grasp. She drew a long breath, as if, in that, she relinquished all the responsibilities of life.

"They are worse, you see," she whispered. "I have to keep them covered now. They feel safer in the dark. But sometimes I scream and tear the bandage off, for fear the dark is real."

"And it never is," he returned quietly. "You have n't any right to dread things until I tell you to. You must meet it calmly."

"Meet it! Meet what?"

"Whatever comes. Life. The whole business."

"But I am afraid of meeting it alone."

This interchange seemed quite simple, as things do in extreme emotion, and it never occurred to him to wonder whether she had ceased counting Ferguson in at all. Like a priest, he recognized the power of his office. To her he was the doctor, potent, if not to save, to establish, by virtue of inherited usage, some commerce between life and death.

"You shall not be alone," he said calmly.

"Do you promise that?"

"Yes, I promise."

She sighed, this time with glad abandonment; and, lifting the bandage, he held his beneficent hands at her temples, to shield her from the light. A smile dawned on her face.

"How kind you look!" she whispered. "How kind you are!"

Yet this apparently had nothing to do with the man he had been twenty years before, or the woman who betrayed him. It was all strangely impersonal. He went through a perfunctory examination, and then, calling in the nurse, made much of certain harmless measures calculated to impress the patient's mind. When he had finished his visit Mildred was quite composed, though a little flush had risen in her cheeks, and she showed some of the eagerness of renewing life.

"Will you come whenever I send?" she asked him.

"I will try," he answered gravely. "I am very busy."

"But if I send because I can't bear it another instant, then you'll come?"

"Yes, I'll come."

There was no vestige of her former coquetry. He remembered her, with a sting of hurt pride, as a woman who, in her most unconsidered moods, had waved, though always delicately, the challenge of her sex. She was provocative of

flattery, an exaggerated devotion, all the fleeting bloom of life. Now she regarded her prerogative no more than if she had been a shipwrecked creature clinging to a plank. Salt seas had washed the Lilith out of her. He left her still smiling, and in the hall was told that Mr. Ferguson wanted him. There, in an upper room, he found him sitting, his feet stretched on a chair. He had changed with the later stages of an unyielding malady.

"I tell you what it is, St. John," he began, with no civil preamble; "this won't do. It's too much for me. Sometimes I think I'll blow my brains out for good and all."

"Oh no!" said St. John, taking a chair near him. "You can't do that, you know."

• "Why can't I?"

"I don't precisely know the reason, but you can't."

At that moment St. John failed to summon moral arguments of any color. He passed a weary hand over his forehead, and reflected, with a certain irritation, upon the inadequacy of creeds. "Besides, the shot would be heard downstairs."

"I know," said Ferguson, as if that established a soul-satisfying reason. "I moved up here to be out of her way. I go down half a dozen times in the forenoon or afternoon. She thinks I'm out the rest of the time, — driving, what-not, — and I spend the evening with her. But it's got to end. Who's going to tell her?"

"We seem to have refrained from telling most things, so far," said St. John miserably.

"There's money enough," continued Ferguson, as if he meditated aloud. "She's all tight and snug, so far as that's concerned." And, ironical as it might have seemed, neither of them considered whose money it had been that made the safety.

St. John got away without being, as

he fancied, of any practical use; and he lived for weeks thereafter in expectance of the crisis which inevitably came. The news of it was sent him at once by the attending physician. Ferguson had taken to his bed for good, and nobody had been willing to tell his wife the reason. St. John accepted the summons, and went down; but before he reached her she had guessed, and met him in the hall, strained with apprehension.

"He is very sick," she said rapidly. "I'm afraid he's been sick for a long time."

"Yes." St. John was regarding her with that loving-kindness wrought in him by the study of human needs. "He concealed it to spare you. Now you must spare him."

Her face fell into lines of unmistakable horror; he could not tell whether it was that of grief, or distaste for a distasteful situation.

"I ought not to have neglected him!" she whispered.

"You need n't neglect him any more."

"But what can I do?"

"Be steady. Be patient. You know what it is to be afraid. Help him not to be."

"Will you stand by me?"

"Yes."

Then it became evident to St. John that Ferguson had got his second wind. He had fallen into that acquiescence which belongs to the last victory of the soul, and was showing a stubborn courage more to be desired than the gallantry of assault. Some unexpected joy seemed to fall into his cup through the strength of the woman who ministered to him. His eyes followed her. She did not flag.

"Good old girl!" he whispered more than once. "I did n't think she had it in her."

The disease fulfilled every condition of prophecy, and hardly seemed to interest the sick man in any degree, now that he had once looked into that dark-

ening vista at the end. St. John's frequent visits gave him some counterfeit of pleasure, though they talked of nothing more significant than the level of stocks or paces of a horse. So far as words went, St. John found him a very good fellow; and, however much he avoided retrospect, he began to see more and more clearly how Mildred had been moved and carried by that assertive strength. It stood for a great deal, little as it might fulfill, — earthly delight, action, joy. Coupled with youth, Ferguson's equipment might well have proved irresistible. Once St. John would have drawn from that residuum of Puritanism, which served him for imagination, a certainty that they two could hardly have met thus at the gates of death without a clashing of spiritual weapons, question and answer, accusation and dull reply. From the smitten man there should be remorseful groping toward the forsaken path of honor, hidden by his own sad choice. And the victorious foe? He was meant to stand unmoved, looking on at God's fashion of requital. But this mortal progress proved, in fact, as lacking in sensationalism as if it were a journey to market. Ferguson's rebellion against his sentence had only lasted out the strength given him to rebel; and finally, a man of simple courage to the end, he gave up the ghost and was buried.

That night, St. John found himself in his office staring at the fire, and remembering nothing save that his enemy was dead. The fact, in its completeness, affected him only with helpless incredulity. The flaming chapter had not ended with bugle and drum; it had not ended in bathos. It looked exceedingly like the life we live every day.

For three weeks he heard nothing of Mildred, though Dr. Hamerton reported that she had collapsed into nervous misery; but when he had begun to wonder how he was to meet her growing trouble, she sent for him. This was, in every

lineament, the first winter day. Abundant snow had softened outlines, and re-created a virgin earth. A last flooding sunlight lingered on the fields. St. John shrank from its gay well-being. It seemed too bright a world for those other failing eyes to meet. Nevertheless, he was more tranquil than for many years. Life seemed to him very satisfying, as it does when we have once guessed at the beautiful equilibrium of things, and the only right of the striving atom, — the right to sacrifice.

Mildred was in the library, standing motionless to meet him. Her white dress gleamed in curious contrast with the wanness of her face. Perhaps, absorbed as he was in large issues, he had not expected to see her in widow's weeds; at any rate, the lack of them bore no significance. Her trouble had endowed her with something womanly and new. That haggardness had aged her, but it made her sweet. He could trace in it the immemorial look of grief lent by the Mother of Sorrows to all her daughters after her.

"You must tell me the truth to-day," she said, when they had clasped hands. "I know it now. They are worse. Can anything be done?"

"Sit down," he bade her gently; and she sank into a chair, yet still with her imperfect gaze upon his face.

"Do you want me to keep saying it over and over?" she continued, with a touch of reproach. "Well, I've got the courage. I am going to be blind. Do you deny it?"

"No, Mildred," he answered, using her name for the first time. "No, I do not deny it."

She swayed a little in her chair, and then recovered. She had expected the answer, and yet it shook her. She moistened her dry lips, and pressed her hand upon them.

"How long?" she asked huskily.

"That I cannot say. It will not be sudden. You will have time to accus-

tom" — There he stopped, appalled by the brutality of the phrase.

"I wonder what I am going to do?" she murmured to herself.

His answer sprang, not from considered thought, but with a lifetime's cumulative force. It seemed quite simple to him.

"Will you come and live with me?"

She turned upon him, her face flooded, quickening into youth.

"Why? why?" she asked hurriedly.

There was no reason to give, and he did not invent any. Gallant subterfuges had died, with many other buds unfolding in old days.

"I wish it," he said courteously. "It will be — what I wish."

Her eyes still dwelt upon his face, incredulously, yet with a struggling joy. She bent forward, and thrilled him with a whisper: —

"Is it — do you love me?"

She waited for her answer. In that instant, what thronging memories beset him! Love! He saw it in the roseate apotheosis of youth, announced by chiming bells, crowned with unfading flowers, the minister to bliss. He followed it through stony paths marked by other blood-stained tracks up to the barren peaks of pain. Was it the same creature, after all, rose-lipped or passion-pale, starving with loss or drunken on new wine? Was it the love of one soul accompanying him through all, or was this his response to the individual need, and only a part of the general faithfulness to what demands our faith? He was not silent long enough to bring her to confusion, and yet it seemed to him an age of retrospect. He recalled himself.

"Mildred," he said gently, with a compliance so exquisite as to seem like love itself, "I don't know how to define things. I stopped a good while ago. It is n't possible, when you have much to do with life. But whatever happiness I am capable of would result from your coming to me."

"I cannot believe it," she said slowly to herself. "I never dreamt you were this kind of man."

He might have answered that, had she not laid his former life in ruins, he never would have been this kind of man. But even the thought was far from him. He only waited for her to speak, and then, as she palpably could not, he went on:

"Perhaps conventionalities signify as little to you as they do to me. They are not important to me now, if they stand in the way of something greater. Perhaps you would be willing to come to me as soon as possible. Then, if we were under the same roof, you would feel safe. I fancy you would not be nervous. You would accept things."

"Ah!" she breathed quickly. This was the first gleam of hope in all her darkening lot. But through her gains and losses she had kept some accountability to the world. "It would seem," she began — "people would say" — Then a scarlet shame beset her. She remembered who had betrayed their common life to vulgar tongues.

The doctor took her speech precisely at its face value. That was easy, for he had left himself outside the question. Life had resolved itself into a hurried progress, wherein his only duty was to act. There was no time, between this and death, even to listen for the world's dull verdict.

"It is true," he said. "The memory of the dead must be respected; but extraordinary cases demand like remedies. When you consider that his one thought, through his illness, was to save you pain, you can imagine that your safety would give him more pleasure than anything else."

But she was not thinking of the other man. Her mind had wandered, woman fashion, to the past, piecing it, with unreasoning precision, to the living hour. St. John was beginning here.

"I don't want to urge it unduly," he continued, "but it is only fair to tell you

that you would have a sheltered life, a free one. I should wish to be regarded as your friend, one who would make no demands on you."

She seemed to suffer under a secret sting. Perhaps, without even sketching for herself the outlines of that most thrilling dream, she craved the urgency of love as it is in youth, eager and uncontrolled. Even his kindness left her a woman scorned: but the next words, though spoken awkwardly, disarmed her.

"I should be," he said, "your debtor — always. I need n't say that."

"Robert," she whispered, with sudden passion, "when did you forgive me? You *have* forgiven me? Then — at once — or lately?"

He started up in irrepressible feeling, and stood there gripping the back of a chair until his hands blanched under the pressure.

"We can't say those things," he answered huskily. "We can't go back. We must begin now. Mildred, won't you take it, — what I have to offer you? Won't you come?"

Her face softened into something pathetic, and yet grateful.

"Yes," she said quietly, "I will come."

She held out her hand, and he gave it a little pressure. But instead of putting it to his lips, he drew her gently up from her seat and led her to the window.

"Come," he said, "let us take a look at the eyes."

Alice Brown.

BEAUTY.

THE part of Darwin's exposition of his theory of the origin of species which has most given me question is that in which he deals with the relation of beauty to the evolution of a more perfectly from a less perfectly organized and individualized life, and denies the reality of beauty independent of individual tastes. Without in the least dissenting from Darwin's general thesis or questioning his accuracy of observation, I shall venture to point out that, in respect to the relation of beauty and design in creation, his philosophy has not kept pace with his scientific acumen. Some of his most faithful and eminent disciples, as, for instance, Professor Asa Gray and the Duke of Argyll, have recognized an hiatus in the demonstration, which they have been compelled to fill by the hypothesis of creative design, — an hypothesis which Darwin neither supported nor denied, while his expressed approbation of Gray's teleology shows that it was not repugnant to him or inconsistent with his conclusions.

When, therefore, Darwin says "the sense of beauty obviously depends on the nature of the mind, irrespective of any real quality in the admired object; and the idea of what is beautiful is not innate or unalterable. We see this, for instance, in the men of different races admiring an entirely different standard of beauty in their women,"¹ he states the problem incompletely; for the only logical conclusion of such a statement would be that no one object is more beautiful than another. No person of a taste however perverted will admit this, and the collective experience of the world disproves it. For although one individual taste may differ from another in the priority it may give to one or another element of beauty, there is no man, and (if we may accept the conclusion of Darwin himself as to the effect of beautiful plumage on sexual attraction with birds) there are few animals, on whom the æsthetic sense has not

¹ The Origin of Species, chap. vi.

a certain power. The care of the bower bird to decorate the nest shows that to him, at least, the "idea of what is beautiful is innate,"¹ if not unalterable, and that beauty is to a certain extent the probable basis of sexual attraction. It would seem that he has the consciousness of its force, though in the case of the beauty of his plumage the male bird may be absolutely unconscious of its efficiency.

Now, the question of the actuality of a sense of beauty, or, as it is commonly called at present, with a wider meaning than the visual appeal, the "æsthetic faculty," is here shown to be quite separate from that of the existence or non-existence of an "ideal" or special and invariable type of beauty;² but the investigation in either case is one which escapes entirely the scientific faculties, properly speaking, and comes within the exclusive cognizance of the philosophic; and a considerable personal acquaintance with scientists enables me to assert with confidence that the high development of the scientific faculties excludes the development of the æsthetic, as the analytic excludes the synthetic. I never knew a specialist in physical science who possessed in an eminent degree a taste in art or feeling for it, as distinguished from the representation of nature, which is an entirely different thing; and the expert opinion in the question of the nature and existence of an ideal is not to be expected from the physicist, but from the artist and the art critic. Like evolution, the ideal cannot be demonstrated, but must rest on the basis of the highest probability. In the one case, however, the expert and weighty opinion is that of the physicist; in the other, that of the artist and art student, — Darwin or Ruskin, Aristotle or Plato. Darwin's position, quoted above, logically leads to the

affirmation that no woman is more beautiful than any other woman, no landscape is more beautiful than any other, and that any charm which the eye finds in one or the other is purely the result of the mental constitution of the spectator, — a conclusion which, thus stated, is contrary to the experience of every educated mind, and which Darwin himself would no doubt have rejected if stated as a practical conclusion.

That Darwin had never given the subject the necessary consideration is shown by the following statement, — a confutation of an hypothetical assumption which I for one am not prepared to maintain: "If beautiful objects had *been created solely for man's gratification*, it ought to be shown that before man appeared there was less beauty on the face of the earth than since he came on the stage." If any one had put forward such a theory, Darwin's reply is insufficient. If beautiful objects had "been created solely for man's gratification," as they preceded him in the scheme of creation, they would have been prepared for him before his appearance on the earth, and the hypothetical deliberation of the Creator to create them for him would have comprehended the anticipation of his coming, and therefore all the beauty must have been on the face of the earth before "he came on the stage." It is like saying that a house could not have been so comfortable before the tenant took possession, because he was not there to enjoy the comfort. Yet a little further on Darwin says: "On the other hand, I willingly admit that a great number of male animals, as all our most gorgeous birds, some fishes, reptiles, and mammals, and a host of magnificently colored butterflies, have been rendered

¹ It may be said, in passing, that this development of the æsthetic sense in the bird is a conclusive proof that it is pure instinct, and therefore not due to any mental association or education.

² The æsthetic sense as developed in art responds to two distinct appeals, — that of a decorative character and that of embodiment of the ideal. Art begins with the former, and ends with the latter.

beautiful for beauty's sake ; but this has been effected through sexual selection, — that is, by the more beautiful males having been continually preferred by the females, — and not for the delight of man." But if "the sense of beauty obviously depends on the nature of the mind, irrespective of any real quality in the admired object, and the idea of what is beautiful is not innate or unalterable," how can the female, even in the lower orders of creation, have "continually preferred" the same qualities in the appearance of the males? Is not this admission tantamount to the further admission that for each species of animal at least the idea of what is beautiful is innate and unalterable? If the idea of beauty be not innate, how do the lower animals, to whom education is impossible, attain to it? And if it be not unalterable, how shall the same characteristics of beauty continue to augment until they become the dominant and distinguishing marks of the species? It would seem that each species of animals has its distinct ideal of the beautiful; otherwise, the male of the goldfinch might be the most attractive to the female of the greenfinch; and the variations in coloration, instead of being as we see them, always in the direction of the intensification of the same scheme of coloration, might be expected to vary, and add the charms of novelty to those of color. But the assumption by Darwin, that the idea of beauty is not innate or unalterable *is proved* by the fact of "the men of different races admiring an entirely different standard of beauty in their women." is premature. We have no information on which to base any conclusions as to the ideal of beauty in the undeveloped races of mankind, but we have the right to conclude that with a low intellectual and social condition the æsthetic sense could never be so far developed as to constitute a primary and recognizable appeal to the crude mind, irresponsive to any refined

emotion. We do not know what motives or conflicting instincts enter into its estimate of attractiveness. The fact that a dark-complexioned man may find his ideal in a brilliant blonde, and *vice versa*, does not show that there is no ideal, but rather that considerations of temperament (and, it may be added, education, fashion of the day, and other partial influences) often enter into the judgment and influence the formation of the personal ideal, independently of the existence or non-existence of an absolute ideal.

The question to be answered is this : Does the consensus of the varying and individual conceptions of the perfectly beautiful, as seen in actual examples of physical attainment, indicate a tendency toward agreement on an absolute ideal, as, for instance, in the ideal of Greek sculpture? The consequences of the affirmative resolution of this problem are interesting and important. Darwin himself, in the chapter from which I have quoted, seems to recognize in it a possible negation of his theory of derivation by natural selection. I consider his apprehension to be unfounded, and that there is really no incongruity between the two hypotheses; for, as should never be forgotten, the theory of evolution by natural selection is yet only a theory, a large hypothesis, resting thus far on no firmer basis than the highest probability and the consensus of scientific opinion, — the same, *mutatis mutandis*, as that on which must repose the theory of the ideal. If anybody would dispute this, I have only to quote the words of that Darwinian *par excellence*, Professor Asa Gray : "Those, if any there be, who regard the derivative hypothesis as satisfactorily proved must have very loose notions as to what proof is."¹ And again : "Here proofs, in the proper sense of the word, are not to be had. We are altogether beyond the region of demonstration, and have only probabilities to

¹ Darwiniana, p. 135.

consider.”¹ Darwin’s absolute and magnificent scientific honesty (which was as rare as were his patience and powers of observation) suggested every objection to, and qualification of, his theory, and their possible weight. The theory of the ideal will not unsettle that of natural selection, but will simply extend the meaning of the word “nature” to include (as Professor Gray does) the agency of nature’s Designer, and extend our conception of His majesty and perfections.

As the most accessible field for our investigation in view of a demonstration (which can never be “satisfactorily proved,” to borrow Professor Gray’s words) we may take the question of personal beauty in the human race; not because demonstration there is easier than in the lower fields, but because the general consensus of intelligent and cultivated persons is more easily arrived at. What we should ask such persons is, Of several women brought into comparison, do you consider one more beautiful than the others? If the number of persons consulted were large, the reply would probably be that they were divided as to the choice between two, or possibly three; but it would certainly be that the much greater number were excluded from the competition, which would be a qualified affirmation that one woman is more beautiful than another. Even Darwin would hardly have maintained the absolute contrary. If we suppose a jury of one hundred men to be called to decide on the relative beauty of twenty women equally strangers to the jurors, at least ninety of the hundred would agree on five or less of the candidates for the award. Many would decide for a blonde and many for a brunette, and we should then put all the blondes into one class and the brunettes into another, when the decision would in all probability be given for one, or, if divided, it would be on a question of tall or short, beauty of the eyes or mouth;

¹ Darwiniana, p. 107.

but the vote would recognize negatively the question of beauty by exclusion of the less beautiful as completely as by the agreement of all on an affirmative verdict. When we have determined by an universal judgment that one woman is more beautiful than another indicated woman, we have determined to the best of our comprehension that beauty is absolute as well as comparative in its incarnations. And it will be the observation of every man of large experience in life that there has appeared from time to time, in society, a woman whose transcendent beauty compelled the admission of everybody. There will be the almost equally frequent appearance of a woman of whom it is said that, in certain expression of character, she has “what is better than beauty;” which is not only an affirmation of the positive nature of beauty, but a declaration that it is not in the expression of the mental qualities that it finds its definition and root. This relation between beauty and “what is better” remains for our future investigation; for the present, all that I desire is the admission that one woman may be more absolutely beautiful than another, and this I think very few, if any, men will dispute.

But as I wish to evade none of the difficulties of my task, I will point out such difficulties as I see to the ready acceptance of my theory of the ideal. And a prominent one is in the profound difference between the types of male and female beauty. I once asked Mrs. H. K. Brown — one of the wisest women in all that pertains to this subject that I have ever known, yet intensely feminine — how she was affected by feminine beauty as compared with masculine. She replied, “The female beauty seems as nothing to me, the other to be almost everything.” I shall have to note this observation in its proper place. As a distinction recognized by a woman of great moral and intellectual insight, it has a high significance, as will presently be

shown. The objection that Darwin raises, that of "the men of different races admiring an entirely different standard of beauty in their women," only proves that there are variations in the type of personal beauty, which appeal to different temperaments and to varied associations without in the least invalidating the claim of the different variations to be included under the common term of "beautiful," any more than the difference between a rose and a lily prevents both from an equal right to the qualification. No most tenacious adherent to the theory of the ideal will pretend that it has ever been embodied in a living individual; but when we have made allowance for the differences of temperament and association, we find that occasionally the suffrages of men of widely different nationalities and races do agree in regarding certain women as extraordinarily beautiful. We need not go to mythology and call in evidence Helen of Troy, or even that famous beauty who inflamed the hearts of the Romans so greatly that they besieged her native town to secure possession of her, and when repulsed consented to withdraw from the siege on condition of her appearing on the battlements before their army, that all might at least see her before giving up the siege. Instances of minor fragrance will occur in the experience of every man of the world. Questions of taste are not to be submitted to the judgment of savages or people without culture. Indeed, they depend more than any others upon a certain culture, and it is therefore that we always submit them naturally to artists and people who have made art and beauty in some way or other a special study. As the researches of the physicist are limited to the observance of fact, and truths that are demonstrable to the scientific faculties, he is not qualified for the authoritative exercise of æsthetic judgment. Even Agassiz, the man who, of all scientists I have ever known, had the widest cultivation and most catholic judgment, was

incapable of appreciation of the results of art when they transcended nature; and all people who study art know that there are phases of it which have only a relative reference to nature. The new psychology may help us; the new science certainly will not. Other objections I shall meet when I come to examine the various theories of the beautiful which have been advanced from time to time by those who have made it a study; but if we examine the question broadly, we shall see that, whatever variation of it the individual may prefer, most men, at one time or another in their lives, have been overpoweringly assailed by the mysterious power we term beauty. I remember that once, during a journey in the mountains of Crete, I saw by chance, in the way, a young girl of such transcendent beauty that, physically, I was impressed so strongly that the sensation of delight did not leave me for two or three days. And the emotion was as far from anything allied to a sensual feeling as that caused by a beautiful statue would have been. It was pure æsthetic delight.

One scientist will say that it is a sensual attraction. Those in whom the cultivation of it has been carried to a high point know that it has nothing to do with sensuality, and I am prepared to say that the intensity of appreciation of it of which the art student is capable is in an inverse proportion to his sensuality. Every man of the world knows that the sensual attraction which a woman may exert on him bears no relation to her personal beauty, the most ideally beautiful women being in most cases the coldest and least stimulating to the passions. That beauty may, and often does, ally itself to sexual attraction in the material sense is true; but this is due to a feeling of infinitely wider range, — the desire of possession of a beautiful object. But nothing is more certain than that the strength of instinctive sexual attraction bears no relation to beauty in the person,

and cannot therefore explain the ideal. That beauty does evoke love, and ultimately intensify sexual attraction, is true, and it thus possibly serves the purpose which Darwin supposes in the birds, — that of stimulating the pairing instinct; but I think the experience of most pure-minded men will support me in saying that the beginnings of love are widely separated from animal passion. If Swedenborg had done nothing else of service to psychology, he would have greatly deserved by showing us the mystery of this. If beauty have any relation to sexual attraction, it must be due to something not explained by the instinct of reproduction, and dis severed from the animal economy. We can find this only in a spiritual appeal to something which has been termed “spiritual affinity,” and which is sufficiently well understood by those to whom it has come.

As my present object is to show the grounds for assuming that beauty is a real quality, irrespective of the quality of the mind of the observer, I shall now only observe that this appeal, even if its spiritual source be denied, must be instinctive; for our rational powers do not find any connection between the fact that an object is beautiful and the other fact that it appeals to our sex instincts, there being no discoverable relation between beauty and sex function. As we know nothing of bird psychology, we cannot reason from or assume, as Darwin does, the æsthetic sense in birds, and in this stage of our investigation we must limit ourselves to man. But if in man the appeal of beauty is a sensual appeal, one man would never be aware of the beauty of another man, or of that of a child in whom the sex is not yet apparent; and in no creature is beauty more exquisitely developed than occasionally in a child. And descending to the realm of inanimate nature, from which sexual attraction is so remote as to be undiscoverable, we find the distinction equally clear, if less striking. The commonest experience of

art shows that the universal judgment decides that in a comparison between two landscapes one is more beautiful than the other, and when, in selecting the point of view of a particular landscape, we change the foreground, we often succeed in making a beautiful composition and a beautiful picture from a subject which from another point was indifferent, — and this without any regard to truth to nature. The cultivated world has long ago decided this question as far as it has the power to do so, if only by its judgment on Greek art, as being the most beautiful that has existed. But the comparative and superlative imperatively impose a positive standard to which the appeal is made, which is the ideal. Even the bird, under Darwin’s theory, in choosing the more beautiful of two males as its mate, recognizes that one is more beautiful, — a phenomenon impossible if the beauty were subjective purely; and children, to whom sense does not yet appeal, and to whom conscious associations do not exist, but whose intellectual life consists of sensations and instincts, are kindled at the sight of bird or flower as their elders are not, or only exceptionally; for this childish ecstasy of emotion at the sight of beautiful objects is one of those which

“die away,

And fade into the light of common day,”

with all the other intimations of immortality. The recognition and enjoyment of the beauty of nature in bird and flower will be, to all minds susceptible to the finer sentiments, among the most delightful associations of childhood; and I do not remember the time in my childhood when they were not to me a rapture surpassing all other emotions, and far more keenly felt than now.

To most cultivated minds I am knocking at an open door, but the more material sciences have so greatly taken possession of the field of thought that it is necessary to insist to extremes on the evidences of the existence of faculties

which are amongst the strongest arguments for that recognition of the presence of the great Designer in our universe, the "Conscious Mind in creation," in which lies the assurance of human immortality, — that revelation of the Divine written "in fleshy tables of the heart," and so ever legible beyond the danger of becoming lost or corrupted texts.

Darwin makes a remark which indicates that he saw the intricacy of the subject, but he never followed it up to a definite conclusion. He says: "How the sense of beauty in its simplest form — that is, the reception of a peculiar pleasure from certain colors, forms, and sounds — was first developed in the mind of man and of the lower animals is a very obscure subject. . . . Habit in all these cases appears to have come to a certain extent into play; but there must be *some fundamental cause* in the constitution of the nervous system in each species." Undoubtedly, the "peculiar pleasure from certain colors, forms, and sounds" is the same in its foundation in the three cases. It must always be an "obscure subject," if it be attributed to purely physical causes, for it is intuitive, and therefore, in the constitution of the individual sensibility, universal, and, though variable in individuals, as temperament and intellectual character are variable, the result of the same law; and the determination of that law decides the question of the nature of beauty. Habit, in the sense of cultivation, comes largely into play; but the experience of mankind, prolonged over many generations, shows that it has the effect, as in the case of Greek sculpture, of indicating an universal ideal, superior to all the variations of individual taste or temporary fashion.

I think, therefore, that I am justified in asserting that the unanimous experience of cultivated humanity proves the power of beauty, and, at the same time, of a tendency of individual tastes to a

central and definite ideal. As with the instincts, the "fundamental cause" is innate; the development and all consequent differences and vagaries, as well as the degree of cultivation, a matter of education. But when Darwin says, "I willingly admit that a great number of male animals, as all our most gorgeous birds, some fishes, reptiles, and mammals, and a host of magnificently colored butterflies, have been *rendered beautiful for beauty's sake*," he admits that beauty is innate, — that is, instinctive, — as also he does in admitting the fundamental cause; for, otherwise, why should a bird prefer the more beautiful mate, or how recognize it to be so? The intuitive preference implies infallibly the coeval existence of a positive quality in beauty.

What is the secret of the power of beauty? Beauty being real, innate, and having a fundamental cause, what is it? That is what we have to understand.

Victor Cousin, in his elaborate and thoughtful study, states his conclusions as follows: "Thus, on all sides, — on that of metaphysics, on that of æsthetics, especially on that of ethics, — we elevate ourselves to the same principle, the common centre, the last foundation of all truth, all beauty, all goodness. The true, the beautiful, and the good are only different revelations of the same Being." But the trinity of Cousin is an illusion. Goodness cannot be predicated of the Supreme Being, for that is a matter of conduct, not of attributes of absolute being. It depends on having something to be "good" to, obedience to conditions. It is a consequence of certain relations which are not to be included in the final analysis of Being. Truth likewise is relative, something to be told or believed, and it implies something beyond. Beauty, again, is a matter of form, and it is only confusion of language to talk of moral beauty, the beauty of a mathematical problem or of a demonstration. As we have no conception of form in relation to Supreme Be-

ing, we can have no notion of its beauty, for beauty is in the form of something. Therefore there is no trinity of the absolute, as Cousin supposes, each of his elements in it being secondary qualities. But we may thank him for pointing the way to the solution in the spiritual cause of beauty.

Ruskin, in the second volume of *Modern Painters*, was the first writer on æsthetics who indicated the solution of the problem. His distinction between the two forms of beauty is, like that between moral and physical beauty, inadmissible, and confounds the perception of the true solution. He says: "By the term Beauty, then, properly are signified two things: first, that external quality of bodies already so often spoken of, and which, whether it occur in a stone, flower, beast, or in man, is absolutely identical, which, as I have already asserted, may be shown to be in some sort typical of the Divine attributes, and which therefore I shall, for distinction's sake, call typical Beauty; and, secondarily, the appearance of felicitous fulfillment of function in living things, more especially of the joyful and right exertion of perfect life in man. And this kind of Beauty I shall call vital Beauty." Here, again, he complicates the subject by the introduction of an utterly extraneous matter which he calls "vital Beauty." This is neither more nor less than the evidence of vitality, which is not, as we may see by supposing a concrete example, in the most indirect or shadowy manner to be confounded with beauty. The plainest and most ill-favored of milkmaids that ever was seen may exhibit an unique vitality, and be accepted as the type of this form of what Ruskin calls beauty; but the least refined boor of her surroundings would throw Ruskin's theory to the winds, and give his heart's devotion to a far weaker and more fragile rival, in defiance of his obligation to vitality. The first social assembly of men and women will

give the *démenti* to this ascription. Like association or novelty, vitality has a charm, and when associated in the same object with beauty will heighten its effect; but to confound the two is to lose sight of the object of our quest. One of Ruskin's concrete examples may be adduced, the better to show his manner of confounding the pleasure one may derive from a perception of function or a fallacy of the imagination with the perception of beauty. "The bending trunk, waving to and fro in the wind above the waterfall, is beautiful, because it is happy," contains the union of all the "pathetic fallacies" which he has condemned in another part of his work. We do not know that the trunk is happy, and we may with equal authority say that it is unhappy, at being waved to and fro in the wind, or at being hung over a waterfall instead of being planted in a tranquil meadow, out of the tumult of elements; and, in fact, we have no reason to say of it that it is happy or the reverse, but have every reason to suppose that it is neither one nor the other, for we have no knowledge of its emotions, or if it have any.

The degree of beauty in an object (for we may suppose all beauty to be far removed from the absolute ideal, and comparative) is absolutely independent of our impression of it or association with it. We do not make a thing beautiful by admiring it, or the contrary; it is beautiful or not, whether we see it or not. Function, which is the concise definition of Ruskin's "vital Beauty," is a matter of scientific knowledge, and Ruskin's attribution of happiness in it is a question of association, which we have seen has nothing to do with beauty. In the conception of "typical Beauty," however, the great critic touches the root of the matter, and approaches Darwin's fundamental cause. Typical beauty, which remains as the synonym of ideal or positive beauty, he has defined as "in some sort typical of the

Divine attributes." It remains for us to follow up the indication to its full significance; but it is first necessary to clear the subject of a possible cause of confusion which he introduces as a branch of "vital Beauty," namely, the evidence of beauty in mankind as resulting from moral growth, — that is, the perfecting of character. "But the sweetness which that higher serenity (of happiness), and the dignity which that higher authority (of Divine law, and not of human reason), can and must stamp on the features it would be futile to speak of here at length, for I suppose that both are acknowledged on all hands, and there is not any beauty but theirs to which men pay long obedience; at all events, if not by sympathy discovered, it is not in words explicable with what Divine lines and lights the exercise of godliness and charity will mould and gild the hardest and coldest countenance, neither to what darkness their departure will consign the loveliest. For there is not any virtue the exercise of which even momentarily will not impress a new fairness upon the features; neither on them only, but on the whole body, both the intelligence and the moral faculties have operation, for even all the movements and gestures, however slight, are different in their modes according to the mind that governs them, and on the gentleness and decision of just feeling there follows a grace of action, and through this a grace of form, which by no discipline may be taught or attained."

Here Ruskin, as in so many details of his exposition, and to a certain extent in his perception of truth, is influenced by his personal preferences and education so far as to substitute his way of seeing things for a general truth; confounding the standard of beauty, the ideal beauty, with the charm which has been called "something better than beauty," and

which is due to sympathy alone. But the expression "moral beauty" applied to it betrays an analogy which will help us on the way to the desired solution. What we are in search of, and not finding which our quest is fruitless, is the secret of physical beauty as seen in a statue or a landscape as well as in a human face or form. We want to know what is the fundamental cause of the "peculiar pleasure from certain colors, forms, and sounds," composing in their union or singly what we call the beauty of a given object. Why, for instance, do we feel the æsthetic emotions which all cultivated tastes have come to recognize as fitting the sight of the Venus of Melos? Here is no question of moral beauty or mental qualities. The statue is beautiful, if beautiful, by purely physical quality; for it conveys no trace of a mental quality, much less moral, in the original. To confuse, in the search for the reason of this, the question of how moral qualities may affect the human race or form is simply diversion from the essential issue. Such an investigation may have, and no doubt has, its grave importance, but the true solution of the problem is lost sight of in the confusion. One question is that of beauty made; the other, probably, of beauty in the making; and the analogy that binds them is too fine for use in determining the solution we seek. The answer to the former may indeed help confirm that to the latter, but it would be unsafe to trust to it for the leading.

The reply to our question is necessarily given *a priori*, being universally applicable, and the analysis of the concrete example being impossible until we have an idea of the law.¹ Having accepted the definition of Ruskin, that beauty is "in some sort typical of the Divine attributes," we must, to arrive at a definition of philosophical (I do not say

¹ "If, therefore, a judgment is thought with strict universality, so that no exception is admitted as possible, it is not derived from ex-

perience, but is valid absolutely *a priori*." — KANT.

practical) utility, determine "in some sort" what attribute it signifies to us. Cousin suggests the Divine Goodness. But goodness in the superior Being is only another word for benevolence; in the inferior, for duty, which latter we may dismiss at once. And benevolence is, in fact, only a manifestation of love; and in our ultimate analysis of the conceivable attributes of Deity we arrive at that of Swedenborg as the, to our comprehension, final definition, — God is love and wisdom. To which of these two shall we assign beauty as effect? Primarily not to wisdom, to feel the quality of which an appeal to the purely intellectual qualities is necessary. On the other hand, the recognition of love, coming to the emotional nature, appeals to the faculties which we have to recognize as the basis of all *a priori* judgments.¹ As any adequate conception of God must be intuitive, and as the sensorium of all our recognitions of beauty is intuitive, the cause we seek and the effect we recognize belong to the same faculties as subject of thought. And so we reach finally the definition of Swedenborg: "Because all beauty is from good² which is in innocence; essential good, when it flows in from the internal man into the external, constitutes what is beautiful, and hence is all human beautifulness."³ "Hence it is that the angels of heaven are of ineffable beauty, being, as it were, loves and charities in form."⁴ The definition I seek for I will put in the simplest form: Beauty is the form of love. And Swedenborg, not being a metaphysician, and having quite another object in view, has confounded, as Ruskin did, two objects in one definition, — the ultimate and final beauty, and the proximate and resultant beauty in the

process of development. But we have the recognition of the cardinal truth that beauty has its root in love; for charity, which he, like the early Bible translators, erroneously made a different thing from love, is, in the original, love in a sense higher than the *agape* which the timid theologians were afraid to employ. The new translation of the New Testament corrects the error.

The fundamental cause which Darwin indicated is the intuitive recognition of the Divine Love in creation, the human soul organically responding in this way to the message of its Creator, being made in His image.⁵ This recognition must not be confounded with the intellectual determination which is the subject of our quest, for this must be derived from experience and is a deduction. Rather is it one of the fundamental intuitions (intuition being the spiritual form of instinct) of the spiritual man. But as God is Wisdom as well as Love, I may be asked, Why distinguish the one from the other, and why should not the intuition find in the form of things the former as well as the latter? The reply was given by one who was always, in the theological days of thought, regarded as a severe rationalist, Edmund Burke, who was the first to recognize the fundamental distinction between the sublime and the beautiful. He bases his antithesis on what I must consider an erroneous estimate of the sensation of the sublime, assigning love as the emotion of beauty, and fear as that of sublimity. Fear does not enter into, except to paralyze, the emotion which we derive from the sublime. That which in the sublime corresponds to the instinct of the Divine Love in the beautiful is the intuition of organization, the root of the intuition of

¹ "Whatever the process and the means may be by which knowledge reaches its objects, there is one that reaches them directly, and forms the ultimate material of all thought, namely, intuition." — KANT.

² Not Goodness in the sense Cousin uses the word, but good as distinguished from evil.

³ *Arcana Cœlestia*, 3080.

⁴ *Idem*, 4986.

⁵ If Darwin is right, all sentient creatures have in their degree the same response.

causality. And here I would recall that memorable distinction of Mrs. H. K. Brown, that "the female beauty seems as nothing to me, the other to be almost everything;" for, in effect, the ideal of masculine perfection tends to the sublime, that of feminine to the beautiful, and we come to the conclusion that the beautiful and the sublime are two types of coördinate attributes of creation, as love and wisdom are coördinate attributes of the one God, and masculine and feminine are one Humanity.¹ Made in His image as we are (I take this as absolute and granted, and they who refuse this premise will not go a step with me), every cause in Him has its correspondence in effect in us, and the sensation of beauty which is at the root of all our emotions before the external creation is the seal of the Creator on His creature, and the final signature of the great Artist on His perfected work.

We might follow indefinitely the analysis of the beautiful - sublime, but we cannot here do more than glance at the characters of it, and the distinction between the wedded elements. Leaving apart humanity, in which the problem is too complicated for a ready solution, let us analyze landscape, in which we shall find that the elements which appeal the most strongly to the emotions of beauty are those which tend to repose: the sweet lines of scenes in which Nature has finished her work, the wayside flowers, the varying tree forms, and the modulated tints of the foreground, the gradations of distance and the proportions of the curves which are indispensable to any degree of beauty; in the distance the graduated sweep of the hillsides into the valleys, and in the valleys the recognition of the harmony of the lines, the obedience to an organic impulse of Nature, but over all the sense of repose. We find the sublime in the mountain, with its lift

and its grand system of crystallization, the long straight lines of geological structure, evidence of organization and power; and as the one melts into the other, or rises from the bed of repose to the majesty of arrested action, we recognize in the combination the ideal landscape. If the philosophers with whom we have dealt had been women, we might have had the sublime as the type and the beautiful as the satellite, as with Mrs. Brown. Nature has wedded them into one, as in the completed work of Him who is neither male nor female, but both, in the human soul, in its ultimate perfection become, of two, one.

It cannot be too clearly understood or stated that the sense of the beautiful, the "peculiar pleasure from certain colors and forms" (setting aside, for the convenience of simplicity in our discussion, the "sounds"), is in no sense an act of the rational faculties; for, in truth, the attempt to analyze those emotions we receive from the beautiful, and render to ourselves an account of their *modus operandi*, results in instant dissipation of the pleasure. It is as purely instinctive as the animal's delight in the sunshine or the little child's delight over a pretty flower, and is as essential a portion of our spiritual natures as the joy in sunshine and the green fields is of our physical. The "eye for form," the "sense of color," and the "ear for harmony and melody" are endowments of the temperament, given in our inmost natures; and the fundamental cause of them is the instinctively recognized expression of the divine attributes, — a recognition so deeply founded in our spiritual and mental natures that we can by no intellectual effort seize it, and by no study develop it, where it is not in the original nature. It has nothing to do with morality in the individual. Some of the best men have no sense of the

¹ There is, however, a fundamental difference in our relation to the beautiful and the sublime. Love is one, ours as His; but our wis-

dom is not as His, and our sympathy with the former is fundamental and primary, with the latter consequent and secondary.

beautiful, and some of the most indifferent to morality have it in great strength. It was probably once the universal endowment of humanity, now obscured in various ways and in various degrees, from various causes, to us absolutely undiscoverable. Few healthfully active minds are entirely destitute of it. The causes of its diminution, or the possibility of its restoration and the methods thereof, are questions with which we have nothing to do. At the risk of being considered mystical (which does not disturb me, for nothing is so mystical as life), I shall offer a solution of the problem of the fundamental cause in the organic response of the human mind to the evidence in created things of the presence of the Creator. They seem beautiful to us because we feel, in some way which the intellectual analysis fails to discover, the impress of something on them which corresponds to a something in our own souls, as wax responds to the seal.¹ What we are corresponds *pro tanto* with what our Creator is,—faintly and far away, but still, as deeply as it goes, the same. If Deity had been different, and we by consequence, the quality of beauty would have been different by as much; but for what it is the instinctive recognition delights us, and we call it beautiful. There is of course no question of “God creating things beautiful for the delight of man;” such a belief argues a very low conception of the relation between the Creator and creation. Beauty appeals to man because the Divine nature appeals to the human; for the characters are the same, and when they appear to us even in the accidents of the universe the sensorium responds as a string to its accord. In music we feel the appeal more potently, because it reaches the

nervous system somewhat more than in color, and far more than in form; yet in color it sometimes happens that the appeal is like that of a harmony in music. Ruskin hit the true solution in principle; where he failed to get at the roots of the question was in mistaking his personal, individual emotions for the fundamental cause, and in attempting to analyze a feeling which is fundamental, and therefore beyond analysis. He failed in his analysis of beauty because he attempted to explain it by analyzing God; and of God no analysis more minute than that which recognizes His love and His wisdom is possible. We can enumerate our emotions, but we can find in ourselves, in ultimate analysis, only the same two gifts, love and intellect; all the emotions are secondary results, and the Divine attributes of Ruskin’s doctrine have too much the appearance of anthropomorphic attribution. But the conclusion at which he arrives as to the investigating faculty is so strong a confirmation of my position that I quote it entire: “No intellectual operation is here of any avail. There is not any reasoning by which the evidences of depravity are to be traced in the movements of muscle or form of feature; there is not any knowledge nor experience nor diligence of comparison that can be of any avail. Here, as throughout the operation of the theoretic faculty, the perception is altogether moral, an instinctive love, and clinging to the lines of light. Nothing but love can read the letters, nothing but sympathy catch the sound; there is no pure passion that can be understood or painted except by pureness of heart.”

Darwin’s conclusion, then, that the beauty of animals “has been effected

¹ “He shall see that nature is the opposite of the soul, answering it part to part. One is seal and one is print. Its beauty is the beauty of his own mind. Its laws are the laws of his own mind. Nature thus becomes to him the measure of his own attainments. So much of

nature as he is ignorant of, so much of his own soul does he not yet possess. And we find the ancient precept ‘Know thyself’ and the modern precept ‘Study Nature’ become at last one maxim.” — R. W. EMERSON.

through sexual selection, — that is, by the more beautiful males having been continually preferred by the females," — though it might be admitted as accounting for the preservation of the more beautiful types of the male, will account neither for the origin of beauty nor for the sense of the beautiful in the female. The beauty must have been there before it attracted the female, and the sense of beauty must have been in the female from the beginning, or the beauty would not have attracted; and we end, where we end in accounting for life, in a mystery fathomed alone by the imagination, the "active power for the synthesis of the manifold which we call imagination" of Kant. Darwin himself says: "Few objects are more beautiful than the minute siliceous cases of the diatomaceæ." Can these be accounted for by sexual selection? Why do we find

them beautiful; and why do we agree with the female birds as to the beauty of their males? There are sea shells which have designs of great beauty, invariable in the species, but which are hidden under an epidermis; so that even if the sexual appreciation existed in the animal, the beauty could not excite it. Why are they beautiful, and why does the pattern always persist? Inexplicable puzzles are all these problems, unless we can admit the presence behind the process of evolution of a fundamental cause in the very foundation of the universe, — Design and an Ideal. If, however, the signature of the Divine Artist is set on all His work, if all created objects are "embodiments of Divine thought in material forms," then are we at the threshold of the mystery which veils, and still discloses, Beauty, the Ineffable, the Eternal.

W. J. Stillman.

MOULD AND VASE.

GREEK POTTERY OF AREZZO.

HERE in the jealous hollow of the mould,
Faint, light-eluding, as templed in the breast
Of some rose-vaulted lotus, see the best
The artist had — the vision that unrolled
Its flying sequence till completion's hold
Caught the wild round and bade the dancers rest —
The mortal lip on the immortal pressed
One instant, ere the blindness and the cold.

And there the vase: immobile, exiled, tame,
The captives of fulfillment link their round,
Foot-heavy on the inelastic ground,
How different, yet how enviously the same!
Dishonoring the kinship that they claim,
As here the written word the inner sound.

Edith Wharton.

REMINISCENCES OF A DRAMATIC CRITIC.

II.

THE first few years of my experience were memorable for their wealth of interest, for the splendor and variety of their histrionic material, for the significant changes of the lines upon which the American theatre was to develop. Within the half decade between 1870 and 1875, Charles Fechter, Carlotta Leclercq, and Tommaso Salvini first appeared in this country; Charles James Mathews, in admirable form, revisited our stage after a long absence; Charlotte Cushman, having reestablished her primacy over all our native actresses, was playing her most celebrated parts; Nilsson and Lucca and Parepa-Rosa were first seen and heard here in opera; Edwin Booth was approaching the zenith of his fame and power; Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle was causing itself to be accepted as the highest achievement of American comedy; Sothorn's unique art, especially in Lord Dundreary, its most original expression, had prevailed over the two great English-speaking nations, but was still as fresh as the dew of morning; Madame Janauschek's superior ability was beginning to be appreciated; Adelaide Neilson, the incomparable, entered upon her American career; W. S. Gilbert's peculiar gifts as a dramatist were in process of acceptance on this side of the Atlantic; and our country, through Mr. Bronson Howard and his *Saratoga*, was making a new essay of originality in the creation of a play of contemporaneous "society." This was the period, also, of a great revival of dramatic versions of Dickens's novels, in the best of which, *Little Em'ly*, there was much good acting in Boston: first at Selwyn's Theatre, by Mr. Robinson as Peggotty, Mr. Le Moyne as Uriah Heep, Mr. Pearson as Ham Peg-

gotty, Mrs. Barry as Rosa Dartle, and Miss Mary Cary as Emily; and later, at another house, when John T. Raymond gave his delicious interpretation of Micawber. Also, it may be stated in parenthesis, midway of these years, to wit in 1872, occurred in Boston the Peace Jubilee, with its huge chorus and orchestra, its foreign bands of instrumentalists, and its presentation of Madame Peschka-Leutner; the necessary machinery having been set in motion by Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, most persistent and tireless of conductors and *entrepreneurs*.

THE BOSTON MUSEUM AND ITS STOCK COMPANIES.

It was at "about this time" — the familiar quotation from the Old Farmer's Almanac is apropos — that that breaking up of stock companies, which had previously begun, took on a precipitate speed. There were still, however, a dozen or so regularly established troupes in the whole land, and of these this city had three of the best, placed at the Boston Theatre, the Globe, and the Boston Museum. The last of these houses was in a distinctive and peculiar sense the theatre of the capital of Massachusetts: partly because of its age and unbroken record as a place of amusement; even more because of the steady merit of its performances and the celebrity of many of its performers. At the outset, as every Bostonian knows, this establishment was conducted on the plan of Barnum's of New York. The word "theatre" was not visible on any of its bills, programmes, or advertisements. It was a museum, and justified its title by an edifying exhibit of stuffed animals, bones, mummies, minerals, wax figures, and other curios; making, through these "branches of learning" and its long-continued obeisance to Puritan tradition —

after that tradition had ceased from the Municipal Ordinances — by closing its doors on Saturday nights, an eloquent appeal to the patronage of sober persons, affected with scruples against the godless theatre. The appeal was as successful as it was shrewd. To this day, I doubt not, there are citizens of Boston who patronize no other place of theatrical amusement than its Museum, though the stuffed beasts and the observance of the eve of the Lord's Day are things of the past.

But, howsoever disguised or preferred by the children of the Puritans, the Museum was a theatre, if ever there was one. Those who can recall its earliest days will find clinging to their memories swarms of names, generally well mixed up as to dates and sequences: Mr. Tom Comer, leader of the orchestra, accomplished musician and genial gentleman; W. H. Smith, an old-time actor and manager of stately style; Mrs. Thoman, a charming performer of light comedy; Mr. Finn, droll son of a much droller father; the graceful and vivid Mr. Keach; Mr. J. Davies, who was a very "heavy" villain on the stage, but, off it, lightly wielded the barber's razor; the blazing Mrs. Barrett, whose life went out in darkness; J. A. Smith, who did stage fops, always with the same affected drawl and rising inflection, and, an actor at night, was a tailor by day, except on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, when he was an actor; Miss Kate Reingolds, a very brilliant player, who, as Mrs. Erving Winslow, now enjoys the highest reputation as a reader; the dryly effective Mr. Hardenbergh; Mr. Charles Barron, a careful and versatile leading man; Miss Annie Clarke, who made herself an accomplished actress, despite the handicaps of a harsh voice and native stiffness of bearing; Mrs. Vincent, the perennial, the great-hearted, who for years was never mentioned except in close connection with the adjectives "dear" and "old;" and, finally, William Warren, the comedian.

WILLIAM WARREN AND HIS RECORD.

Boston was fortunate, indeed, to be the home and workshop of William Warren for the better part of half a century. His career as an actor covered exactly fifty years, extending from 1832 to 1882; and during the entire period between 1847 and 1882, except for a single break of one year, he was the central sun of the stock company of the Boston Museum. Of the modern mode of histrionic vagabondage he had no experience, — no experience, of course, of the mercenary "star" system, which binds the artist to very numerous repetitions of a very few plays. When his seventieth birthday was celebrated, a little while before the close of his professional career, the tale of his work was told: he had given 13,345 performances, and had appeared in 577 characters! What a record is this, and how amazingly it contrasts with the experience of other noted modern players! It may be safely presumed, I think, that no other American actor, even in the early part of the nineteenth century, ever matched Mr. Warren's figures. But compare them with those of his eminent kinsman, Joseph Jefferson, who within the latter half of his life as an actor, say from 1875 to 1900, has probably impersonated not more than a dozen parts in all; limiting himself, at ninety-nine out of every hundred of his performances, to exactly four characters.

Something is gained, something is lost, of course, by the pursuit of either of the professional courses which have been indicated. But as I look back upon Mr. Warren and his playing, the lives of all his rivals seem narrow, monotonous, and unfruitful. His art touched life, as life is presented in the drama, at ten thousand points. His plays were in every mode and mood of the Comic Muse, and ranged in quality from the best of Shakespeare to the worst of Dr. Jones. In old-fashioned farces, with their strong,

sometimes vulgar, often noisy, usually vital fun; in tawdry patriotic or emotional melodramas; in standard old English comedies; in cheap local pieces, narrow and petty in their appeal; in delicate French comediettas, whose colors are laid on with a brush like Meissonier's; in English versions of the best Parisian dramas, subtle, sophisticated, exigent of *finesse* and *adresse* in the player, — in each and all of these Mr. Warren was easily chief among many good actors; to the demands of each and all he was amply adequate. The one fault of his style was a slight excess in the use of stentorian tones, — the result, I suspect, of his early immersion in farce, — and his gift of pathetic suggestion, though generally sure, did not always have the deepest penetrative power. Otherwise, it may be said, with sober scruple for the exact truth, that Mr. Warren was nearly faultless. His acting seemed the fine flower of careful culture, as well as the free outcome of large intelligence and native genius. His enunciation and pronunciation of English were beyond criticism. His Latin was perfect, even in its quantities. His French was exquisite in intonation, and its accent was agreeable to Parisian ears. In all details of costume and "make-up" he showed the nicest taste and judgment, and the results of scholarly pains. So Mr. Warren was a School and Conservatory of acting in himself. In him Boston had a Théâtre Français, situated on Tremont Street, as long as he lived and played; and Boston ought to be ashamed of itself that it did not derive more profit from the inspection and enjoyment of his masterly art than the present time gives any proof of.

A TRIBUTE FROM THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS.

Apropos of the large attribution of the last two sentences, I wish to submit here a piece of Gallic testimony that I cited in the essay on Mr. Warren which was

printed in the Atlantic a few years ago. With Rachel, on her visit to America in 1855-56, came M. Leon Beauvallet, as one of the *jeunes premiers* of her troupe, and historiographer of the expedition. On his return to Paris he published a thick duodecimo, entitled Rachel and the New World, which is one of the liveliest books ever written by a lively Frenchman. His strictures upon American life and manners were a queer mixture of flippancy, ignorance, and shrewdness. But of acting he was a keen and lucid critic, educated in the best Gallic school, familiar with all the best work of the Parisian stage. On the first Saturday afternoon of the company's first season in Boston, Rachel played Adrienne Lecouvreur at the Boston Theatre; and M. Beauvallet, being "out of the bill," repaired, with much curiosity, to the Museum to see Adrienne the Actress, cast with Miss Eliza Logan as the heroine, and Mr. Keach as Maurice de Saxe. He found the performance, as a whole, anything but to his taste, and expressed his displeasure with unsparing frankness. But of Mr. Warren he said: "Mr. W. Warren, who played the rôle of Michonnet, has seemed to me *exceedingly remarkable*. [Italics in the original.] He acted the part of the old stage manager with versatile talent, and I have applauded him with the whole house." And after a sweeping expression of disgust concerning the various anachronisms in dress, he was careful to add, "I do not allude to Mr. Warren, who was irreproachably costumed."

MR. WARREN'S VARIED ABILITY.

My contemporaries will heartily commend my insistence upon the greatness of this artist and the greatness of his product, and the readers of the younger generation must submit to a recital which is, after all, nothing but a bit of the history of the American stage, with a margin of just attribution to a rare actor. Think for a moment upon the marvel of

it all, — so trebly wonderful in this day of the sparse-producing player, — remembering that Mr. Warren's record stands equally for the highest skill and the richest productivity. Imagine the mental speed and acumen, the temperamental sensibility, the extraordinary power of memory both in acquisition and in grip, the complete mastery of all the symbols and tools of the profession, the huge mimetic and plastic gift, the *vis comica*, all of which are involved in the almost perfection with which the total feat was accomplished. Here was an unrivaled exemplar, also, of the docility and facility which were once supposed to be essential to the equipment of a great comedian. It was a part of the scheme, a condition which he accepted as inseparable from the work of his vocation, that, within recognized limits, he should be like a French falconer, whose agents were trained to fly at any kind of game, from the noblest to the very mean. It is not to be doubted that Mr. Warren's refined taste was frequently and for long periods of time offended by the stuff of his text. But no contempt which he felt ever tainted his work; he was always faithful in every particular to play, playwright, and public, making the best of every character by doing his best in and for it. He would work — the reader must permit the use of many metaphors — with a palette knife in distemper, if he could not get a brush and oil paints; in clay and granite, when marble was not to be had; with a graver's finest tool upon an emerald, or a shipwright's broad axe upon a timber; now play merrily upon the tambourine or bones, and anon draw soul-stirring music from "the gradual violin" or the many-voiced organ. There seemed to be absolutely no limit to his sympathy, practically none to his adaptability as an actor. Pillicoddy and Touchstone, Jacques Fauvel and Polonius, John Duck and M. Tourbillon, Mr. Ledger and Michonnet, Templeton Jitt and Jesse Rural, Sir Harcourt Courtly

and Tony Lumpkin, Triplet and Dogberry, Goldfinch and Sir Peter Teazle, — that is the list of Mr. Warren's contrasting impersonations, which I took for one of my texts in the Atlantic a dozen years ago. Fifty other pairs would have served about equally well, and the thought of any half a dozen of the coupled impersonations will avail to move my memory to glorious laughter, or to thrill it with the delicious pain of acute sympathy, or to enchant it with the recognition of consummate beauty. It is impossible to estimate how much such an actor has added to the pure pleasure of the community, or how potent a factor he was as an educator of the general heart and mind. To a pupil of the highest sensibility, Mr. Warren's deep-hearted Sir Peter Teazle, in whom Sheridan's conception was at once justified, reproduced and developed, might of itself have gone far to furnish a liberal education. Surely, no decently appreciative spectator who sat at the artist's feet for a score of years could have failed to learn something of the difference between sincerity and affectation, breadth and narrowness, ripeness and crudity, in the practice of the histrionic art.

WARREN AND JEFFERSON COMPARED.

The temptation presents itself, and may properly be yielded to, to compare Mr. Warren and the other most distinguished American comedian, Mr. Warren's relative and close friend, Mr. Joseph Jefferson. To speak the truth will nothing wrong either of these illustrious players. It is to be conceded at once by a partisan of our local comedian that no single achievement of his career approached, in depth and suggestiveness, in significance as an interpreter of the deeper things of the spirit, in resulting potency over the general heart of man, that Rip Van Winkle which, in the teeth of a thin text and fantastic plot, Mr. Jefferson has caused to be accepted as the supreme achievement in comedy of the latter half

of the nineteenth century. The touch of genius is here to be seen and to be revered. It follows, also, as a sure consequence, that Mr. Jefferson will be remembered longer than Mr. Warren. The power of an artist to attain or approach immortality in any art is the power of his one most effectual work. To reach this end, a large number of very good things are as nothing beside one superlatively excellent thing. Who doubts that Joseph Blanco White's sole achievement, his matchless sonnet, *Night and Death*, will linger on the lips and in the hearts of men, when the whole mass of Spencer's beautiful poems in the same kind exist, if they exist at all, as studies in prosody? But these large concessions do not concede everything. Our Mr. Warren, by his vastly superior wealth, variety, and scope, has earned the higher title to the sacred name of artist, of what treason soever to his fame the ungrateful memories of men shall prove to be capable. Personally, I make little account of that cheerful, chirping libel upon Dickens's creation which Mr. Jefferson has labeled Caleb Plummer, and no very great account of that effervescent *petit maître*, light of step and glib of tongue, into whom he has transformed Sheridan's clod-born Bob Acres, though I admit the actor's delicate drollery in both impersonations. Mr. Jefferson can point, it seems to me, to but one work of supreme distinction, the sole and single product of his life, the masterpiece of our stage, — the figure of the immortal Rip. Our Warren, like another Rubens, could conduct you through a vast gallery, crowded with noble canvases, of which at least a hundred glow with the beauty and the truth of life, every one bearing his firm signature.

THE COMEDIAN'S PERSON AND MANNERS.

For many years Mr. Warren was a most interesting figure in Boston, not only upon the stage, but upon the streets over which he took his deliberate and but

slightly varied walks. His tall, large, well-formed figure, and his easy, rather peculiar gait, which seemed always about to become, but never quite became, a roll or swagger; his noble head, with the bright penetrating eyes and the extraordinarily sensitive mouth, made equally to utter mirth or pathos or wisdom, produced the effect of a unique personality. His manners were the finest I ever saw in a man. With actors almost all things seem to be in extremes, to be of the best or the worst. The bad manners of "the profession" are the most intolerable manners in the world. On the other hand, an experienced English *grande dame* spoke once with knowledge when, observing at a public assembly the rare charm of bearing of a beautiful lady whose face was strange to her, she said, "That person is either a member of the royal family or an actress." Mr. Warren's whole "style" — if the vulgar word may be permitted — seemed to me faultless. His grace, ease, refinement, perfect modesty, absolute freedom from affectation, coupled with his swift responsiveness in facial expression and in speech, made conversation with him a delight and a privilege. And to the traits which have been mentioned is to be added a peculiar simplicity, which appeared to be the quintessence of the infinite variety of his life. I remember hearing it said, at a time near the close of the Great War, by some men who were native here, and to the best Boston manner born, that Edward Everett, A. B., A. M., LL. D., ex-Governor of Massachusetts, ex-United States Senator from Massachusetts, ex-President of Harvard College, ex-Minister to England, *littérateur*, orator, statesman, was, in respect of distinction of manners, in a class with but one other of his fellow citizens: that other one appeared in the local directory as "Warren, William, comedian, boards 2 Bulfinch Place." It is to be added that Mr. Warren was the most reserved and reticent of mortals about everything

pertaining to himself, and that he was extremely, perhaps unduly, sensitive to adverse criticism. When he bled, he bled inwardly, and of the wound he permitted no sign to escape him. He was a first favorite with all the actors and actresses of his acquaintance, and was most gentle, helpful, and tolerant to players who came to him for advice or comment.

TRAINING IN AN OLD-FASHIONED STOCK COMPANY.

The career of William Warren as a histrionic artist is of special interest for the light which it throws upon the vexed question of education for the stage. His exceptional record implies, of course, in the man, those exceptional native gifts which have been considered. But it is equally plain that his powers had been industriously developed by training and practice, and that his art had been enriched and refined by intelligent and industrious culture. It is true that he had the right ancestral bent, and was born to the passion of the stage, and that the force of the inherited instinct and aptitude of the actor seems to be more potent than any other that is transmitted through the blood. Mr. Warren was the son of an English player and of an American lady of an acting family, and counted among his near relatives a father, an aunt, four sisters, and many nieces, nephews, and cousins, who attained good positions upon the stage; Joseph Jefferson being one of the cousins in the second degree. His professional training, from sources exterior to himself, was obtained wholly within the only "Conservatory" of his youthful period, to wit, the regular old-fashioned stock company. Here he was brought into contact with the best acting of his day; here he had the opportunity to study at close quarters the speech, gesture, bearing, and general method of the dramatic leaders, in a vast variety of characters, changing from night to night; and here, as a beginner, he was subjected to the caustic criticism of the stage man-

ager. From an occasional specialist he might take lessons in fencing and dancing, practicing with his companions what he learned from his masters; through observing other actors, and with the help of some of the humble servants of the stage, he would begin to acquire the arts of "making up." That is literally all the schooling that Mr. Warren had. His assiduous industry did the rest. But experience shows that this schooling, limited and imperfect as it was in some respects, was adequate to make of good material a highly finished product. I doubt if Mr. Warren ever took a lesson in what is known as elocution; yet, by practice and imitation of good speakers, he made himself master of an exquisite enunciation of English, which was a source of pure pleasure to sensitive ears.

MODERN EDUCATION FOR THE STAGE.

The resident stock company as a school of histrionic instruction must be said to have passed away. Actors in traveling troupes learn from one another by snatches, of course; private teachers — often retired actors, and sometimes of considerable skill — are fairly numerous in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston; separated by long intervals, in two or three of our largest cities, are Conservatories or Schools of Expression, of which a very few in terms profess to train for the stage. To the person who wishes to become an actor only the last two means of instruction are accessible, until he has got a foothold in some company. I shall have something to say by and by concerning our great national aptitude for the stage; but it is plain to any clear eyesight that the condition of chaos in respect of instruction, and the want of fixed standards at almost every point, are interfering seriously with our progress in the art of acting, and make the attainment of distinction in that art in the largest way, for the American stage, practically impossible. It is unfortunate that the actors themselves are barren of

helpful suggestions. As a class they have little capacity for generalization, and scarcely one of them appears to be capable of transcending the limits of his own personal experience. Mr. Richard Mansfield, lately, in a talk intended for publication, with elaborately insincere irony disparaging his own "poor" acting, scoffed at the Conservatories, which did not succeed in sending out graduates as competent even as himself, who, as everybody knows, picked up his art pretty much at haphazard. There was truth as well as error in his strictures, — the truth being more important than the error. Thus far, our Schools of Acting, though conducted in some instances by men of ability, have failed in training candidates for the stage. One fatal criticism upon the graduates of these schools was made from the first, and continues to be made: their fault in action and in utterance is declared to be a stiffness of style, which is generally hopeless. The explanation is obvious: the students of acting are not brought into touch at the right times, and kept in touch for a sufficiently long time, with the stage itself. The French have solved the problem. The Gallic actor of high ambition acquires the machinery or skeleton of his art in the Conservatory, and, contemporaneously, in the theatre, learns to rid himself of the mechanical stiffness which is almost sure to follow technical drill in enunciation, pose, and gesture. If he did not get the lightening up and limbering out of the stage, with the resulting freedom of movement and utterance, the French say, he would, in nine cases out of ten, continue, as long as he acted, to suggest the operation of a machine, whose works are heard, and sometimes even seen. On the other hand, if he were not disciplined in the Conservatory, his art, in many of its particulars, would be wanting in clarity and precision. The actor of the highest grade must receive, therefore, the twofold training, — the scholastic and the theatrical. They order

all these things in France much better than we in America, and their success has demonstrated the justness of their method. Our actors have the root of the matter in them, — are sensitive, facile, intelligent, and richly endowed with the mimetic gift; but they lack the highest finish and certainty of touch, and the moment they pass outside the rapid give-and-take and short speeches of the modern comic or romantic drama they fail at many important points, especially in gesture, in clean enunciation, and in the ability to declaim passages of moderate length, wherein a nice adjustment and proportion of emphasis are essential. A hundred instances might be cited. It will suffice to mention two: Miss Maude Adams, whose impersonation of the Duc de Reichstadt in *L'Aiglon* — an impersonation of much beauty and pathos — is marred by the artist's powerlessness to enunciate intelligibly when extreme passion and speed are demanded by a "tirade;" Mr. Mansfield, who, in the long speeches of Henry V., frequently so misplaces and misproportions his emphasis that the finer shades or larger powers of the Shakespearean text are lost. If our stage were to be wholly given up to trivial and unimportant plays, such a want of the best technical training might not much matter, though still it would matter. But the demand for the best dramas has not wholly disappeared, and there is no knowing what the future may bring forth. Whenever Shakespeare or Goldsmith or Sheridan is "revived," and when a Rostand is born to us, we shall need a corps of actors trained with the finer precision and larger style of the Conservatory which is attached to a great theatre.

MR. J. L. TOOLE AND SOME OTHER ENGLISH PLAYERS.

Recalling the work of our great comedian reminds me of his contemporary, Mr. J. L. Toole, the English actor, who long held in London the primacy which

was Mr. Warren's in Boston and New England. Mr. Toole visited America in 1874, being one of many British players whose pinnaces sailed to our golden shores in the years between 1870 and 1880. These visitors presented strong contrasts in professional ability, — the ladies being alike, however, in possessing great personal beauty. The alien artists, weighed in just scales, showed a preponderance of merit. On the side of mediocrity: Mrs. Scott-Siddons; the brisk Mrs. Rousby, who in Tom Taylor's 'Twixt Axe and Crown presented the Princess Elizabeth Tudor, afterward Queen of England, in the mode of an amateur, with occasional flashes of brilliancy; Miss Cavendish, a large, ponderous, unimportant belle, who plodded sturdily over the dusty highway of commonplace; and Mrs. Langtry, the absurdest of actresses, whose professional stock in trade consisted of her social notoriety, her face, her figure, and the garments and jewels wherewith said figure was indued. — the garments being tagged with their "creators'" names, and bearing price marks still intentionally legible. In the scale of merit were Miss Neilson, Mr. Mathews, Mr. Wyndham, Mr. Irving, and Miss Terry. Mr. Toole's name ought, I suppose, to be added to the list of honor. But his tour in this country was far from fortunate, and he made no deep impression either upon the critics or the public. I remember his acting, and vaguely recall his solid comic power, his humanness, and his variety, with some pleasure, but with no feeling that his art was great or distinguished. The plays which he produced in Boston were, with scarcely an exception, flimsy things, whose vogue had depended upon his success in their leading parts. I fancy that he was not happy in his American environment, and that he by no means did himself justice here. The testimony of my own memory is strong only upon a single point, and that the worst point in his entire

method. He persisted in repeating over and over again queer little tricks of voice or action, which were funny for perhaps once hearing or seeing, but would not bear reiteration. His British audiences encouraged him in this habit by their naïf acceptance of it, I suspect; his American audiences would not tolerate it. In all my other experience of the theatre, I never saw a company of spectators freeze with such steady rapidity against an actor as on one of Mr. Toole's nights at the Globe Theatre, when, in *Ici On Parle Français*, he used a senseless piece of stage "business," — which caused a light laugh because of its unexpectedness, — and thrice repeated the absurdity. On the fourth recurrence of the offense, it was not only not rewarded with a single snicker, but provoked many expressions of annoyance.

MR. CHARLES JAMES MATHEWS.

In marked contrast with my faint recollections of Toole are my vivid impressions of Charles James Mathews. Mr. Mathews revisited this country in 1871, when he was sixty-eight years of age, and he seemed to me then, and seems to me now, an unequaled incarnation of the spirit of youth and jollity. The dazzling Wyndham, at less than half the age of the senior actor, was no fresher or gayer than he, and in speed of tongue and wit was only a good second to Mr. Mathews. The elder artist was not to be compared with Mr. Warren in the breadth and reach of his art, though he did some great things, of which I recall his impersonation, at one and the same performance, of Puff and Sir Fretful Plagiary, in *The Critic* of Sheridan. But as a producer of mirth of the volatile, effervescent variety I have never seen his equal. Nothing happier, wholesomer, or sweeter in this light kind can be imagined, and the receptive spectator of the comedian's playing often found himself affected with a delicious cerebral intoxication, which

passed away with the fall of the curtain, and left naught that was racking behind. The laugh cure is the only mode which is accepted by the physicians of every school, and Mr. Mathews must have been a potent therapeutic and prophylactic agent in the health of Great Britain. He inherited his histrionic talent, and had been finely trained in the old methods. Even in France his style was considered admirable in grace, finesse, and dexterity. Sometimes he played in French. His enunciation was a marvel of incisive and elegant precision, effected with perfect ease, and often with extreme velocity. In his utterance of the lines of Captain Patter, in his father's comedietta, *Patter vs. Clatter*, he performed an amazing feat. There were in the play six parts besides his own, the total speeches of the six others being uttered in three hundred words. The drama occupied twenty minutes in representation. Mr. Mathews's portion of the dialogue was practically an unbroken monologue of between seven thousand and eight thousand words, which were delivered in eleven hundred seconds. His talk went as a whirlwind moves, or as the water used to come down at Lodore when Southey's encouraging eye was on it; but no ear of ordinary acuteness needed to lose a syllable of his text.

MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

Near the time when Mr. Mathews made his last visit to our country Miss Charlotte Cushman was approaching the close of her great professional career, which had been broken by many withdrawals and returns, and marked by more misuses of the word "final" than were ever in the history of the world charged against any other artist. I saw her in her assumptions of Meg Merrilies, Lady Macbeth, and Queen Katharine, and in some of her less important characters. I thought her then, and still think her, the only actress native to

our soil to whom the adjective "great" can be fitly applied. As I remember her, she was a woman of middle age, gaunt of figure and homely of feature, who spoke with a voice naturally high in pitch and of a peculiar hollow quality, but of great range. The beauties and all the other women of the American stage were mere children beside her. Miss Mary Anderson, perhaps the most celebrated of our other home-born actresses, bore about the same relation to her that a march of Sousa bears to a symphony of Beethoven. Her assumption of Meg Merrilies, in the stage version of *Guy Mannering*, was the most famous and popular of her efforts, and well merited the general favor. It was one of the few impersonations I have seen which appeared to me to deserve to be called "creations." The queer old beldame of Sir Walter's novel, a figure strongly outlined by his strong pen, furnished Miss Cushman with little more than the germ of her conception. The Meg Merrilies of the actress was sometimes of the order of the Scandinavian Norns or of the Grecian Fates, sometimes a fierce old nurse bereft of her nursling. At moments she was merely a picturesque gypsy hag, with a grim sense of humor; anon, in speech with Harry Bertram, her crooning, brooding tenderness and yearning were more than maternal, and were poignantly pathetic; at the height of her passion she was a terrible being, glaring or glowering with eyes that reflected the past and penetrated the future, a weird presence dominating the dark woods and the cavernous hills, an inspired Prophetess and an avenging Fury. The wonder of wonders was that the performance was absolutely convincing. It was impossible to laugh at it at any point, even in its most fantastic aspects; impossible to withhold from it either full credit or entire sympathy. In it Miss Cushman, by the magic of her art, compelled the natural and the supernatural to fuse.

Her interpretation of Lady Macbeth was great, the actress attempting nothing novel or eccentric in her conception of the character. The lines in the performance which have fastened themselves with hooks of steel upon my memory are the four of Lady Macbeth's soliloquy near the opening of the second scene of the third act of the tragedy:—

"Nought 's had, all 's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'T is safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy."

I never knew a voice so capable as Miss Cushman's of saturation with anguish; and in no other text do I remember her equally to have used her gift in this kind. The words were accompanied by the wringing of her hands; and through the first couplet, as she gave it, the listener was made to gaze into the depths of a soul, soon to enter the night of madness, already enduring the torments of hell. In the same scene, the affectionate solicitude of her speeches to her husband produced an indescribable effect of the terrible and the piteous in combination. A spectacle it was of a great love, driven by its impulse to minister to the loved object; being itself utterly and fatalistically hopeless and barren of comfort and of the power to comfort.

But, on the whole, Miss Cushman's impersonation of the Queen Katharine of Henry VIII. must be accounted her crowning achievement, and, therefore, the highest histrionic work of any American actress. I shall merely note, with little detailed comment, the grandeur and simplicity of the character as she presented it in the first three acts of the play. Here, her Katharine was a document in human flesh, to show how a heavenly minded humility may be a wellspring of dignity, how true womanly sensibility may exalt the queenliness of a sovereign. The bearing of Katharine at the trial in the second act, has been discussed till the theme is trite, and Mrs. Siddons's interpretation of the

scene and of its most famous line has been enforced, I suppose, upon her successors. The great daughter of the house of Kemble may, perhaps, have made the attack upon Wolsey, in

"Lord Cardinal,
To you I speak,"

more prepotent and tremendous than it was possible for her transatlantic sister in art to make it; but it is not to be believed that any player could have surpassed Miss Cushman in the unstudied eloquence of the appeal of the wife and mother to the hard heart of the Royal Voluptuary, who sat "under the cloth of state," his big red face, as *Mademoiselle de Bury* says, almost "bursting with blood and pride."

It was in the second scene of the fourth act that Miss Cushman's genius and art found their loftiest and most exquisite expression. Katharine—now designated in the text as "dowager," since Anne Bullen wears the crown—is led in, "sick," by her two faithful attendants, Griffith and Patience. The careful reader of the text will mark the transition from the previous scene, filled with the pomp and throng of Anne's coronation and with sensuous praises of the young queen's beauty, to the plain room at Kimbolton, whence a homely, discarded wife of middle age is passing into the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Nothing of its kind that I have heard surpassed the actress's use of the "sick" tone of voice through all of Katharine's part of the fine dialogue. "Querulous" is the only adjective that will describe that tone, and yet "querulous" is rude and misdescriptive. The note was that which we all recognize as characteristic of sufferers from sickness, after many days of pain, or when an illness has become chronic. In Katharine this tone must not be so pronounced as to imply mental or moral weakness or a loss of fortitude: it was but one of the symptoms of the decay of the muddy corporal vesture in which her glorious soul was

closed. Miss Cushman avoided excess with the nicest art, but quietly colored the whole scene with this natural factor of pathos. A finely appealing touch was made on the words in her first speech, —

“Reach a chair:
So; now, methinks, I feel a little ease,” —

which were spoken first with the breaks and halts of an invalid, then with a slight comfortable drop in pitch, succeeded by a little sigh or grunt of relief at the period. All that followed was exceedingly noble, — her pity for Wolsey in his last humiliations, her pious prayer for his soul, her just, intuitive comment upon his grievous faults, her magnanimous acceptance of Griffith’s attributions of merit to her implacable foe. As the shadows deepened about the sick woman, Miss Cushman’s power took on an unearthly beauty and sweetness, which keenly touched the listener’s heart, often below the source of tears. Her cry, out of the depths of her great storm-beaten heart, of infinite longing for the rest of paradise, after her vision of the “blessed troop,” who invited her to a banquet, —

“Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?” —

will be recalled to-day by thousands of men and women, and at this mere mention the lines will echo and reëcho through the chambers of their memories. Katharine’s one flash of indignation at the rudeness of a messenger — queenly wrath, for an instant clearing her voice and lifting her form — made more effective the rapid lapse in strength which naturally followed. Capucius, the gentle envoy of her “royal

nephew,” the Emperor Charles V., has entered with messages of “princely commendations” and comfort from King Henry. To him she gave her last charges, all for deeds of loving-kindness to those about her, with an eagerness of desire which carried through her broken voice. Her messages of meekness and unfaltering affection to her false husband were, of all her touching words, the most poignant. In her commendation of her daughter Mary to the king, who is besought “a little to love” the child, —

“for her mother’s sake, that lov’d him,
Heaven knows how dearly,” —

and in her word of farewell to Henry, —

“Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
*Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world: tell him, in death I bless’d him,
For so I will,*” —

the supreme point of pathos was reached. The throb and sob of her voice in the italicized lines deserve never to be forgotten.

Throughout the final fifty verses of the scene Miss Cushman caused Katharine’s voice to grow slowly and gradually thicker, as the night of death closed in upon sight and speech. But Katharine’s last command, that she “be used with honour” after her death, and, “although unqueen’d,” be interred “yet like a queen, and daughter to a king,” given slowly and with the clutch of the Destroyer upon her throat, was superb and majestic. The queenly soul had prevailed, and wore its crown despite the treason of king, prelates, and courts. After Miss Cushman, all recent attempts, even by clever actresses, to impersonate Katharine of Aragon seem to me light, petty, and ineffectual.

Henry Austin Clapp.

(To be continued.)

THE CITY AT NIGHT.

It is a poetic circumstance, I take it, that the day's work, which begins with a very secular jargon of factory whistles, should end with a clangor of church bells. At six of the clock their benediction falls upon intermitted labor, and the world goes home thus blessed. In such an hour (the month was June, — the last June of the nineteenth century, — and the place that splendid inland seaport since made famous by the Pan-American) I stood where the two main arteries of traffic divide, and there saw the workers come thronging.

The bells had freed the city, — not one city, but two : East Side, mainly German ; West Side, well-to-do American. The one was going to supper, the other to dinner ; the one to doff its overalls, the other to don its Tuxedo ; the one to enjoy its sauerkraut, schwarzbrod, and lager, the other to partake of gentle fare, followed by demi-tasse and cigars. All Buffalo is divided into two parts ; mingling in the crowded streets, they touch at the elbow, with all the world between them. Each took presently its own path, and for any sympathy you could find, they might have traveled a thousand leagues apart. "East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet."

Erelong there fell a solemn hush. For a certain space the hush continued, — a pleasant, suggestive, even a redolent hush, calling to mind the delicate verses of Stevenson : —

"It is so very nice to think
The World is full of meat and drink,
And little children saying grace
In every Christian sort of place."

I dined (none too frugally) at the Iroquois, and then rode forth to see the early evening. Uptown folk, I observed, had emerged from their mansions to sit in armchairs and lol luxuriously in ham-

mocks within the broad, deep porches, where wistaria hung in lovely clusters, or palms rose magnificent. Here was that gracious, silent calm that parts the day from the night, — at least that was what Buffalo intended it should be. But alas for that kindly intention ! Yonder a ragged Fra Diavolo turned the handle of his hideous hurdy-gurdy to the tune of Mascagni's *Intermezzo* ; another, half a square away, struck up Sweet Rosy O'Grady ; while a third predicted A Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night. The law would abate this nuisance at half past eight. Till then, oh, pity the wretched Buffalonians, who had palaces to live in, and exquisite lawns spread wide about the palaces, and tall trees to shade the lawns, and jubilant robins to sing in the trees, but who, for all that, must suffer the curse of the organ grinder ! Yet this was not all. Hither came cycling the vulgar East Side, in couples mostly, the men kindly "helping" the girls. Hans had Gretchen gripped by the arm, as if under arrest, or laid a guiding hand on Gretchen's shoulder or on Gretchen's farther shoulder, or rode with an arm about Gretchen's waist. Vain are the frowns of veranda folk ; in vain will enraged editors thunder rebuke in the Morning Express or the Evening Commercial Advertiser. Here are two hundred asphalt miles, consequently some ninety thousand wheels, and they who ride make law for themselves. As well chide the magnificent victorias and barouches, which at this early evening hour roll through endless elm-shaded avenues toward Park or Front. As well rebuke the gay red-and-green tallyho coach, returning, with much clatter of hoofs and blare of brass, from Niagara Falls.

Now, you would say, was the whole town given over to frivolous enjoyment. I found the truth far otherwise. Some

must work that others may play. The thronging idlers who begin their parade of the downtown streets, — what joy have they, save as the kindly solicitude of trade waits attendant? So I drove through Main Street, watching what shops were open. I discovered two separate kinds: those that sell chiefly to laborers, who cannot buy till the day's task is done; and those that sell to the triflers, who buy when the mood is on them, or not at all. For instance, two thirds of the bicycles are sold after six, for the working class are now almost the sole purchasers of bicycles; the vendors of cheap jewelry keep open doors for analogous reasons; likewise the "misfit" clothier, the "painless" dentist, the low-class barber, and the glib fakir or charlatan. The other sort deal in luxuries, — a glass of ale, a cigar, a copy of *Life*, a rose, a sip of soda water, an orange, a box of bonbons, — things to coddle the whim of the passing moment. Then said I, "Considering the avid greed of our merchants, I'm amazed that so many have shut up their shops."

Hear now the tale of the Retail Clerks' Union which made the shops close. Approaching the merchants with diplomatic calmness and amiability, the unionists "made representations." They urged that short hours, with an evening for normal recreation, would make them far livelier. Hence they would wheedle the customer with unprecedented loquacity, and would sell as much in short hours as in long. "Besides," they promised, "we shall persuade your competitors to the early-to-bed policy, and patrons will soon learn to buy by daylight." That sounded plausible. A few employers acceded, and the eating proved the pudding. The unions gratefully responded by tacking a union ticket upon the door of every acquiescent proprietor. Union tickets drew union trade; and when acquiescence became profitable, it was not long before acquiescence became very general. Thus, without strike or

lockout or boycott or any hard feeling, the end was won. Would that the retail clerks might have their will with the poor, driven, hard-toiling East Side; but that is too much to hope.

"Driver," said I, breaking in upon my own reflections, "take me to Fort Porter in time for the sunset gun." So we passed to the Front, and witnessed the official salutation of the night, — a shining brass fieldpiece, a single blue soldier, a jerk of a cord, a round white powder puff growing bigger and bigger, a flag hauled down while the bugler blew his call, and a strange booming sound still echoing and reëchoing through the city. Yet high enough still rode the sun, now "robed in flames and amber light," and sinking, oh, so slowly, down toward his Majesty's Canadian shore! "Straight was a path of gold for him" — a path all radiant and shimmer-fine — across the broad Niagara.

But now I seemed to hear Buffalo saying, "The play's the thing," and then to see hundreds of pleasure-loving Buffalonians posting away, by carriage or trolley car, to some charming comedy or light opera. I seemed also to see clubs showing signs of vivacity, — Saturn Club, University Club, Buffalo Club, even the Twentieth Century Club (a club of women). I seemed to see evening callers awaiting in dainty drawing-rooms their hostess's welcome. I seemed to see wealth and prosperity arrayed in their richest (for night, the patrician, goes finer clad than day). And then I thought of many little children — wee exiles from the world's sweet merriment — suffering themselves to be deftly tucked into bed, each one bemoaning so grievous a fate, as who should say: —

"Now does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
I have to go to bed by day?"

Clear and blue was the sky overhead, to be sure, though gold and fire were piled together in the west; and I lin-

gered on the bluff above the river till gold and fire were gone, and the beautiful stars peeped out of heaven. The whole scene changed before me. The blue of lake and river passed through gray to black; white yachts, mellow-tinted with the sunlight, became mere tiny gleaming gems of yellow and red and green; the lighthouse tower on the end of the breakwater utterly vanished, and out of the place where it had stood flashed warning to sailors. Innumerable lights flickered feebly from Canadian farmhouses, and in the very midst of the Niagara a pretty, colored constellation marked the "crib" where the water-works take their supply. And beneath me, along the retaining wall which divides the river from Black Rock Harbor, I beheld an endless chain of bonfires, lanterns, torches, and student lamps, set in readiness by countless modern Waltons to lure the inquisitive perch and bass.

At last it was night in good faith, and I rode once more through the city, beholding a fine miracle of illumination, — Pennsylvania coal in tremulous gas flames, natural gas from that same Pennsylvania, feeding the incandescent Welsbach burners, while electrical power from Niagara Falls glowed in twenty-six thousand golden bulbs and sputtered in twenty-five hundred purplish arc lamps, and I knew that those "biddable stars" were at once a modern convenience and a means of grace. No longer need women lean on the arms of men, for fear of the dark. No longer need your sturdy night watchman stand guard. A single arc lamp fills all the place with so searching an illumination that thieves may not break through nor steal.

Now it seemed that a sort of set season had begun, and must run its course. From eight o'clock the night was all uneventfully alike until eleven, or near that hour, when the curtains of theatres fell, and the throngs of flushed players strode forth under the stars. To be sure, the moon came up, pouring soft

splendors upon that noble city, and made the drooping elms a melancholy mystic wonder, made modern palaces grand with a dignity not their own, made the harbor a twice-told tale of marvel and delight; for all the ships and all the great blackened granaries that crowd the wharves became reduplicated in the quivering, moonlit water. Yes, the rise of the moon, — was not that eventful? And the clear spaces of heaven, through which the moon shone resplendent, — was there not in them, also, the making of history which might change the map of the world, so that where otherwise there would be bachelor apartments and cheerless boarding houses, there should instead be pretty cottages, and decent lawns about the cottages, and little children at play upon the lawns? Yes, a very eventful moonrise beyond peradventure of doubt; and yet it seemed to me that the evening of theatre hours was outwardly all of a piece, — coherent, continuous, even monotonous: same lighted, busy shops; same crowded streets; same parks filled with pleasers; same pool rooms, beer gardens, and German bowling alleys, where the youthful East Side made merry; same clubs and drawing-rooms, where the West Side found relaxation and recreation. The play over, the city suffered a marked transformation, for now must the good be demurely pillowed in bed.

Homeward, then, turned many thousands. Standing outside a theatre, I observed, not without curious interest, that the trolleys in waiting exactly accommodated the crowds that came forth. "How is this?" said I; and I'll tell you the answer. The master motorman posts an inspector at the door of each theatre in the early evening, to count the people who come by trolley. The master motorman deducts from the inspector's report a certain percentage sure to go home in carriages, another percentage destined to turn themselves loose upon "the town," and a still further percent-

age who will withdraw to the pretty cafés of neighboring hotels to partake of such viands as no man in his senses will dream of — till afterwards ! Then the master motorman knows just how many cars each theatre needs.

It seemed to me almost incredible that in less than an hour the streets should be altered beyond compare, and that sleep should have fallen upon a whole municipality, now got safely to bed with such amazing promptitude. And no less astonishing was the infinite variety of devices by which the town had laid itself down to rest. I thought of polished brass and dainty white counterpanes, and wise heads "full of the foolishhest dreams ;" of hard and narrow cots where the destitute were sheltered by the Salvation Army ; of hospital wards where nurses went silently a-tiptoe ; of lodging houses where tramps and rogues and every sort of social derelict lay stowed together, to swelter and snore ; of police-station cellars where wayfarers and miscreants sought comfort on couches upholstered with Portland cement ; of hotels — "*clanging hotels*," Mr. Kipling would say — in which all known species of disturbance await the trusting guest ; of prison cells — damp, hideous, awesome — where sin gets its wage, which is death. All this I seemed to see, and recalled with no small delight the teaching of Buddha : "*Thou shalt use no luxurious bed.*" Good Buddhists are we, or at least a great part of us.

Now it was even as I have told you : the wise and the good lay dreaming, and I saw that the others, loving darkness because their deeds were evil, strode forth in the night. Knaves, courtesans, fools, and numberless delinquents filled the streets, or failed to fill them, leaving many a highway unfrequented and many a byway quite empty. And as I mused on the change of things, I thought of all that had changed during the evening. The faces had undergone a most singular metamorphosis : tired, work-

day faces giving room to gay, pleasure-loving faces ; these to anxious, wan, homeless faces ; and these, again, to brutish faces, — faces utterly repugnant, and such, indeed, was their physiognomy that you felt for your watch. So of morals : amusement shaded off into mild Bohemianism, and that into dissipation. So of the intellect : newspapers, fiction, and solid reading filled the early evening ; now only the sensational novel had power to charm. Even food met a change : "*beefeaters*" yielded to frivolous supper parties, and these, in turn, to the eaters of lobsters and rarebits. The later the hour, the less discreet the man. That was natural. The discreet went to bed, the reckless kept awake ; for all his sage looks, the owl, as I learn, is but a silly bird. And late at night human nature becomes singularly venturesome ; hatching huge, bubble-tinted schemes, which look quite unbelievable next morning ; and giving itself over on the one hand to an utterly romantic idealism, and on the other hand to a pessimistic philosophy whose portals would scare away the most aggressive of all fiends that are under the earth. Proposals and suicides occur at night, generally late at night ; at midnight we are all of an age, yet scarcely of age. Schopenhauer has somewhere a maxim which compares a day to a lifetime : we are young in the morning, middle-aged in the afternoon, old in the evening. But I cannot receive it. Evening, especially the farther verge of evening, seems to me like to senility in one point only : it is then that we are garrulous and egotistic. People say confidences come easiest in the dark ; but the truth is, confidences come easiest in the night, be the gaslight never so brilliant ; for then is the soul unloosened, and then are its inhibitive faculties brought to naught.

Seeing still a vast deal of stir in the city, I called a cabman to show me the cause. I sat at his side on the box, while he took me through terrible streets

whose names are names to shudder at. Yet be not intolerant, good reader. What with twenty-eight railroads, enormous fleets of lake shipping, and an innumerable flotilla of canal boats, Buffalo becomes a rendezvous for hordes of drifting men. Being the sixth port of the world, next to the largest cattle market, itself the most important grain and lumber port, Buffalo invites a throng of traveling men; and it is these itinerants, not the four hundred thousand inhabitants, who debauch the town. It is the stranger within the gates, not the good man of the house, who exacts night work of the Salvation Army and the rescue mission.

Next I said, "Music halls, cabman," and we flitted from one horrid den to another, in quick succession. A boy would have called it "seeing life," not knowing it was death we were seeing. And yet I found here and there a touch of odd humor. A sign read thus: "No pipe-smoking in this theatre!" In another place I discovered notices declaring: "We don't want no sleepers hanging around here," "We don't want no knockers and boosters in this joint," "Order lunch at the counter and dig in," and "Leave your valuables behind the bar, or we are not responsible for them." These were music halls of precisely the Bowery type, though I found them in Main Street, and in streets as accessible. The most elaborate has since changed management or gone out of existence; but it was then the property of Mr. Steve Brodie, who leaped to fame and fortune from the Brooklyn Bridge. A moral maxim posted behind his bar impressed me deeply. It read: "Cursing and swearing don't make you any tougher in the eyes of people that hears you. STEVE BRODIE." And when the small hours drew near, I visited a miserable, downtrodden gin palace, to discern how the Raines law might work. When, as the Frenchman said, "the clock slapped one," there was much pushing of

chairs, much running hither and yon, and in a twinkling the place had become a "hotel." Not a drop of liquor might pass over the bar, and that very dispensable dispensary was veiled like a veiled lady. But — untold quantities might go around the end of the bar. Hence thirst was slaked and slaked again, and the law and the prophets were fulfilled.

Dismissing my cabman, I walked again through the streets, feeling the strange fascination of the night. Emerson speaks of the "tumultuous privacy of storm," and I thought there was also a tumultuous privacy of night, — an exaggeration of the soul, an odd riot of outer impressions. Tall buildings leaned forward, with brows bent toward the street; sounds of conversation carried half a block and more; the infrequent trolleys, tail in air, sang a chromatic scale as they started, and their bells rang reverberant chimes as they passed me by; my own footsteps came back clamorous from over the way; moths flitted about the hissing arc lights, and ratlike shadows ran to and fro on the pavement beneath them. The effect was weird, melancholy, bizarre, as befitted the time. The soul, turned inward upon itself, brooded morbidly. Thought, less sequacious than by day, sought strange, unwonted channels. I was never more myself, never more alone.

But now I said, "We will examine those things which neither slumber nor sleep." There are many such things, and they fall into three broad classes, — the perennially necessary, the necessarily nocturnal, and the things whereby night prepares for day. I looked first at the perennially necessary, and I soon enough saw them personified in a hulking big policeman, who came lumbering down Main Street, trying every door as he passed it.

The Buffalo police are organized according to the three-platoon theory, and, in a sense, the night platoon have the lightest as well as the darkest task. Most people are good when they are

asleep, and at night the most people are asleep. You would say, no doubt, that night is the time for the burglar, and so it is; burglaries occur commonly during the three hours following midnight; but burglars are far less numerous than sneak thieves, and sneak thieves rob by day. And though crimes of violence are more frequent in the night, because they that are drunken are drunken in the night, crimes of violence comprise but a very small fraction of humanity's misbehavements. Nevertheless, it is late at night that the solitary patrolman seems most grandly a hero. It is then that you say that

“ makin' mock o' uniforms
That guard you while you sleep
Is cheaper than them uniforms,
And they're starvation cheap.”

The firemen, too, are quite indispensable; and a sorry life is theirs, the same men serving by night and by day. Cat-like, they sleep with one eye open, and, for such reason as no man may fathom, the whole vast department is twitched out of bed at every alarm, awaiting the “joker's” numerical announcement. Even the horses sleep bitted. Making my way to a neighboring station, I chatted with the watchman in low tones, lest I break some one's rest. He, however, spoke loudly as ever. The point was this: the sleeping firemen get so used to familiar voices as never to be disturbed by them, while a strange voice wakes the sleepers at once. And presently I was admitted to the dormitory over the engine room, where, by sheer luck, the bell rang as I entered. A dozen men sprang from their cots and into their clothes, and slid down a steel bar through a hole in the floor, before I could wink. Distant alarm — blaze in a woodshed five miles away — a dozen sleepy guardsmen sent back to their bunks! Tell me, can men thus used keep fit for active service?

Less dramatic, though not less indispensable, is the guardianship of health.

Doctors and apothecaries leap up in readiness at the most ridiculous hour. The ambulance waits ever the call. And so are we watched over, that the moon shall not smite us, nor the pestilence that walketh by night. And should we foolishly venture forth upon the lake in a squall, there are watchful eyes to keep us from drowning. The life-saving people tell me that fools serve as final cause of their task. Might not policemen and firemen say the same?

Furthermore, the mobility of human society is indispensable, and abhors paralysis. Cabs run day and night; not the same cabs, but cabs. And the cab is the tippler's friend. The great barns keep their vehicles moving till midnight; the purely nocturnal gigs and coaches go privateering. I inquired how the horse fared under so Parisian a reversal of night and day. “'E do fare well,” said the cabby. “'E canna be bit nights by flies, an' 'e canna be 'urt nights by 'eat.” But at this point I sighted a familiar face. Mr. Richard Danforth, operating superintendent of the trolley lines, rode by in his “hurry-up” cart, going home from an electrical complication. He very kindly picked me up, and told me things. The night crews, it seems, mount the cars at ten and work till six, getting ten hours' pay for eight hours' labor, though without “relief.” They eat their supper at two in the morning. These must be trusty souls, the best twentieth of the whole army of trolley men; for the cars run at high speed, and many of the passengers are also very “fast,” — so fast, indeed, that they sometimes give trouble, and the disorder is to be cured only by the laying on of hands. The management instructs conductors to fight only when necessary, but never to be beaten. “Punch, brothers,” but “punch with care.” Yet, on the whole, the world is so constituted that the conductors establish rather an intimate *entente* with the “rounders.” The rounder calls the conductor by his Christian name; the conductor puts the

rounder down at his accustomed stopping place, no matter how hilariously unaccountable that particular rounder may have become. This is possible, because the rounder always comes home on the same car; there is nothing so uniform as the regularity of the irregular. Moreover, there is work to be done all night at the car barns, — cars to be groomed, endless details and particularities to be inspected. There would also be work for the power house, did not Niagara furnish the power.

I bade Mr. Danforth good-night (good-morning, I mean) in front of a brilliantly lighted railroad station, and therein beheld many scores of sleepy passengers leaning awry in the most uncomfortable postures known to unhappy science. A sorry sight, thought I, and I perceived that the sufferers were of two sorts, — laboring people and ministers of the gospel; alike poor, and alike possessors of second-class tickets not serviceable on through trains with sleepers. Jaded as I then was with much running hither and yon, I thought it to be tragic, that common herding of soldiers of the cross with ignorant Poles and Italians, that degradation of cultured, sensitive souls amongst semi-barbarians. But perhaps it was chiefly my mood, for late hours heighten the melodramatic instinct; the *matinée*, you will admit, must at least mimic night. Perhaps, too, it was the unaccustomed weirdness of it all. There are no such scenes in Boston, for Boston is in no sense a way station.

And now I said, "Let us see what consequences result from all this night activity of a station." For one thing, the cut-rate ticket man kept open doors, to buy from who might come; for another, the express office had lights; still again, freight sheds rumbled with moving trucks; mail carts clattered to and fro; and, most impressive of all, the hotels had each a very perceptible latchstring hung out. Seeking out a hostelry whose clerk I knew for an affable fellow, I

learned much in little. "Same as the day," said he, "except that the bar and café close up."

At this juncture a prolonged blast from a steam whistle, many times repeated, resounded through the city; it came from the harbor. So thither I hastened, and found a huge grain hulk lustily calling for an extra towboat to take the stern line and get her tethered to the wharf. There is no night in the harbor. Tug captains, wharfingers, stevedores, scoopers, colliers, freight handlers, machinists, — all must be fit for the job when the job pulls in. What with frozen lakes for five months in the year, the utmost haste is needed lest the summer traffic fail to pay dividends. To unload speedily is to be off again, loaded to the line, a day later, earning one's salt and more. The lake freighters, like Kipling's "little cargo boats, that sail the wet seas round," have "got to do their business first, and make the most they can."

Now I protest that nowhere in North America will you come on a more thrilling night scene than the fresh-water cargo tank unloading. Here she lies, beneath the towering grain elevator, which thrusts a long pumping pipe (called the "leg") down through her hatchway. Mount the gangplank, dodging the spinning ropes that make your head reel; stumble about on the dark deck; look down, down, down, through the open hatch, and — zounds, what a sight! The hold glows with electricity; it is misty with blown dust; it roars with mechanical activity. An enormous steel "shovel," big as the side of a house, and manipulated by countless flying ropes, charges back and forth through the whole length of the ship, pitching the yellow grain before it, and heaping it up where the leg can get hold of it, to whisk it into the bin that is somewhere up in the sky. Beneath, in the hold, an army of blue-clad men, with wooden "scoops," barely dodge the deadly shovel as they swing the grain into its path.

A tug lay hard by, and the captain added his bit to my newly acquired knowledge, as I sat in the pilot house and peered out on the water, where red lights and green lights, with many of yellow and white, dripped zigzag fashion down from the wharves and ships. "Where do you sleep?" questioned I. "Why, here," he replied, "in this very pilot house, on that nice fluffy bunk you're a-settin' on; an' sometimes I sleep at that wheel, a-steerin' this boat, sir. Can't be helped, sir. The hours we work would stave in a trained nurse, an' send a sentinel to be shot. Why, man, I've seed the time when I've stuck by that wheel twenty grim hours at a stretch; once it was forty-two hours. And when you read in the paper about towin' a big propeller clean through a dock, or jammin' her into her next-door neighbor fer keeps, don't you say us tug folks are Johnnie Raws. Just say we're worked and worked till we sleep at the wheel. For that's God's truth, sir." Transportation, then, is that golden hinge upon which hangs the nation's wealth. The hinge must be ever ready. Even canal boats run day and night, the night mule working while the day mule sleeps. Board such a boat, and no doubt the skipper will lift a warning forefinger, saying, "S-s-sh! You'll wake the mule!"

Now, if you will stop and think a moment, you will see that next to the importance of nocturnal transportation ranks the importance of the nocturnal transmission of intelligence. Quite indispensable is the "night trick" at the telegraph office; equally so the "blue-coat boys," who go about on bicycles. (Happy thought: if the boy dawdles, the wheel tips over!) Besides, the "phone" must be ready. "Central" has a bass voice at night, and there are comparatively few of him, but the few would be grievously missed. And of course we must keep the post office open. Thither I trudged, to find men sorting letters by such miraculous methods that only one

is missent in twenty thousand, though the writers thereof lie dreaming. Leaving the post office, I noticed lights in a sombre office where the faithful undertaker awaited summons. He received me with a face as long as the Union Pacific, but, learning my business, cheered up somewhat and answered questions. "People mostly die between midnight and five in the morning. We have to be ready."

I found the undertaker rather a depressing companion, and speedily got quit of him. Calling a cab, I flitted once more to the Front, and saw that the waterworks ceased not at night. Eternally those gigantic black engines groan and heave and sweat at their toil; eternally the strong steel arm turns the thirty-foot balance wheel, while the hiss and ca-chug of eccentrics mark the endless revolutions, each registered automatically on a dial plate. Near by, a brewery showed signs of activity, and there I saw wonderful machines making artificial ice to keep the vats cool. And then the whole sky turned crimson. Far to the east a huge blast furnace belched fire. The furnace must never cool, lest the molten ingredients become hardened beyond remedy.

"This," said I to myself, "closes the list of the perennial indispensables; now for the necessarily nocturnal."

And then I beheld a most singular spectacle,—a train of cars in Main Street, dazzling lights in the cars, and in lieu of an engine a curious Juggernaut-looking affair, which had power to blend steel with steel by the force of electricity. This they called electric welding, and the train was gradually transforming a thousand rails into one long one. As I stood gazing, a hissing sound, accompanied by no little rumbling and tramping, announced something significant approaching. A span of flap-eared mules, a sulk-like vehicle, an immense rotary toothbrush beneath it, a dirty, round-shouldered driver, a cloud of dust,—

all this denoted that cleanliness which is close akin to piety. Spotless Town is chiefly groomed and glossed at night, for that is the time that the streets are deserted. Likewise, I saw a most untimely glow in the windows of many a tall building; offices were being dusted and scoured by a "scrub team" of dienstmädchen. Similarly, the marble-paved hotel lobbies received their nocturnal bath at the hands of innumerable kneeling devotees.

Such, then, were the things that must needs be done solely at night. But the night had aged perceptibly, and I must hasten to see the city prepare for dawn. Breakfast already loomed large in the future. "Cabby," said I, hailing that fail-me-never, "a steam bakery, or we perish!" A beautiful scene I found there, — white walls, white floors, white-clad bakers, white dough, and the glare of white light from Welsbach burners. Whistler, unless he has repented of the White Girl, would delight his eye in so arctic a color scheme. At three come the wagons to fetch a load of fragrant bread and rolls. And it is at this early hour that the outermost districts of Buffalo hear clattering carts that bring garden truck from the surrounding country; a little later the picturesque market in Elk Street assumes an air of most extraordinary activity; and likewise the milkman bestirs himself, to the serious irritation of the multitude.

I turned now to think of the morning paper, and, through the courtesy of Mr. David Gray, I beheld how it is made. His paper, the *Enquirer* (owned by a millionaire who once shoveled grain on the docks), boasts of its "yellowness." I beg to qualify: it is saffron, not yellow. Its sensationalism amounts mainly to staring lettering, the framing of news with bordering of stars, and the achievement of a lurid, not to say flamboyant "lay-out." The news editor, when I arrived, was "freaking it up" — to use his own phrase — in the compos-

ing room. He stopped freaking long enough to explain that almost no editorials are written at night; that reporters come in after supper; that they prowls till midnight; and that they hold their midnight moot council at police headquarters. I visited their lair in that imposing establishment, and found a banjo, a mandolin, three packs of cards, and several masters of fiction. "Yes," said one of them, "this is where things happen." But it is after midnight that the nervous fun sets in. Each paper attempts to cover the town with a single "dog," and, however agile the movements of that faithful mastiff, some things will escape him. For instance, a death — an important, and from a journalistic standpoint an eminently desirable death — may occur when the paper is just going to press. You have then a highly edifying race between "dogs," and all honor to him who wins a "beat" on his rival. Once upon a time, the owner of the *Buffalo Courier* died at four in the morning. The *Buffalo Express* dog, passing the house, saw an ominous stir. Getting his facts, he telephoned his editor, who drew from the "boneyard" a lengthy biography of the late lamented. Next morning the *Courier* came out with no mention of its own proprietor's demise. This led to a journalistic maxim still current in Buffalo: "A man who will die at four o'clock in the morning is no gentleman."

The night was now far spent. Birds twittered uneasily; pavements turned a sickly greenish white; the moon, long since set, seemed to draw away the stars, who bore affectionate attendance in her train; the east grew faintly light. Yes, it was morning. A little lad with a little ladder trotted nimbly down the street. There were lights before him, none behind. "I puts out sixty-two lights, sir; works from three to three forty-five; they's ninety boys like me; g'by!" and he skipped blithely away.

Just then a trolley car, with electric

bulbs still glowing, flashed round a corner, and its lonely conductor hailed me lustily. Most fortunate! I would ride to Delaware Park and wake up the Zoo. A pleasant ride it was, — long, white-paved avenues, slumbering elms, houses where as yet not a soul was astir, and at last the Park. A delicate rose pink tinged the sky, and birds caroled buoyantly. The swans came out of their nesting places, and rippled the lake. "Buccaneering bumblebees," half awake, clung lazily to lilacs and azaleas. The meadow, moist with dew and fragrant with sweet morning odors, seemed lovelier than ever. I was not alone, for wheelmen — or, more properly, wheelwomen, "well nine and twenty in a company" — drew up at the Zoo, and "I was of their fellowship anon." Each had a kodak; each had ambition; and no sooner had broad day come than those fair disciples of Seton-Thompson devoted themselves to portraiture. Wolves, prairie dogs, moose, and polar bears fell victims. In the case of the wolves I cared little, for wolves are a nuisance. The Belt Line trains wake the wolves; the wakened wolves howl, and the howl wakes the neighborhood. But I pitied the sensitive fawns, startled thus rudely. "That's nothin'," said the keeper; "it's the people that orter to be pitied. They're clean gone daffy. Only yesterday a loidy came over that there spiked railin' an' got in wid de grizzly, a-takin' his pitcher. If I had n't come when I did, he'd of 'ad 'er oder ear off; see?"

I whisked downtown again by the Belt train, and as I rode reflected. I had beheld the night work of a city. Arduous I had found it, — arduous, but not unnecessarily cruel. The night toiler's song is no Song of the Shirt. Never do the avaricious rich wantonly compel the poor. I had seen, too, a very intricate system cunningly devised to mollify hard conditions, — one shift relieving another shift, one man at work

that another might sleep, sometimes a weekly or biweekly change of venue. Yet arduous it remained, and ever must so remain. To many I said, "Can you keep your health?" Some answered, "Yes, but not our spirits. The habitual night worker feels like the whitened grass under a plank." The majority declared they could see no ill effect; but I noticed that no one ventured to defend night work as more healthful than day work.

Leaving the train at the Terrace Station, I clapped eye on the man I wanted, — a judge on a bicycle, riding to sunrise court. I followed. At police headquarters the cell room had opened its hideous grating, and a sorry file of the misguided — ragged, dirty, blear-eyed, and breakfastless — slouched across the corridor, and seated themselves with an air of accustomed composure (such as chapel-going folk acquire) upon the hard wooden benches of a dingy court room. Several enormous patrolmen mounted guard, while the judge — called, for what reason I know not, the "justice" — ascended a rostrum surrounded (guess why) with a stout brass lattice, and opened an immense Doomsday Book, wherein the names of offenders were duly enscribed. Then the justice, without so much as lifting his eyes from the page, roared out, "John Dolan!" A hungry-looking, hollow-eyed workman shambled to the front. "Charge iv dhrunk an' intoxicated," said the judge.

"Intoxicated I was, yer honor, but dhrunk, niver!"

"Tin days," said the judge, and a loud guffaw went round the room.

"Michael Moonahan!" A poor bruised remnant of what had once been a man limped forward. "Charge iv assault an' batthry."

"Yer honor, this ain't fair! I gets licked be Pat Flannagan, an' then the copper nabs me, and lets Pat go."

"I fine yez wan dollar."

The next three cases were discharged.

Then came the case of Schwartzmann *vs.* McSorley; Schwartzmann being a diminutive Teuton, while Officer McSorley stood six feet three without boots. "Heinrich Schwartzmann, I charge yez with assault forninst an officer iv the law. Misther McSorley, phat have yez to say?"

"This man took me cloob from me, an' insulted me outhrageous."

"Dot vass one pig lie," rejoined the diminutive Teuton. "Your honor, I vass standin' on de corner uv Ellum Streedt und Vranklin, und dot bolice-man say to me, 'Gwan oud uv here, or I vill trag you to der station house.' I say to eem, 'Mein Gott, I vill arrest you!' Und now I vass heer." Discharged.

And so it went. Sunrise court they call a merciful device, which permits the discharged offender or the man who has paid a fine to get free in time to go to his labor. A pretty theory: see how it works. Policemen, eager to show their mettle, arrest whom they like "on suspicion." In winter they become most voracious, snapping up the innocent with unexampled eagerness, as an excuse to get in out of the cold while their victim waits trial. At best you have here a star-chamber procedure; "justice" administered while the town sleeps. The word of the well-fed, well-washed patrolman set over against that of the piti-

ful dazed wretch, who has spent half the night in a cell, and who all but faints for want of his breakfast. Witnesses there are none.

But what, think you, goes on at this very hour, within a stone's throw of the sunrise court? Early mass at St. Joseph's. Dockers, white with grain dust, red with ore, or black with coal; day laborers in blue overalls; hatless women with Polish shawls or bright Italian fichus, — these throng the echoing aisles; and there went I, not without sense of sweet relief, for there might Longfellow have written that noblest of all his sonnets: —

"I lift mine eyes, and all the windows blaze
With forms of saints and holy men who died,
Here martyred and hereafter glorified;
And the great Rose upon its leaves displays
Christ's Triumph, and the angelic roundelays,
With splendor upon splendor multiplied.

And then the organ sounds, and unseen choirs
Sing the old Latin hymns of peace and love
And benedictions of the Holy Ghost;
And the melodious bells among the spires
O'er all the housetops and through heaven
above
Proclaim the elevation of the Host!"

And when I came out of that solemn, sacred place, the sunlit highways were full of the workers. A thousand discordant whistles declared the hour. "Morning 's at seven," said I.

Rollin Lynde Hurtt.

THE FUTURE OF POLITICAL PARTIES.

THE leading political parties, both in the United States and Europe, have been undergoing a process of evolution within the past two years, which has radically transformed, or seems about to transform, their character and party programmes. This transformation is none the less real because it has been, to a certain degree, unconscious, and has been

obscured by the perpetuation of old party names and the continued use of old formulas.

For nearly a score of years, from 1876 to 1896, American politics were in what may be described as a state of transition. Both the great parties often professed the same devotion to administrative reform and to sound money, and

sought to create artificial issues rather than to accept those growing inevitably out of the progress of events. Both parties had practically fulfilled, as early as 1876, the mission for which they were organized, and the succeeding twenty years were spent largely in the pursuit of factitious issues which would attract votes and hold the party organizations together, rather than in the adoption of issues logically created by events. There was a groping for new issues, without that sharp division of parties which develops naturally from conflicting economic policies or opposing moral convictions.

Recent events have created new issues, which seem likely to shape the policies of the two great parties in the United States for many years to come, and give to each a definite and clear-cut political programme. One of these parties seems destined to stand for a strong government, seeking national greatness through a resolute foreign policy and the expansion of colonial empire; the other seems destined to champion some of those measures of state socialism which have already obtained a firm footing in Europe, with the aim of insuring to the masses of the people equality of economic and social opportunity. In a sense, the two political parties have represented these ideas from the days of Hamilton and Jefferson; but a radical change has recently taken place in the issues treated as paramount, and in the methods by which those issues are advocated.

The Republican party has ceased to concern itself with the liberation and enfranchisement of the black race, and, while still protectionist, has so far lost sight of this issue that it was not even mentioned by President McKinley, in his last annual message to Congress, as one of the causes of the abounding prosperity which the country has enjoyed. With the changed conditions of international competition, the Republi-

can party has risen to the new requirements of the time, and proved its kinship with the party of Hamilton by adopting a positive national policy. On the Democratic side, — speaking, for convenience, of the Bryan Democracy as representing the party organization, — the modification of old conceptions is even more striking. This is true not merely of the money question, but of the fundamental methods by which the Democratic party of Jefferson sought to realize its aims.

Thomas Jefferson and his followers advocated, in political matters, if not in those more strictly economic, what came to be called the doctrine of *laissez faire*. This doctrine performed great services to humanity and to sound political and economic theory in shaking the fetters of feudalism from modern society. But its work as a living creed in the strictly political field is nearly done. If Mr. Cleveland, in appealing to the masses of the Democratic party to return to their old principles, receives but scanty and fainting response, it is not because these principles were false, but because they have done their perfect work. This work is no longer in danger of being undone, and it is, therefore, no longer possible to stir political passions in regard to it. Flawless on the side of abstract doctrine, it no longer represents an issue upon which propagandism is required. In the arena of political freedom, little remains to be achieved in the United States, and comparatively little in any country where constitutional government has been established. Universal manhood suffrage; the equal share of all men in government; justice for rich or poor, weak or powerful, in the courts of law, — all these things have been completely achieved in democratic countries, so far as it is possible for them to be achieved by political legislation. The fact that this universal suffrage and this equality of civil rights is coming to be limited, in this country, to the Cauca-

sian race involves a different problem, upon which it is not necessary to enter here. The Anglo-Saxon mind is pre-eminently practical rather than severely logical, and accepts to-day, in practice, if not in terms, the limitation that the privilege of self-government shall be granted only to those who are capable of using it with reasonable discretion.

In the complete achievement of those reforms for which Jefferson contended is found the reason for much of the groping and wavering of the Democratic party in America to-day. It is not a phenomenon, moreover, which is limited to the United States. In Great Britain, the same sense of a mission which has been fulfilled has paralyzed the energies of the Liberal party, stifled the ambition of its leaders, and disrupted its ranks, in the face of the new issues which are coming before the country. Liberalism in its classic sense has, in the political field, done its perfect work. It will be pointed out in a moment that there is another field upon which it may enter; but in this new field new battle cries will be heard, new weapons will be used, and many of those who have served loyally under the banner of political liberalism will refuse to serve under the banners inscribed with the new doctrines. The true meaning of the new conditions, and the new alignment they demand, are coming to be appreciated by thoughtful Liberals in England. Mr. G. F. Mil-lin, in an article in the *Fortnightly Review* for April, 1901, thus sums up the situation: —

“It is the simple truth to say that the great historic party, the moral power of which reformed Parliament, repealed the Corn Laws, swept away religious disabilities, gave a free press and popular education, and the right to combine, has no effective principle or policy absolutely and clearly distinct from those which are now guiding the legislation and the administration of the Tories.”

The reorganization of parties through-

out the world promises, therefore, to be along the lines of imperial expansion on the one hand, and state socialism on the other. The recognition of the importance of colonial expansion has flashed upon all the great civilized nations within the past generation. Great Britain, the chief colonial power down to recent years, was absorbed in domestic questions until she had worked out political freedom at home and economic supremacy under the old conditions. Disraeli was among the first to appreciate the importance of the colonies to the future of the British Empire. In the face of ridicule and contumely, he declared in favor of an imperial policy, and set in motion the series of measures which in 1877 placed upon the head of Queen Victoria the diadem of “Empress of India.”

Prince Bismarck persisted in laying the foundations of an imperial policy by his ventures in Africa from 1885 onward, in spite of hostile votes in the Reichstag and the barren character of the countries open to German colonization. France was already a colonial power in Algeria and the Orient before 1880, but only after that year did she push her conquests in Annam, extend her protectorate over Tunis, and seize Madagascar. Even Belgium, though without a large military and naval equipment to sustain her power beyond sea, succeeded, by the convention of 1892, in acquiring a large territory in Africa. Italy also sought colonial establishments on the Red Sea, at heavy cost, and Japan was prevented from acquiring a footing in China only by the united warning of three great powers. Russia, although feeling less the pressure of some of the economic causes which have influenced the great manufacturing nations, has, nevertheless, pressed with growing intensity upon her neighbors in central Asia and upon the tottering Empire of China. The United States entered the circle in 1898 with the conquest of Porto Rico and

the Philippines. Although the appearance of this country among colonial powers bore the semblance of an accident, the eagerness with which the opportunity was seized, and the light-heartedness with which blood and treasure have been sacrificed for maintaining a footing in the Orient, are sufficient evidence that expansion and the struggle for free markets must soon have become, in any event, a part of American national policy.

The evolution of an imperial foreign policy in manufacturing countries, and the simultaneous growth of the sentiment for state socialism in all of them, are but gropings along different lines for a solution of the same problem. This problem is the congestion of saved capital, the growing intensity of the struggle for existence, both between individuals and nations, and the necessity for new outlets for the less efficient labor which has been displaced by machinery on the one hand, and for the greatly increased product of the more efficient labor on the other, which, by the aid of machinery and economies in production, is outrunning the demands of current consumption. In the evolution of human society, it is not unlikely that each of these solutions — new markets and the protection of national trade opportunities abroad, and some steps toward the reorganization and mitigation of the competitive system at home — will be in part adopted in meeting the problems of the future.

The manufacturing and capitalistic nations stand face to face in a struggle for commercial power which may be a struggle of life or death for their producing masses. As units of political power, it is the mission of each to obtain outlets for its national production, and to prevent the fencing off of the undeveloped territories of the earth for the exclusive exploitation of one or more other powers. Equality of economic opportunity abroad, or exclusive opportunity, therefore, is the mission of the

strong national party in each nation, — the party which need not blush under a true interpretation of the name "Imperialist." But equality of economic opportunity at home must also be secured, if the benefits won by national producing capacity and guarded by national power are not to be sequestered by a few. This is the true mission of the party in opposition, — to demand equality of opportunity for those within the state in sharing what has been won by a firm national policy for the citizens of the state throughout the world. These issues are so great and vital that they may well justify a recasting of party programmes, and may well make party professions seem trifling when they are rung upon the old domestic issues. When these new issues are frankly recognized as the dividing lines of party, the present unsettled state of party relations will disappear, and each of the great parties will have a definite and defensible programme. Toward this solution events are steadily tending.

It has been said that the programme outlined by Jefferson at the foundation of the republic has been completely carried out. Emphasis should be laid upon the fact that this programme sought political objects rather than economic objects. Before machine production had been born, — at least before it had become a serious factor in social life; before great accumulations of capital had made possible the construction of railways, the centralization of industry, the distribution of the products of the farm and mill through organized markets, and combinations of producers and manufacturers, reaching the stage of world monopolies, — it was the dream of idealists that the achievement of political equality for all men would usher in economic equality as an inevitable consequence. The two ideas were hardly considered as separate. This hope has been disappointed. There is almost nothing more which can be done to ex-

tend the political rights of members of the Caucasian race in America or Great Britain. Even regulations to prevent corruption of the individual voter, to insure the secrecy of his ballot, and thereby to take away all power of direct political coercion from wealth, intellect, and power, have reached a point where they can be carried little farther. But it is obvious, even to those who have expected great results from these recent reforms, that they have failed to accomplish what was expected, in establishing for all men by the side of their equality before the law a like equality of economic opportunity.

The fact that the work of the Liberal party along the lines of political reform has been accomplished in England, much like the work of the Democratic party along the same lines in the United States, was recognized in an article printed in the *Fortnightly Review* for November, 1900, by Mr. Edward Dicey. He even declared that the list of political reforms "was virtually exhausted while the nineteenth century was still in its prime." Summing up the future of the great parties, he declared:—

"I can see no grounds to hope that the Liberal party can ever regain the position it held in the days of Whig ascendancy, under Russell and Palmerston. If I have made my meaning clear, I think I have shown that the Liberal downfall is due mainly to the logic of facts. The party, for good or bad, had fulfilled its mission, and having completed all the principal reforms consistent with the existing constitution of these realms, it lost its reason of being. . . . According to my forecast, the opposition, in virtue of the exigencies of their political position, must become more and more radical. For the moment the Radicals are left out in the cold. They have no programme, no policy, no leaders, and, for the most part, no heart in their work. But in a democracy there is sure to be a party which bids for pop-

ular support by democratic legislation. For reasons I have pointed out, political reform has lost its attraction for the masses. But the idea that their position might be improved by social reforms is gradually gaining ground amidst the working class, who in the last resort can always determine the result of any appeal to the constituencies by sheer force of numbers. Thus, if I am not mistaken, the liberal party of the future, under whatever name it may be known, will be the radical party with socialistic proclivities."

That the Democratic party in the United States is going through a similar transformation is beginning to be appreciated by far-sighted observers. The *New York Journal*, soon after the recent election of Mr. Tom L. Johnson as mayor of Cleveland, declared that "this week's elections have brought to the front a new class of leaders,—men who have given thought to the problems of the new century, and who will be able to propose solutions that will commend themselves to the public intelligence." The real character of the new issues was thus set forth:—

"Mr. Bryan, able and patriotic as he is, is not really modern. He lives in the past. He has never been able fully to adapt himself to the economic and social revolution that has changed the face of the world. A superseded financial theory like free silver appeals to him more than the public ownership of railroads and telegraphs, postal savings banks, or any of the other pressing needs of the twentieth century."

The *Springfield Republican*, whose readiness to speak the truth at all times has been long sustained by a keen insight into the shams of party management, reviews these same elections of last spring, and thus sums up their significance:—

"Their success has in it a half note of socialistic triumph. Men who take the ground Johnson and Jones do toward

monopolies, toward land, and toward taxation can hardly be in close sympathy with the old Democracy of Mr. Whitney, the late Governor Flower, and Mr. Cleveland. Their success in Cleveland and Toledo means a Bryanism modified and readjusted along socialistic lines, rather than the revival or restoration of the old Democratic régime."

That a great work lies before the party of popular rights is manifest from many of the signs of the times. The rapid accumulation of property in the hands of a few is a factor big with the elements of jealousy and discord in the future. If it be true, as shown by a recent computation in the *New York Herald*, that 3828 millionaires own \$16,000,000,000, or nearly one fifth of the wealth of the country, this fact is bound to attract attention and cause debate.

Every one who has seriously considered the subject without prejudice knows that these great accumulations of wealth are in most cases legitimate under existing law, and that the getting of them has involved no violation of the moral law as it is understood to-day. In any country, the person who looses the seal of its resources, whether by a railway system, an important invention, or the reduction of the cost of making or distributing some useful article, is entitled to reap rich rewards. This is especially the case in a new country, where the taking of risks is an almost necessary condition of great success. The accumulation of these fortunes has not prevented the increase in the number of well-paid positions in the professions which minister to new comforts, luxury, and culture. The number of persons having incomes which would have been considered generous upon the scale of half a century ago has greatly increased, and the earnings and comfort of the laboring masses have also increased. All classes have an increased producing power, resulting from machinery; and this increased producing power has en-

abled all to become larger purchasers of articles and services beyond the bare necessities of subsistence.

But notwithstanding the freedom of these fortunes, in the majority of cases, from any taint of wrongdoing, and notwithstanding the improved resources of all classes, the concentration of great wealth in a few hands is an economic fact of which society is certain to take note. Abuses of great wealth have usually grown up by degrees, and not by deliberate violation of law or equity. It was thus that Italy was ruined by the conquests of Rome, which substituted slave labor for free labor, and gradually absorbed all the arable land into the hands of a few landlords. It was thus that the French nobility, originally rendering important services to the state, became useless parasites upon the body politic, because they retained and extended their privileges after they had ceased to render services. In the United States, the control which the holders of this wealth are often able to exercise over state legislatures, with the exemptions from taxation which have been purchased by corporations, by carrying their enterprises into particular communities, indicates a danger of abuse with which the far-sighted statesman and philosopher is bound to reckon.

The new party of opposition to privilege and power will undoubtedly make blunders in the application of its theories which will repel the thoughtful and alarm the conservative. But in spite of this fact, — in spite of the tendency of its policies to drive into the ranks of the more constructive party men of property and large interests, — a legitimate field undoubtedly lies before the party which sets out to diminish the powers of corruption, of deception, and of spoliation, conferred by the progress of events upon concentrated wealth and unscrupulous power. Its highest aim should be to insure to all something of that equality of economic and social opportunity which

is the dream of the most profound thinkers. Exaggeration and passion will, unfortunately, obscure the better elements of this party programme, and excite the nervous fears of the owners of property and of special privileges; but the principles of the popular party will continue to make headway, even if their execution is sometimes reluctantly assumed by its better organized opponent.

In this great field of economic inequalities must labor the liberal party of the future. To a limited extent its objects may be sought along the old lines of democratic policy, — the removal of needless fetters imposed by the state upon the freedom of the individual. But along these lines only a tithe can be accomplished of that programme which is being marked out by the advanced thinkers of modern socialism. Direct interference by the state with private rights and with the privilege of combination — not abstention from interference — is a necessary part of their political machinery. In the measures of state socialism they seek the weapons which are to cripple the power of great combinations, and remit to the individual the real equality in competition with his fellows which they believe is threatened by the privileges conferred on corporations by the power of combined wealth, and by the many weapons of deception and wrong placed in the hands of the farsighted and unscrupulous by the modern organization of industry. It is not intended to be implied that this organization is wrong in substance or in purpose. This is the opposite of the writer's belief. Many of the changes which have been proposed would tend only to cripple the mighty machinery by which modern competition is reduced to a common level, and by which values are fixed with a delicacy and precision which were impossible under old conditions. Laws which check enterprise by excessive taxation upon the production and distribution of goods or the transfer of capital

only fasten a ball and chain about a nation which seeks to enter upon a successful race with its rivals in the intense competition of modern commerce.

Notwithstanding these grounds for criticising popular measures of intended reform, there are many measures of state socialism which are capable of reasonable discussion without raising alarm among intelligent owners of property. Such projects would naturally precede more radical ones as political issues. Insurance for workmen against sickness and old age, which is on trial in Germany, has many benefits. The laborer, the employer, and the state share in fixed proportions in the contributions toward the funds which provide for emergencies and old age. If the contributions by the state seem to levy a tax upon the more thrifty, it should be remembered that, in a large degree, they only offset contributions which would otherwise have to be made for public charity. These subjects are mentioned, not for the purpose of expressing any opinion on their merits, but to indicate the class of issues upon which the country may be called to divide in the future.

While any step toward state socialism will undoubtedly be like a red rag to a bull, in many quarters, — and this intolerant temper will be fostered for political ends by the party of positive policies, — there is nothing in a moderate programme of this kind to alarm the man of property or even disturb the owner of great wealth, where its possession does not depend upon special favors from the state. There is not room in a magazine article to discuss, even in outline, the reasonable measures of public policy which might be supported by a party seeking, in the interests of the masses, to insure for all equality of economic opportunity. The socialistic features of this programme, so far as they become practical issues, will naturally relate to the control of quasi-public functions, like transportation by rail, municipal lighting and

heating, and other things which can better be done by concentration and by a single authority than by several competitors. Whatever may be the economic merits of these proposals, they are not revolutionary in the worst sense of the term. The man who advocates them is not necessarily an enemy of private property nor a champion of red-handed revolution. The most conservative countries in a political sense — Great Britain and Germany — have already gone far beyond American communities in this sort of state socialism.

The ownership of the telegraph and the railways by the government is likely to be much discussed in the United States within the next generation. There are many objections to such control, but the proposition is capable of candid discussion, and does not in itself go beyond the confines of a legitimate political issue. Railway corporations hold their privileges under the right of limited liability. This makes each of them an artificial creature of the law. They have obtained by favor of the state another important privilege, in the right to take land for their tracks by right of eminent domain. That the state has the right to revise these grants of special privileges, so as to establish a closer supervision over their use and abuse, is unquestionable, except perhaps in extraordinary instances. If the proposal that the government shall acquire the railways is socialistic or revolutionary, it is a form of revolution already achieved in the most conservative countries of Europe, — Germany, France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Russia. Switzerland has only recently completed arrangements for the acquisition of the chief private lines, and their conversion into state railways. The telegraph lines are now controlled by the government in nearly every European country, including Great Britain, and the functions of the post office are steadily encroaching upon the business of the express companies.

How far it will be possible for thoughtful and conscientious men to serve in the ranks of the popular party, if it adopts the tenets of state socialism, will depend much upon the particular measures which it advocates. Two vigorous and evenly balanced political parties are essential to the healthy growth of a democratic country. The party of constructive measures and a resolute foreign policy is certain to make blunders, from the very fact that its character compels it constantly to venture upon new seas. Such blunders will invoke reaction, and at intervals will drive the party from power. Unchallenged possession of power, moreover, fosters lack of sensitiveness to the public will, and encourages extravagance and corruption. These conditions make it desirable that the party of opposition should be cohesive enough to govern well, and be led by men of a due sense of responsibility to the existing order. They are likely, in any event, to be intrusted with power at times by the negative influence of revolt against the party of positive action; and no well-wisher of his country can desire that they should use this power ill.

The new dividing line between the parties, therefore, is becoming distinct enough to be visible to the vision of the far-sighted and thoughtful throughout the world. But revolutions do not always move forward in a straight line. They are affected, like the tide, by eddies and undertows. These confusing currents may seem for a time to arrest or obscure the drift toward definite party divisions in favor of a resolute foreign policy on the one hand, and state socialism on the other. The conservative influences which were once potent in the Democratic party may succeed in putting a man of the steady caution of ex-Senator Gorman or the resolute nationalism of ex-Secretary Olney at the head of the Democratic national ticket in 1904. The policies and surroundings of such men would mask for a time the evolution of party tenden-

cies ; but the same divisions in the party ranks which split the party in twain, and made it useless for President Cleveland to recommend any positive measure of reform, would unquestionably break out in Congress under either of these men, distinguished, able, and tactful as they are. The party under their leadership, though eminently respectable and formally true to its past, would not represent the methods and policies of democracy throughout the world in its new struggle for equality of economic and social opportunity.

The democratic idea, therefore, must seek a new manifestation, if the party would survive as a healthy rival of the party of expansion. That democracy has fulfilled its mission in the direction of

purely political reforms is the reason for its hesitations, divisions, and defeats on two continents within the last few years. When it has formulated a new and comprehensive programme, — logical and virile from the point of view of a large class of thinkers, — it may be in a position to measure swords again, with courage and enthusiasm, with the party which supports a constructive national policy at home, and a resolute foreign policy abroad. For the moment, the latter party will profit by the divisions and hesitations in the ranks of its opponents, and will receive as recruits from their ranks those who are impatient of any party without a constructive policy, and those who tremble at the signs of the coming of the new order.

Charles A. Conant.

SEA RHAPSODY.

I.

By day, the tremble of the boat,
As the engine throbs like a human heart ;
The tang of the untainted air, salt, free,
 Roaming long leagues of brine ;
The tidal lift and the slow swing, now the craft buries her nose in the
 billows ;
The sky of central blue, tapering down to misty opal at the sea line,
And all around, the unsteady sapphire of the ocean.

II.

At night, snug in the cabin, cheerful with lamps, with food and drink and
 the talk of cronies :
Hard by, the friendly lights of the ships ;
Far above, aloof, the homeless flicker of stars
 In their high, impenetrable places.

III.

Then, sleep, 'midst the rock of the waves,
To dream of dear ones distant on land,
With a sense of lesion from all the ways of earth,
A return to savage, sane realities :
The tameless revels of strange, marine creatures ;
The hoarse voices of winds and waters,

The hidden treasures of the deep,
 Wide-scattered, inestimable, not to be named.
 The face of tan, the boy's heart,
 The lost yet inextinguishable gust of youth, exultant once more.

IV.

Old Earth, the mother, sends forth her sons
 To adventure with the ancient, hoar, gammer sea;
 Ever hereafter, as they come back and walk
 The dusty, fevered streets, and bargain in the marts,
 And sicken with heat and the sight of men,
 Will they carry at heart a cool, quieting thought,
 And yearn betimes for the ocean's open roads,
 For the rigors and raptures of the sailor life,
 The footless trail, the horizon's lovely lure, the sting and lull
 Of elemental water wastes,
 Restless, that yet bring rest.

Richard Burton.

 AUDREY.¹
XIII.²

A SABBATH DAY'S JOURNEY.

ALTHOUGH the house of worship which boasted as its ornament the Rev. Gideon Darden was not so large and handsome as Bruton church, nor could rival the painted glories of Poplar Spring, it was yet a building good enough, — of brick, with a fair white steeple and a decorous mantle of ivy. The churchyard, too, was pleasant, though somewhat crowded with the dead. There were oaks for shade, and wild roses for fragrance, and the grass between the long gravestones, prone upon mortal dust, grew very thick and green. Outside the gates, — a gift from the first master of Fair View, — between the churchyard and the dusty highroad ran a long strip of trampled turf, shaded by locust trees and by one gigantic gum that became in the autumn a pillar of fire.

Haward, arriving somewhat after time, found drawn up upon this piece of sward a coach, two berlins, a calash, and three chaises, while tied to hitching posts, trees, and the fence were a number of saddle horses. In the shade of the gum tree sprawled half a dozen negro servants, but on the box of the coach, from which the restless horses had been taken, there yet sat the coachman, a mulatto of powerful build and a sullen countenance. The vehicle stood in the blazing sunshine, and it was both cooler and merrier beneath the tree, — a fact apparent enough to the coachman, but the knowledge of which, seeing that he was chained to the box, did him small good. Haward glanced at the figure indifferently; but Juba, following his master upon Whitefoot Kate, grinned from ear to ear. "Larnin' not to run away, Sam? Road's clear: why don't you carry off de coach?"

Haward dismounted, and leaving Juba

¹ Copyright, 1901, by MARY JOHNSTON.

² A summary of the preceding chapters may be found on the fifth advertising page.

first to fasten the horses, and then join his fellows beneath the gum tree, walked into the churchyard. The congregation had assembled, and besides himself there were none without the church save the negroes and the dead. The service had commenced. Through the open door came to him Darden's voice: "*Dearly beloved brethren*" —

Haward waited, leaning against a tomb deep graven with a coat of arms and much stately Latin, until the singing clave the air, when he entered the building, and passed down the aisle to his own pew, the chiefest in the place. He was aware of the flutter and whisper on either hand, — perhaps he did not find it displeasing. Diogenes may have carried his lantern not merely to find a man, but to show one as well, and a philosopher in a pale gray riding dress, cut after the latest mode, with silver lace and a fall of Mechlin, may be trusted to know the value as well as the vanity of sublunary things.

Of the gathering, which was not large, two thirds, perhaps, were people of condition; and in the country, where occasions for display did not present themselves uncalled, it was highly becoming to worship the Lord in fine clothes. So there were broken rainbows in the tall pews, with a soft waving of fans to and fro in the essenced air, and a low rustle of silk. The men went as fine as the women, and the June sunshine, pouring in upon all this lustre and color, made a flower bed of the assemblage. Being of the country, it was vastly better behaved than would have been a fashionable London congregation; but it certainly saw no reason why Mr. Marmaduke Haward should not, during the anthem, turn his back upon altar, minister, and clerk, and employ himself in recognizing with a smile and an inclination of his head his friends and acquaintances. They smiled back, — the gentlemen bowing slightly, the ladies making a sketch of a curtsy. All were glad that Fair View house was

open once more, and were kindly disposed toward the master thereof.

The eyes of that gentleman were no longer for the gay parterre. Between it and the door, in uncushioned pews or on rude benches, were to be found the plainer sort of Darden's parishioners, and in this territory, that was like a border of sober foliage to the flower bed in front, he discovered whom he sought.

Her gaze had been upon him since he passed the minister's pew, where she stood between my Lady Squander's ex-waiting-woman and the branded school-master, but now their eyes came full together. She was dressed in some coarse dark stuff, above which rose the brown pillar of her throat and the elusive, singular beauty of her face. There was a flower in her hair, placed as he had placed the rosebuds. A splendor leaped into her eyes, but her cheek did not redden; it was to his face that the color rushed. They had but a moment in which to gaze at each other, for the singing, which to her, at least, had seemed suddenly to swell into a great ascending tide of sound, with somewhere, far away, the silver calling of a trumpet, now came to an end, and with another silken rustle and murmur the congregation sat down.

Haward did not turn again, and the service went drowsily on. Darden was bleared of eye and somewhat thick of voice; the clerk's whine was as sleepy a sound as the buzzing of the bees in and out of window, or the soft, incessant stir of painted fans. A churchwarden in the next pew nodded and nodded, until he nodded his peruke awry, and a child went fast asleep, with its head in its mother's lap. One and all worshiped somewhat languidly, with frequent glances at the hourglass upon the pulpit. They prayed for King George the First, not knowing that he was dead, and for the Prince, not knowing that he was King. The minister preached against Quakers and witchcraft, and shook the rafters with his fulminations.

Finally came the benediction and a sigh of relief.

In that country and time there was no unsociable and undignified scurrying homeward after church. Decorous silence prevailed until the house was exchanged for the green and shady churchyard; but then tongues were loosened, and the flower bed broken into clusters. One must greet one's neighbors; present or be presented to what company might be staying at the various great houses within the parish; talk, laugh, coquet, and ogle; make appointments for business or for pleasure; speak of the last horse race, the condition of wheat and tobacco, and the news brought in by the Valour, man-of-war, that the King was gone to Hanover. In short, for the nonce, the churchyard became a drawing-room, with the sun for candles, with no painted images of the past and gone upon the walls, but with the dead themselves beneath the floor.

The minister, having questions to settle with clerk and sexton, tarried in the vestry room; but his wife, with Audrey and the schoolmaster, waited for him outside, in the shade of an oak tree that was just without the pale of the drawing-room. Mistress Deborah, in her tarnished amber satin and ribbons that had outworn their youth, bit her lip and tapped her foot upon the ground. Audrey watched her apprehensively. She knew the signs, and that when they reached home a storm might break that would leave its mark upon her shoulders. The minister's wife was not approved of by the ladies of Fair View parish, but had they seen how wistful was the face of the brown girl with her, they might have turned aside, spoken, and let the storm go by. The girl herself was scarcely noticed. Few had ever heard her story, or, hearing it, had remembered; the careless many thought her an orphan, bound to Darden and his wife, — in effect their servant. If she had beauty, the ladies and gentlemen

who saw her, Sunday after Sunday, in the minister's pew, had scarce discovered it. She was too dark, too slim, too shy and strange of look, with her great brown eyes and that startled turn of her head. Their taste was for lilies and roses, and it was not an age that counted shyness a grace.

Mr. Marmaduke Haward was not likely to be accused of diffidence. He had come out of church with the sleepy-headed churchwarden, who was now wide awake, and mightily concerned to know what horse Mr. Haward meant to enter for the great race at Mulberry Island, while at the foot of the steps he was seized upon by another portly vestryman, and borne off to be presented to three blooming young ladies, quick to second their papa's invitation home to dinner. Mr. Haward was ready to curse his luck that he was engaged elsewhere; but were not these Graces the children to whom he had used to send sugarplums from Williamsburgh, years and years ago? He vowed that the payment, which he had never received, he would take now with usury, and proceeded to salute the cheek of each protesting fair. The ladies found him vastly agreeable; old and new friends crowded around him; he put forth his powers and charmed all hearts, — and all the while inwardly cursed the length of way to the gates, and the tardy progress thereto of his friends and neighbors.

But however slow in ebbing, the tide was really set toward home and dinner. Darden, coming out of the vestry room, found the churchyard almost cleared, and the road in a cloud of dust. The greater number of those who came a-horseback were gone, and there had also departed both berlins, the calash, and two chaises. Mr. Haward was handing the three Graces into the coach with the chained coachman, Juba standing by, holding his master's horse. Darden grew something purpler in the face, and, rumbling oaths, went over to the

three beneath the oak. "How many spoke to you to-day?" he asked roughly of his wife. "Did *he* come and speak?"

"No, he did n't!" cried Mistress Deborah tartly. "And all the gentry went by; only Mr. Bray stopped to say that everybody knew of your fight with Mr. Bailey at the French ordinary, and that the Commissary had sent for Bailey, and was going to suspend him. I wish to Heaven I knew why I married you, to be looked down upon by every Jill, when I might have had his Lordship's own man! Of all the fools" —

"You were not the only one," answered her husband grimly. "Well, let's home; there's dinner yet. What is it, Audrey?" This in answer to an inarticulate sound from the girl.

The schoolmaster answered for her: "Mr. Marmaduke Haward has not gone with the coach. Perhaps he only waited until the other gentlefolk should be gone. Here he comes."

The sward without the gates was bare of all whose presence mattered, and Haward had indeed reentered the churchyard, and was walking toward them. Darden went to meet him. "These be fine tales I hear of you, Mr. Darden," said his parishioner calmly. "I should judge you were near the end of your rope. There's a vestry meeting Thursday. Shall I put in a good word for your reverence? Egad, you need it!"

"I shall be your honor's most humble, most obliged servant," quoth the minister. "The affair at the French ordinary was nothing. I mean to preach next Sunday upon calumny, — calumny that spareth none, not even such as I. You are for home, I see, and our road for a time is the same. Will you ride with us?"

"Ay," said Haward briefly. "But you must send yonder fellow with the scarred hands packing. I travel not with thieves."

He had not troubled to lower his voice, and as he and Darden were now

themselves within the shadow of the oak, the schoolmaster overheard him and answered for himself. "Your honor need not fear my company," he said, in his slow and lifeless tones. "I am walking, and I take the short cut through the woods. Good-day, worthy Gideon. Madam Deborah and Audrey, good-day."

He put his uncouth, shambling figure into motion, and, indifferent and lifeless in manner as in voice, was gone, gliding like a long black shadow through the churchyard and into the woods across the road. "I knew him long ago in England," the minister explained to their new companion. "He's a learned man, and, like myself, a calumniated one. The gentlemen of these parts value him highly as an instructor of youth. No need to send their sons to college if they've been with him for a year or two! My good Deborah, Mr. Haward will ride with us toward Fair View."

Mistress Deborah curtsied; then chided Audrey for not minding her manners, but standing like a stock or stone, with her thoughts a thousand miles away. "Let her be," said Haward. "We gave each other good-day in church."

Together the four left the churchyard. Darden brought up two sorry horses; lifted his wife and Audrey upon one, and mounted the other. Haward swung himself into his saddle, and the company started, Juba upon Whitefoot Kate bringing up the rear. The master of Fair View rode beside the minister, and only now and then spoke to the women. The road was here sunny, there shady; the excessive heat broken, the air pleasant enough. Everywhere, too, was the singing of birds, while the fields that they passed of tobacco and golden, waving wheat were charming to the sight. The minister was, when sober, a man of parts, with some education and a deal of mother wit; in addition, a close and shrewd observer of the times and people. He and Haward talked of matters of pub-

lic moment, and the two women listened, submissive and admiring. It seemed that they came very quickly to the bridge across the creek and the parting of their ways. Would Mr. Haward ride on to the glebe house?

It appeared that Mr. Haward would. Moreover, when the house was reached, and Darden's one slave came running from a broken-down stable to take the horses, he made no motion toward returning to the bridge which led across the creek to his own plantation, but instead dismounted, flung his reins to Juba, and asked if he might stay to dinner.

Now, by the greatest good luck, considered Mistress Deborah, there chanced to be in her larder a haunch of venison roasted most noble; the ducklings and asparagus, too, cooked before church, needed but to be popped into the oven; and there was also an apple tart with cream. With elation, then, and eke with a mind at rest, she added her shrill protests of delight to Darden's more moderate assurances, and, leaving Audrey to set chairs in the shade of a great apple tree, hurried into the house to unearth her damask tablecloth and silver spoons, and to plan for the morrow a visit to the Widow Constance, and a casual remark that Mr. Marmaduke Haward had dined with the minister the day before. Audrey, her task done, went after her, to be met with graciousness most unusual. "I'll see to the dinner, child. Mr. Haward will expect one of us to sit without, and you had as well go as I. If he's talking to Darden, you might get some larkspur and marigolds for the table. La! the flowers that used to wither beneath the candles at my Lady Squander's!"

Audrey, finding the two men in conversation beneath the apple tree, passed on to the ragged garden, where clumps of hardy, bright-colored flowers played hide-and-seek with currant and gooseberry bushes. Haward saw her go, and broke the thread of his discourse. Dar-

den looked up, and the eyes of the two men met; those of the younger were cold and steady. A moment, and his glance had fallen to his watch which he had pulled out. "'T is early yet," he said coolly, "and I dare say not quite your dinner time, — which I beg that Mistress Deborah will not advance on my account. Is it not your reverence's habit to rest within doors after your sermon? Pray do not let me detain you. I will go talk awhile with Audrey."

He put up his watch and rose to his feet. Darden cleared his throat. "I have, indeed, a letter to write to Mr. Commissary, and it may be half an hour before Deborah has dinner ready. I will send your servant to fetch you in."

Haward broke the larkspur and marigolds, and Audrey gathered up her apron and filled it with the vivid blooms. The child that had thus brought loaves of bread to a governor's table spread beneath a sugar tree, with mountains round about, had been no purer of heart, no more innocent of rustic coquetry. When her apron was filled she would have returned to the house, but Haward would not have it so. "They will call when dinner is ready," he said. "I wish to talk to you, little maid. Let us go sit in the shade of the willow yonder."

It was almost a twilight behind the cool green rain of the willow boughs. Through that verdant mist Haward and Audrey saw the outer world but dimly. "I had a fearful dream last night," said Audrey. "I think that that must have been why I was so glad to see you come into church to-day. I dreamed that you had never come home again, overseas, in the Golden Rose. Hugon was beside me, in the dream, telling me that you were dead in England: and suddenly I knew that I had never really seen you; that there was no garden, no terrace, no roses, no *you*. It was all so cold and sad, and the sun kept growing smaller and smaller. The woods, too, were

black, and the wind cried in them so that I was afraid. And then I was in Hugon's house, holding the door, — there was a wolf without, — and through the window I saw the mountains; only they were so high that my heart ached to look upon them, and the wind cried down the cleft in the hills. The wolf went away, and then, somehow, I was upon the hill-top. . . . There was a dead man lying in the grass, but it was too dark to see. Hugon came up behind me, stooped, and lifted the hand. . . . Upon the finger was that ring you wear, burning in the moonlight. . . . Oh me!"

The remembered horror of her dream contending with present bliss shook her spirit to its centre. She shuddered violently, then burst into a passion of tears.

Haward's touch upon her hair, Haward's voice within her ear, all the old terms of endearment for a frightened child, — "little maid," "little coward," "Why, sweetheart, these things are shadows, they cannot hurt thee," — she controlled her tears, and was the happier for her weeping. It was sweet to sit there in the lush grass, veiled and shadowed from the world by the willow's drooping green, and in that soft and happy light to listen to his voice, half laughing, half chiding, wholly tender and caressing. Dreams were naught, he said. Had Hugon troubled her waking hours?

He had come once to the house, it appeared; but she had run away and hidden in the wood, and the minister had told him she was gone to the Widow Constance's. That was a long time ago; it must have been the day after she and Mistress Deborah had last come from Fair View.

"A long time," said Haward. "It was a week ago. Has it seemed a long time, Audrey?"

"Yes, — oh yes!"

"I have been busy. I must learn to be a planter, you know. But I have thought of you, little maid."

Audrey was glad of that, but there was yet a weight upon her heart. "After that dream I lay awake all night, and it came to me how wrongly I had done. Hugon is a wicked man, — an Indian. Oh, I should never have told you, that first day in the garden, that he was waiting for me outside! For now, because you took care of me and would not let him come near, he hates you. He is so wicked that he might do you a harm." Her eyes widened, and the hand that touched his was cold and trembling. "If ever hurt came to you through me, I would drown myself in the river yonder. And then I thought — lying awake last night — that perhaps I had been troublesome to you, those days at Fair View, and that that was why you had not come to see the minister, as you had said you would." The dark eyes were pitifully eager; the hand that went to her heart trembled more and more. "It is not as it was in the mountains," she said. "I am older now, and safe, and — and happy. And you have many things to do and to think of, and many friends — gentlemen and beautiful ladies — to go to see. I thought — last night — that when I saw you I would ask your pardon for not remembering that the mountains were years ago; for troubling you with my matters, sir; for making too free, forgetting my place" — Her voice sank; the shamed red was in her cheeks, and her eyes, that she had bravely kept upon his face, fell to the purple and gold blooms in her lap.

Haward rose from the grass, and, with his back to the gray bole of the willow, looked first at the veil of leaf and stem through which dimly showed house, orchard, and blue sky, then down upon the girl at his feet. Her head was bent and she sat very still, one listless, upturned hand upon the grass beside her, the other lying as quietly among her flowers.

"Audrey," he said at last, "you shame me in your thoughts of me. I

am not that knight without fear and without reproach for which you take me. Being what I am, you must believe that you have not wearied me ; that I think of you and wish to see you. And Hugon, having possibly some care for his own neck, will do me no harm ; that is a very foolish notion, which you must put from you. Now listen." He knelt beside her and took her hand in his. "After a while, perhaps, when the weather is cooler, and I must open my house and entertain after the fashion of the country ; when the new Governor comes in, and all this gay little world of Virginia flocks to Williamsburgh ; when I am a Councilor, and must go with the rest, and must think of gold and place and people, — why, then, maybe, our paths will again diverge, and only now and then will I catch the gleam of your skirt, mountain maid, brown Audrey ! But now in these midsummer days it is a sleepy world, that cares not to go bustling up and down. I am alone in my house ; I visit not nor am visited, and the days hang heavy. Let us make believe for a time that the mountains are all around us, that it was but yesterday we traveled together. It is only a little way from Fair View to the glebe house, from the glebe house to Fair View. I will see you often, little maid, and you must dream no more as you dreamed last night." He paused ; his voice changed, and he went on as to himself : "It is a lonely land, with few to see and none to care. I will drift with the summer, making of it an idyl, beautiful, — yes, and innocent ! When autumn comes I will go to Westover."

Of this speech Audrey caught only the last word. A wonderful smile, so bright was it, and withal so sad, came into her face. "Westover !" she said to herself. "That is where the princess lives."

"We will let thought alone," continued Haward. "It suits not with this charmed light, this glamour of the sum-

mer." He made a laughing gesture. "Hey, presto ! little maid, there go the years rolling back ! I swear I see the mountains through the willow leaves."

"There was one like a wall shutting out the sun when he went down," answered Audrey. "It was black and grim, and the light flared like a fire behind it. And there was the one above which the moon rose. It was sharp, pointing like a finger to heaven, and I liked it best. Do you remember how large was the moon pushing up behind the pine trees ? We sat on the dark hillside watching it, and you told me beautiful stories, while the moon rose higher and higher and the mocking birds began to sing."

Haward remembered not, but he said that he did so. "The moon is full again," he continued, "and last night I heard a mocking bird in the garden. I will come in the barge to-morrow evening, and the negroes shall row us up and down the river — you and me and Mistress Deborah — between the sunset and the moonrise. Then it is lonely and sweet upon the water. The roses can be smelled from the banks, and if you will speak to the mocking birds we shall have music, dryad Audrey, brown maid of the woods !"

Audrey's laugh was silver-clear and sweet, like that of a forest nymph indeed. She was quite happy again, with all her half-formed doubts and fears allayed. They had never been of him, — only of herself. The two sat within the green and swaying fountain of the willow, and time went by on eagle wings. Too soon came the slave to call them to the house ; the time within, though spent in the company of Darden and his wife, passed too soon ; too soon came the long shadows of the afternoon and Haward's call for his horse.

Audrey watched him ride away, and the love light was in her eyes. She did not know that it was so ; she felt, but knew not the name of the thing she felt.

That night, in her bare little room, when the candle was out, she kneeled by the window and looked at the stars. There was one very fair and golden, an empress of the night. "That is the princess," said Audrey, and smiled upon the peerless star. Far from that light, scarce free from the murk of the horizon, shone a little star, companionless in the night. "And that is I," said Audrey, and smiled upon herself.

XIV.

THE BEND IN THE ROAD.

"' Brave Darwentwater he is dead;
From his fair body they took the head;
But Mackintosh and his friends are fled,
And they'll set the hat upon another
head ' ' —

chanted the Fair View storekeeper, and looked aside at Mistress Truelove Taberer, spinning in the doorway of her father's house.

Truelove answered naught, but her hands went to and fro, and her eyes were for her work, not for MacLean, sitting on the doorstep at her feet.

"' And whether they're gone beyond the
sea ' ' —

The exile broke off and sighed heavily. Before the two a little yard, all gay with hollyhocks and roses, sloped down to the wider of the two creeks between which stretched the Fair View plantation. It was late of a holiday afternoon. A storm was brewing, darkening all the water, and erecting above the sweep of woods monstrous towers of gray cloud. There must have been an echo, for MacLean's sigh came back to him faintly, as became an echo.

"Is there not peace here, 'beyond the sea'?" said Truelove softly. "Thine must be a dreadful country, Angus MacLean!"

The Highlander looked at her with

kindling eyes. "Now had I the harp of old Murdoch!" he said.

"' Dear is that land to the east,
Alba of the lakes!
Oh, that I might dwell there forever ' ' —

He turned upon the doorstep, and taking between his fingers the hem of Truelove's apron fell to plaiting it. "A woman named Deirdre, who lived before the days of Gillean-na-Tuaidhe, made that song. She was not born in that land, but it was dear to her because she dwelt there with the man whom she loved. They went away, and the man was slain; and where he was buried, there Deirdre cast herself down and died." His voice changed, and all the melancholy of his race, deep, wild, and tender, looked from his eyes. "If to-day you found yourself in that loved land, if this parched grass were brown heather, if it stretched down to a tarn yonder, if that gray cloud that hath all the seeming of a crag were crag indeed, and eagles plied between the tarn and it," — he touched her hand that lay idle now upon her knee, — "if you came like Deirdre lightly through the heather, and found me lying here, and found more red than should be in the tartan of the MacLeans, what would you do, Truelove? What would you cry out, Truelove? How heavy would be thy heart, Truelove?"

Truelove sat in silence, with her eyes upon the sky above the dream crags. "How heavy would grow thy heart, Truelove, Truelove?" whispered the Highlander.

From the sedges and reeds of the creek-side rose a voice, clear and angelically sweet, — the boy Ephraim in his boat singing of heavenly love. The Quakeress started, and the color flamed into her gentle face. She took up the distaff that she had dropped, and fell to work again. "Thee must not speak to me so, Angus MacLean," she said. "I trust that my heart is not hard. Thy death would grieve me, and my father and my mother and Ephraim" —

"I care not for thy father and mother and Ephraim!" MacLean began impetuously. "But you do right to elude me. Once I knew a green glen where maidens were fain when paused at their doors Angus, son of Hector, son of Lachlan, son of Murdoch, son of Angus that was named for Angus Mor, who was great-grandson of Hector of the Battles, who was son of Lachlan Lubanach! But here I am a landless man, with none to do me honor, — a wretch bereft of liberty" —

"To me, to all Friends," said Truelove sweetly, halting a little in her work, "thee has now what thee thyself calls freedom. For God meant not that one of his creatures should say to another: 'Lo, here am I! Behold thy God!' To me, and my father and mother and Ephraim, thee is no bond servant of Marmaduke Haward. But thee is bond servant to thy own vain songs; thy violent words; thy idle pride, that, vaunting the cruel deeds of thy forefathers, calls meekness and submission the last worst evil; thy shameless reverence for those thy fellow creatures, James Stewart and him whom thee calls the chief of thy house, — forgetting that there is but one house, and that God is its head; thy love of clamor and warfare; thy hatred of the ways of peace" —

MacLean laughed. "I hate not all its ways. There is no hatred in my heart for this house which is its altar, nor for the priestess of the altar. Ah! now you frown, Truelove" —

Across a distant cloud ran a line of gold. Through the hush before the storm, clear and high as though to reach the gates of heaven, rose Ephraim's voice singing of undying love. Another dart of lightning, a low roll of thunder, a bending apart of the alder bushes on the far side of the creek; then a woman's voice calling to the boy in the boat to come ferry her over.

"Who may that be?" asked Truelove wonderingly.

It was only a little way to the bending alders. Ephraim rowed across the glassy water, dark beneath the approach of the storm; the woman stepped into the boat, and the tiny craft came lightly back to its haven beneath the bank.

"It is Darden's Audrey," said the storekeeper.

Truelove shrank a little, and her eyes darkened. "Why should she come here? I never knew her. It is true that we may not think evil, but — but" —

MacLean moved restlessly. "I have seen the girl but twice," he said. "Once she was alone, once — It is my friend of whom I think. I know what they say, but, by St. Kattan, I hold him a gentleman too high of mind, too noble — There was a tale I used to hear when I was a boy. A long, long time ago a girl lived in the shadow of the tower of Duart, and the chief looked down from his walls and saw her. Afterwards they walked together by the shore and through the glens, and he cried her health when he drank in his hall, sitting amongst his tacksmen. Then what the men whispered the women spoke aloud; and so, more quickly than the tarie is borne, word went to a man of the MacDonalds who loved the Duart maiden. Not like a lover to his tryst did he come. In the handle of his dirk the rich stones sparkled as they rose and fell with the rise and fall of the maiden's white bosom. She prayed to die in his arms; for it was not Duart that she loved, but him. She died, and they snooded her hair and buried her. Duart went overseas; the man of the MacDonalds killed himself. It was all wrought with threads of gossamer, — idle fancy, shrugs, smiles, whispers, slurring speech, — and it was long ago. But there is yet gossamer to be had for the gathering; it gleams on every hand these summer mornings."

By now Darden's Audrey had left the boat and was close upon them. MacLean arose, and Truelove hastily pushed aside her wheel. "Is thee seeking shel-

ter from the storm?" she asked tremulously, and with her cheeks as pink as a seashell. "Will thee sit here with us? The storm will not break yet awhile."

Audrey heeded her not, her eyes being for MacLean. She had been running, — running more swiftly than for a thousand May Day guineas. Even now, though her breath came short, every line of her slender figure was tense, and she was ready to be off like an arrow. "You are Mr. Haward's friend?" she cried. "I have heard him say that you were so — call you a brave gentleman" —

MacLean's dark face flushed. "Yes, we are friends, — I thank God for it. What have you to do with that, my lass?"

"I also am his friend," said Audrey, coming nearer. Her hands were clasped, her bosom heaving. "Listen! To-day I was sent on an errand to a house far up this creek. Coming back, I took the short way home through the woods because of the storm. It led me past the schoolhouse down by the big swamp. I thought that no one was there, and I went and sat down upon the steps to rest a moment. The door behind me was partly open. Then I heard two voices: the schoolmaster and Jean Hugon were inside — close to me — talking. I would have run away, but I heard Mr. Haward's name." Her hand went to her heart, and she drew a sobbing breath.

"Well!" cried MacLean sharply.

"Mr. Haward went yesterday to Williamsburgh — alone — without Juba. He rides back — alone — to Fair View late this afternoon — he is riding now. You know the sharp bend in the road, with the steep bank above and the pond below?"

"Ay, where the road nears the river. Well?"

"I heard all that Hugon and the schoolmaster said. I hid behind a fallen tree and watched them leave the schoolhouse; then I followed them, making no noise, back to the creek, where Hugon

had a boat. They crossed the creek, and fastened the boat on this side. I could follow them no further; the woods hid them; but they have gone downstream to that bend in the road. Hugon had his hunting knife and pistols; the schoolmaster carried a coil of rope." She flung back her head, and her hands went to her throat as though she were stifling. "The turn in the road is very sharp. Just past the bend they will stretch the rope from side to side, fastening it to two trees. He will be hurrying home before the bursting of the storm — he will be riding the planter's pace" —

"Man and horse will come crashing down!" cried the storekeeper, with a great oath. "And then" —

"Hugon's knife, so there will be no noise. . . . They think he has gold upon him: that is for the schoolmaster. . . . Hugon is an Indian, and he will hide their trail. Men will think that some outlying slave was in the woods, and set upon and killed him."

Her voice broke; then went on, gathering strength: "It was so late, and I knew that he would ride fast because of the storm. I remembered this house, and thought that, if I called, some one might come and ferry me over the creek. Now I will run through the woods to the road, for I must reach it before he passes on his way to the bend." She turned her face toward the pine wood beyond the house.

"Ay, that is best!" agreed the storekeeper. "Warned, he can take the long way home, and Hugon and this other we may deal with at leisure. Come, my girl; there's no time to lose."

They left behind the creek, the blooming dooryard, the small white house, and the gentle Quakeress. The woods received them, and they came into a world of livid greens and grays dashed here and there with ebony, — a world that, expectant of the storm, had caught and was holding its breath. Save for their breathing and the noise of their feet

upon dry leaves that rustled like paper, the wood was soundless. The light that lay within it, fallen from skies of iron, was wild and sinister ; there was no air, and the heat wrapped them like a mantle. So motionless were all things, so fixed in quietude each branch and bough, each leaf or twig or slender needle of the pine, that they seemed to be fleeing through a wood of stone, jade and malachite, emerald and agate.

They hurried on, not wasting breath in speech. Now and again MacLean glanced aside at the girl, who kept beside him, moving as lightly as presently would move the leaves when the wind arose. He remembered certain scurrilous words spoken in the store a week ago by a knot of purchasers, but when he looked at her face he thought of the Highland maiden whose story he had told. As for Audrey, she saw not the woods that she loved, heard not the leaves beneath her feet, knew not if the light were gold or gray. She saw only a horse and rider riding from Williamsburgh, heard only the rapid hoofbeats. All there was of her was one dumb prayer for the rider's safety. Her memory told her that it was no great distance to the road, but her heart cried out that it was so far away,—so far away! When the wood thinned, and they saw before them the dusty strip, pallid and lonely beneath the storm clouds, her heart leaped within her; then grew sick for fear that he had gone by. When they stood, ankle-deep in the dust, she looked first toward the north, and then to the south. Nothing moved; all was barren, hushed, and lonely.

"How can we know? How can we know?" she cried, and wrung her hands.

MacLean's keen eyes were busily searching for any sign that a horseman had lately passed that way. At a little distance above them a shallow stream of some width flowed across the way, and to this the Highlander hastened, looked with attention at the road bed where it

emerged from the water, then came back to Audrey with a satisfied air. "There are no hoofprints," he said. "The dust has been blown about by the wind, and is unmarked. None can have passed for some hours."

A rotted log, streaked with velvet moss and blotched with fan-shaped, orange-colored fungi, lay by the wayside, and the two sat down upon it to wait for the coming horseman. Overhead the thunder was rolling, but there was as yet no breath of wind, no splash of raindrops. Opposite them rose a gigantic pine, towering above the forest, red-brown trunk and ultimate cone of deep green foliage alike outlined against the dead gloom of the sky. Audrey shook back her heavy hair, and raised her face to the roof of the world; her hands were clasped upon her knee; her bare feet, slim and brown, rested on a carpet of moss; she was as still as the forest, of which, to the Highlander, she suddenly seemed a part. When they had kept silence for what seemed a long time, he spoke to her with some hesitation: "You have known Mr. Haward but a short while; the months are very few since he came from England."

The name brought Audrey down to earth again. "Did you not know?" she asked wonderingly. "You also are his friend,—you see him often. I thought that at times he would have spoken of me." For a moment her face was troubled, though only for a moment. "But I know why he did not so," she said softly to herself. "He is not one to speak of his good deeds." She turned toward MacLean, who was attentively watching her. "But I may speak of them," she said, with pride. "I have known Mr. Haward for years and years. He saved my life; he brought me here from the Indian country; he was, he is, so kind to me!"

Since the afternoon beneath the willow tree, Haward, while encouraging her to speak of her long past, her sylvan childhood, her dream memories, had some-

what sternly checked every expression of gratitude for the part which he himself had played, was playing, in the drama of her life. Walking in the minister's orchard, sitting in the garden or upon the terrace of Fair View house, drifting on the sunset river, he waved that aside, and went on to teach her another lesson. The teaching was exquisite; but when the lesson for the day was over, and he was alone, he sat with one whom he despised. The learning was exquisite; it was the sweetest song, but she knew not its name, and the words were in a strange tongue. She was Audrey, that she knew; and he, — he was the plumed knight, who, for the lack of a better listener, told her gracious tales of love, showed her how warm and beautiful was the world that she sometimes thought so sad, sang to her sweet lines that poets had made. Over and through all she thought she read the name of the princess. She had heard him say that with the breaking of the heat he should go to Westover, and one day, early in summer, he had shown her the miniature of Evelyn Byrd. Because she loved him blindly, and because he was wise in his generation, her trust in him was steadfast as her native hills, large as her faith in God. Now it was sweet beneath her tongue to be able to tell one that was his friend how worthy of all friendship — nay, all reverence — he was. She spoke simply, but with that strange power of expression which nature had given her. Gestures with her hands, quick changes in the tone of her voice, a countenance that gave ample utterance to the moment's thought, — as one morning in the Fair View library she had brought into being that long dead Eloisa whose lines she spoke, so now her auditor of to-day thought that he saw the things of which she told.

She had risen, and was standing in the wild light, against the background of the forest that was breathless, as if it too listened. "And so he brought me safely to this land," she said. "And so he

left me here for ten years, safe and happy, he thought. He has told me that all that while he thought of me as safe and happy. That I was not so, — why, that was not his fault! When he came back I was both. I have never seen the sunshine so bright or the woods so fair as they have been this summer. The people with whom I live are always kind to me now, — that is his doing. And ah! it is because he would not let Hugon scare or harm me that that wicked Indian waits for him now beyond the bend in the road." At the thought of Hugon she shuddered, and her eyes began to widen. "Have we not been here a long time?" she cried. "Are you sure? Oh, God! perhaps he has passed!"

"No, no," answered MacLean, with his hand upon her arm. "There is no sign that he has done so. It is not late; it is that heavy cloud above our heads that has so darkened the air. Perhaps he has not left Williamsburgh at all; perhaps, the storm threatening, he waits until to-morrow."

From the cloud above came a blinding light and a great crash of thunder, — the one so intense, the other so tremendous, that for a minute the two stood as if stunned. Then, "The tree!" cried Audrey. The great pine, blasted and afire, was being uprooted and falling from them like a reed that the wind has snapped. The thunder crash, and the din with which the tree met its fellows of the forest, bore them down, and finally struck the earth from which it came, seemed an alarm to waken all nature from its sleep. The thunder became incessant, and the wind suddenly arising the forest stretched itself and began to speak with no uncertain voice. MacLean took his seat again upon the log, but Audrey slipped into the road, and stood in the whirling dust, her arm raised above her eyes, looking for the horseman whose approach she could not hope to hear through the clamor of the storm. The wind lifted her long hair,

and the rising dust half obscured her form, bent against the blast. On the lonesome road, in the partial light, she had the seeming of an apparition, a creature tossed like a ball from the surging forest. She had made herself a world, and she had become its product. In all her ways, to the day of her death, there was about her a touch of mirage, illusion, fantasy. The Highlander, imaginative like all his race, and a believer in things not of heaven nor of earth, thought of spirits of the glen and the shore.

There was no rain as yet; only the hurly-burly of the forest, the white dust cloud, and the wild commotion overhead. Audrey turned to MacLean, watching her in silence. "He is coming!" she cried. "There is some one with him. Now, now he is safe!"

XV.

HUGON SPEAKS HIS MIND.

MacLean sprang up from the log, and, joining her, saw indeed two horsemen galloping toward them, their heads bent and riding cloaks raised to shield them from the whirlwind of dust, dead leaves, and broken twigs. He knew Haward's powerful steed Mirza, but the other horse was strange.

The two rode fast. A moment, and they were splashing through the stream; another, and the horses, startled by Audrey's cry and waving arms and by the sudden and violent check on the part of their riders, were rearing and curveting across the road. "What the devil!" cried one of the horsemen. "Imp or sprite, or whatever you are, look out! Haward, your horse will trample her!"

But Audrey, with her hand on Mirza's bridle, had no fears. Haward stared at her in amazement. "Child, what are you doing here? Angus, you too!" as the storekeeper advanced. "What rendezvous is this? Mirza, be quiet!"

Audrey left her warning to be spoken by MacLean. She was at peace, her head against Mirza's neck, her eyes upon Haward's face, clear in the flashing lightning. That gentleman heard the story with his usual calmness; his companion first swore, and then laughed.

"Here's a Canterbury tale!" he cried. "'Gad, Haward, are we to take this skipping rope, vault it as though we were courtiers of Lilliput? Neither of us is armed. I conceive that the longest way around will prove our shortest way home."

"My dear Colonel, I want to speak with these two gentlemen."

"But at your leisure, my friend, at your leisure, and not in dying tones. I like not what I hear of Monsieur Jean Hugon's pistols. Flank an ambush; don't ride into it open-eyed."

"Colonel Byrd is right," said the storekeeper earnestly. "Ride back, the two of you, and take the bridle path that will carry you to Fair View by way of the upper bridge. In the meantime, I will run through the woods to Mr. Taberer's house, cross there, hurry to the quarters, rouse the overseer, and with a man or two we will recross the creek below, and come upon this ambuscade from that side. We'll hale the two rogues to the great house; you shall have speech of them in your own hall."

Neither of the riders being able to suggest a better plan, the storekeeper, with a wave of his hand, plunged into the forest, and was soon lost to view amidst its serried trunks and waving branches. Haward stooped from his saddle; Audrey set her bare foot upon his booted one, and he swung her up behind him. "Put thine arm around me, child," he told her. "We will ride swiftly through the storm. Now, Colonel, to turn our backs upon the enemy!"

The lightning was about them, and they raced to the booming of the thunder. Heavy raindrops began to fall, and the wind was a power to drive the riders on.

Its voice shrilled above the diapason of the thunder; the forest swung to its long cry. When the horses turned from the wide into the narrow road, they could no longer go abreast. Mirza took the lead, and the bay fell a length behind. The branches now hid the sky; between the flashes there was Stygian gloom, but when the lightning came it showed far aisles of the forest. There was the smell of rain upon dusty earth, there was the wine of coolness after heat, there was the sense of being borne upon the wind, there was the leaping of life within the veins to meet the awakened life without. Audrey closed her eyes, and wished to ride thus forever. Haward, too, traveling fast through mist and rain a road whose end was hidden, facing the wet wind, hearing the voices of earth and sky, felt his spirit mount with the mounting voices. So to ride with Love to doom! On, and on, and on! Left behind the sophist, the apologist, the lover of the world with his tinsel that was not gold, his pebbles that were not gems! Only the man thundering on, — the man and his mate that was meant for him since time began! He raised his face to the strife above, he drew his breath, his hand closed over the hand of the woman riding with him. At the touch a thrill ran through them both; had the lightning with a sword of flame cut the world from beneath their feet, they had passed on, immortal in their happiness. But the bolts struck aimlessly, and the moment fled. Haward was Haward again; he recognized his old acquaintance with a half-humorous, half-disdainful smile. The road was no longer a road that gleamed athwart all time and space; the wind had lost its trumpet tone; Love spoke not in the thunder, nor seemed so high a thing as the lit heaven. Audrey's hand was yet within his clasp; but it was flesh and blood that he touched, not spirit, and he was glad that it was so. For her, her cheek burned, and she hid her eyes. She had looked unawares, as

by the lightning glare, into a world of which she had not dreamed. Its portals had shut; she rode on in the twilight again, and she could not clearly remember what she had seen. But she was sure that the air of that country was sweet, she was faint with its beauty, her heart beat with violence to its far echoes. Moreover, she was dimly aware that in the moment when she had looked there had been a baptism. She had thought of herself as a child, as a girl; now and for evermore she was a woman.

They left the forest behind, and came to open fields where the tobacco had been beaten to earth. The trees now stood singly or in shivering copses. Above, the heavens were bare to their gaze, and the lightning gave glimpses of pale castles overhanging steel-gray, fathomless abysses. The road widened, and the bay was pushed by its rider to Mirza's side. Fields of corn where the long blades wildly clashed, a wood of dripping cedars, a patch of Orenoko, tobacco house in midst, rising ground and a vision of the river, then a swift descent to the lower creek, and the bridge across which lay the road that ran to the minister's house. Audrey spoke earnestly to the master of Fair View, and after a moment's hesitation he drew rein. "We will not cross, Colonel," he declared. "My preserver will have it that she has troubled us long enough; and indeed it is no great distance to the glebe house, and the rain has stopped. Have down with thee, then, obstinate one!"

Audrey slipped to the earth, and pushed back her hair from her eyes. Colonel Byrd observed her curiously. "Faith," he exclaimed, "'t is the Atalanta of last May Day! Well, child, I believe thou hast saved our lives. Come, here are three gold baubles that may pass for Hippomenes' apples!"

Audrey put her hands behind her. "I want no money, sir. What I did was a gift; it has no price." She was only Darden's Audrey, but she spoke as

proudly as a princess might have spoken. Haward smiled to hear her; and seeing the smile, she was comforted. "For he understands," she said to herself. "He would never hurt me so." It did not wound her that he said no word, but only lifted his hat, when she curtsied to them both. There was to-morrow, and he would praise her then for her quickness of wit and her courage in following Hugon, whom she feared so much.

The riders watched her cross the bridge and turn into the road that led to the parsonage, then kept their own road in silence until it brought them to the door of Haward's house.

It was an hour later, and drawing toward dusk, when the Colonel, having changed his wet riding clothes for a suit of his friend's, came down the stairs and entered the Fair View drawing-room. Haward, in green, with rich lace at throat and wrist, was there before him, walking up and down in the cheerful light of a fire kindled against the dampness. "No sign of our men," he said, as the other entered. "Come to the fire. Faith, Colonel, my russet and gold becomes you mightily. *Juba took you the aqua vitæ?*"

"Ay, in one of your great silver goblets, with a forest of mint atop. Ha, this is comfort!" He sank into an armchair, stretched his legs before the blaze, and began to look about him. "I have ever said, Haward, that of all the gentlemen of my acquaintance you have the most exact taste. I told Bubb Dodington as much, last year, at Eastbury. Damask, mirrors, paintings, china, cabinets, — all chaste and quiet, extremely elegant, but without ostentation! It hath an air, too. I would swear a woman had the placing of yonder painted jars!"

"You are right," said Haward, smiling. "The wife of the minister of this parish was good enough to come to my assistance."

"Ah!" said the Colonel dryly. "Did Atalanta come as well? She is his reverence's servant, is she not?"

"No," answered Haward shortly to the last question, and, leaning across, stirred the fire.

The light caused to sparkle a jeweled pin worn in the lace of his ruffles, and the toy caught the Colonel's eye. "One of Spotswood's golden horseshoes!" he exclaimed. "I had them wrought for him in London. Had they been so many stars and garters, he could have made no greater pother! 'T is ten years since I saw one."

Haward detached the horseshoe-shaped bauble from the lace, and laid it on the other's palm. The master of Westover regarded it curiously, and read aloud the motto engraved upon its back: "*Sic Juvat Transcendere Montes.*" A barren exploit! But some day I too shall please myself and cross these sun-kissing hills. And so the maid with the eyes is not his reverence's servant? What is she?"

Haward took the golden horseshoe in his own hand, and fell to studying it in the firelight. "I wore this to-night," he said at length, with deliberation, "in order that it might bring to your mind that sprightly ultramontane expedition in which, my dear Colonel, had you not been in England, you had undoubtedly borne a part. You have asked me a question; I will answer it with a story, and so the time may pass more rapidly until the arrival of Mr. MacLean with our friends who set traps." He turned the mimic horseshoe this way and that, watching the small gems, that simulated nails, flash in the red light. "Some days to the west of Germanna," he said, "when about us were the lesser mountains, and before us those that propped the sky, we came one sunny noon upon a valley, a little valley, very peaceful below the heights. A stream shone through it, and there were noble trees, and beside the stream the cabin of a frontiersman."

On went the story. The fire crackled, reflecting itself in mirrors and polished wood and many small window panes.

Outside, the rain had ceased, but the wind and the river murmured loudly, and the shadows of the night were gathering. When the narrative was ended, he who had spoken and he who had listened sat staring at the fire. "A pretty story!" said the Colonel at last. "Dick Steele should have had it; 't would have looked vastly well over against his Inkle and Yarico. There the maid the savior, here the man; there perfidy, here plain honesty; there for the woman a fate most tragical, here" —

"Here?" said Haward, as the other paused.

The master of Westover took out his snuffbox. "And here the continued kindness of a young and handsome preserver," he said suavely, and extended the box to his host.

"You are mistaken," said Haward. He rose, and stood leaning against the mantel, his eyes upon the older man's smiling countenance. "She is as innocent, as high of soul, and as pure of heart as — as Evelyn."

The Colonel clicked to the lid of his box. "Shall we leave my daughter's name out of the conversation?" he said politely.

"As you please," Haward answered, with hauteur.

Another silence, broken by the guest. "Why did you hang that kit-kat of yourself behind the door, Haward?" he asked amiably. "'T is too fine a piece to be lost in shadow. I would advise a change with yonder shepherdess."

"I do not know why," said Haward restlessly. "A whim. Perhaps by nature I court shadows and dark corners."

"That is not so," Byrd replied quietly. He had turned in his chair, the better to observe the distant portrait that was now lightened, now darkened, as the flames rose and fell. "A speaking likeness," he went on, glancing from it to the original and back again. "I ever thought it one of Kneller's best. The portrait of a gentleman. Only — you

have noticed, I dare say, how in the fire-light familiar objects change aspect many times? — only just now it seemed to me that it lost that distinction" —

"Well?" said Haward, as he paused.

The Colonel went on slowly: "Lost that distinction, and became the portrait of" —

"Well? Of whom?" asked Haward, and, with his eyes shaded by his hand, gazed not at the portrait, but at the connoisseur in gold and russet.

"Of a dirty tradesman," said the master of Westover lightly. "In a word, of an own brother to Mr. Thomas Inkle."

A dead silence; then Haward spoke calmly: "I will not take offense, Colonel Byrd. Perhaps I should not take it even were it not as my guest and in my drawing-room that you have so spoken. We will, if you please, consign my portrait to the obscurity from which it has been dragged. In good time here comes Juba to light the candles and set the shadows fleeing."

Leaving the fire he moved to a window, and stood looking out upon the windy twilight. From the back of the house came a sound of voices and of footsteps. The Colonel put up his snuffbox and brushed a grain from his ruffles. "Enter two murderers!" he said briskly. "Will you have them here, Haward, or shall we go into the hall?"

"Light all the candles, Juba," ordered the master. "Here, I think, Colonel, where the stage will set them off. Juba, go ask Mr. MacLean and Saunderson to bring their prisoners here."

As he spoke, he turned from the contemplation of the night without to the brightly lit room. "This is a murderous fellow, this Hugon," he said, as he took his seat in a great chair drawn before a table. "I have heard Colonel Byrd argue in favor of continuing John Rolfe's early experiment, and marrying the white man to the heathen. We are about to behold the result of such an union."

"I would not have the practice universal," said the Colonel coolly, "but 't would go far toward remedying loss of scalps in this world, and of infidel souls hereafter. Your sprightly lover is a most prevailing missionary. But here is our Huguenot-Monacan."

MacLean, very wet and muddy, with one hand wrapped in a blood-stained rag, came in first. "We found them hidden in the bushes at the turn of the road," he said hastily. "The schoolmaster was more peaceably inclined than any Quaker, but Hugon fought like the wolf that he is. Can't you hang him out of hand, Haward? Give me a land where the chief does justice while the king looks the other way!" He turned and beckoned. "Bring them in, Saunderson."

There was no discomposure in the schoolmaster's dress, and as little in his face or manner. He bowed to the two gentlemen, then shambled across to the fire, and as best he could held out his bound hands to the grateful blaze. "May I ask, sir," he said, in his lifeless voice, "why it is that this youth and I, resting in all peace and quietness beside a public road, should be set upon by your servants, overpowered, bound, and haled to your house as to a judgment bar?"

Haward, to whom this speech was addressed, gave it no attention. His gaze was upon Hugon, who in his turn glared at him alone. Haward had a subtle power of forcing and fixing the attention of a company; in crowded rooms, without undue utterance or moving from his place, he was apt to achieve the centre of the stage, the head of the table. Now, the half-breed, by very virtue of the passion which, false to his Indian blood, shook him like a leaf, of a rage which overmastered and transformed, reached at a bound the Englishman's plane of distinction. His great wig, of a fashion years gone by, was pulled grotesquely aside, showing the high forehead and shaven crown beneath; his brown laced

coat and tawdry waistcoat and ruffled shirt were torn and foul with mud and mould, but the man himself made to be forgotten the absurdity of his trappings. Gone, for him, were his captors, his accomplice, the spectator in gold and russet; to Haward, also, sitting very cold, very quiet, with narrowed eyes, they were gone. He was angered, and in the mood to give rein after his own fashion to that anger. MacLean and the master of Westover, the overseer and the schoolmaster, were forgotten, and he and Hugon met alone as they might have met in the forest. Between them, and without a spoken word, the two made this fact to be recognized by the other occupants of the drawing-room. Colonel Byrd, who had been standing with his hand upon the table, moved backward until he joined MacLean beside the closed door; Saunderson drew near to the schoolmaster; and the centre of the room was left to the would-be murderer and the victim that had escaped him.

"Monsieur le Monacan," said Haward.

Hugon snarled like an angry wolf, and strained at the rope which bound his arms.

Haward went on evenly: "Your tribe has smoked the peace pipe with the white man. I was not told it by singing birds, but by the great white father at Williamsburgh. They buried the hatchet very deep; the dead leaves of many moons of Cohonks lie thick upon the place where they buried it. Why have you made a warpath, treading it alone of your color?"

"Diable!" cried Hugon. "Pig of an Englishman! I will kill you for!"

"For an handful of blue beads," said Haward, with a cold smile. "And I, dog of an Indian! I will send a Notoway to teach the Monacans how to lay a snare and hide a trail."

The trader, gasping with passion, leaned across the table until his eyes were within a foot of Haward's unmoved

face. "Who showed you the trail and told you of the snare?" he whispered. "Tell me that, you Englishman, — tell me that!"

"A storm bird," said Haward calmly. "Okee is perhaps angry with his Monacans, and sent it."

"Was it Audrey?"

Haward laughed. "No, it was not Audrey. And so, Monacan, you have yourself fallen into the pit which you digged."

From the fireplace came the school-master's slow voice: "Dear sir, can you show the pit? Why should this youth desire to harm you? Where is the storm bird? Can you whistle it before a justice of the peace or into a court room?"

If Haward heard, it did not appear. He was leaning back in his chair, his eyes fixed upon the trader's twitching face in a cold and smiling regard. "Well, Monacan?" he asked.

The half-breed straightened himself, and with a mighty effort strove in vain for a composure that should match the other's cold self-command, — a command which taunted and stung now at this point, now at that. "I am a Frenchman!" he cried, in a voice that broke with passion. "I am of the noblesse of the land of France, which is a country that is much grander than Virginia! Old Pierre at Monacan-Town told me these things. My father changed his name when he came across the sea, so I bear not the *de* which is a sign of a great man. Listen, you Englishman! I trade, I prosper. I buy me land, I begin to build me a house. There is a girl that I see every hour, every minute, while I am building it. She says she loves me not, but nevertheless I shall wed her. Now I see her in this room, now in that; she comes down the stair, she smiles at the window, she stands on the doorstep to welcome me when I come home from my hunting and trading in the woods so far away. I bring her fine skins of the otter, the beaver, and the fawn; beadwork also from the villages,

and bracelets of copper and pearl. The flowers bloom around her, and my heart sings to see her upon my doorstep. . . . The flowers are dead, and you have stolen the girl away. . . . There was a stream, and the sun shone upon it, and you and she were in a boat. I walked alone upon the bank, and in my heart I left building my house and fell to other work. You laughed; one day you will laugh no more. That was many suns ago. I have watched" —

Foam was upon his lips, and he strained without ceasing at his bonds. Already pulled far awry, his great peruke, a cataract of hair streaming over his shoulders, shading and softening the swarthy features between its curled waves, now slipped from his head and fell to the floor. The change which its absence wrought was startling. Of the man the moiety that was white disappeared. The shaven head, its poise, its features, were Indian; the soul was Indian, and looked from Indian eyes. Suddenly, for the last transforming touch, came a torrent of words in a strange tongue, the tongue of his mother. Of what he was speaking, what he was threatening, no one of them could tell; he was a savage giving voice to madness and hate.

Haward pushed back his chair from the table, and, rising, walked across the room to the window. Hugon followed him, straining at the rope about his arms and speaking thickly. His eyes were glaring, his teeth bared. When he was so close that the Virginian could feel his hot breath, the latter turned, and with an oath of disgust struck the back of his hand across his lips. With the cry of an animal, Hugon, bound as he was, threw himself bodily upon his foe, who in his turn flung the trader from him with a violence that sent him reeling against the wall. Here Saunderson, a man of powerful build, seized him by the shoulders, holding him fast; MacLean, too, hurriedly crossed from the door. There was no need, for the half-

breed's frenzy was spent. He stood with glittering eyes following Haward's every motion, but quite silent, his frame rigid in the overseer's grasp.

Colonel Byrd went up to Haward and spoke in a low voice: "Best send them at once to Williamsburgh."

Haward shook his head. "I cannot," he said, with a gesture of impatience. "There is no proof."

"No proof!" exclaimed his guest sharply. "You mean" —

The other met his stare of surprise with an imperturbable countenance. "What I say," he answered quietly. "My servants find two men lurking beside a road that I am traveling. Being somewhat overzealous, they take them up upon suspicion of meaning mischief and bring them before me. It is all guesswork why they were at the turn of the road, and what they wanted there. There is no proof, no witness" —

"I see that there is no witness that you care to call," said the Colonel coldly.

Haward waved his hand. "There is no witness," he said, without change of tone. "And therefore, Colonel, I am about to dismiss the case."

With a slight bow to his guest he left the window, and advanced to the group in the centre of the room. "Saunderson," he said abruptly, "take these two men back to the place where you found them, cut their bonds and let them go. When you come back to the home quarter, see that the dogs are loosed. You have men outside to help you? Very well; go! Mr. MacLean, will you help restore these jewels that you have stolen away?"

The Highlander, who had become very thoughtful of aspect since entering the room, and who had not shared Saunderson's

start of surprise at the master's latest orders, nodded assent. Haward stood for a moment gazing steadily at Hugon, but with no notice to bestow upon the bowing schoolmaster; then walked over to the harpsichord, and, sitting down, began to play an old tune, soft and slow, with pauses between the notes. When he came to the final chord he looked over his shoulder at the Colonel, standing before the mantel, with his eyes upon the fire. "So they have gone," he said. "Good riddance! A pretty brace of villains!"

"I should be loath to have Monsieur Jean Hugon for my enemy," said the Colonel gravely.

Haward laughed. "I was told at Williamsburgh that a party of traders go to the Southern Indians to-morrow, and he with them. Perhaps a month or two of the woods will work a cure."

He fell to playing again, a quiet, plaintive air. When it was ended, he rose and went over to the fire to keep his guest company; but finding him in a mood for silence, presently fell silent himself, and took to viewing structures of his own building in the red hollows between the logs. This mutual taciturnity lasted until the announcement of supper, and was relapsed into at intervals during the meal; but when they had returned to the drawing-room the two talked until it was late, and the fire had sunken to ash and embers. Before they parted for the night it was agreed that the master of Westover should remain with the master of Fair View for a day or so, at the end of which time the latter gentleman would accompany the former to Westover for a visit of indefinite length.

Mary Johnston.

(To be continued.)

TEN YEARS OF UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

TEN years ago University Extension was in the thoughts of all, and on the lips of many. Whenever and wherever educators met together, there was always curiosity to hear about the aim and scope and method of the movement. Propagandists who could write informedly, and critics, too, found a ready market for their new wares. In swift succession articles by friends or foes appeared in the Atlantic, the Review of Reviews, Harper's Magazine, the Forum, the Popular Science Monthly, and the Outlook, before it was the Outlook.

Some friends thought the millennium was dawning; the civic salvation of democracy seemed to many close at hand. Enemies, not many, were sure that the new tale was silly, and that the new story-tellers were mad, at least "north-northwest." None were indifferent, or could be. Mr. George William Curtis, long past the age when men are wont to form snap judgments or express them, came from consideration of the English work, then past its fifteenth birthday, with the conviction that the "development of this movement and its extraordinary success are the most significant facts in the modern history of education." And Miss Repplier, from the isolated watch tower of instinctive aversion, called down that the movement merely represented "the second-rate at second-hand." Out of the expansive and expanding circle of Chautauqua, Bishop Vincent, a second John Baptist, paid homage to the larger movement in the generous phrase, "Chautauqua is little else than a University Extension agency." And Professor George Herbert Palmer, anxious lest the vested interests of higher education should suffer hurt, wrote with spirit to the Atlantic: "Any movement which seeks to withdraw a professor's attention from these things

[his university duties, various and exacting], and induces him to put his soul elsewhere, inflicts on the community a serious damage. No amount of intellectual stimulus furnished to little companies here and there can atone for the loss that must fall on education when college teachers pledge themselves to do serious work in other places than in their own libraries and lecture rooms."

Beforehand, as usual, sometimes to rashness, in estimating movements in which the world takes instant interest, Mr. W. T. Stead, with an eye on either side the ocean, announced with calm assurance, "University Extension is the university on wheels." East and West, North and South, universities and colleges took him at his word, and prepared to put themselves on wheels. Many encouraged their best lecturers to go around the corner and speak to any who would listen. Some announced extramural courses with intramural credits in their annual catalogue, oftener in a special circular. One or two, at least on paper, organized distinct departments for itinerant teaching. Between the Alleghanies and the Rockies here and there a "monohippic" college, eager to emerge from unprofitable obscurity, hitched its tiny wagon to "the university on wheels," confident of at least securing, free of charge, a little advertising. Even when the faculty was no larger than the faculty "at present consisting of Mrs. Johnson and myself," which Mr. Bryce had found awhile before in the Far West, the hope was entertained, and solemnly divulged, that at least one member of the faculty could be spared to the distant village panting for enlightenment. There was a glamour about the very thought of itinerant lecturing. Bespectacled pedants long since detached from life, scornful cynics with gall and wormwood in

their hearts, and fine, true scholars, loving as well as learned, eager to distribute knowledge as well as to produce it, — no Leonardos they, — dreamed of flying trips each week to distant centres, of audiences breaking out into tumultuous applause as Cæsar once again was killed in the Senate House or *x* was raised with proud success to the *n*th power. Everybody seemed about to go to school again. Moulton's prediction of "university education for the whole nation, organized upon itinerant lines," was coming swiftly to fulfillment.

To doubt that a university can be put on wheels was a discredit. To hint that there is a time element and a place element in university teaching, which cannot be packed into either the bulkiest gripsack or most capacious memory pouch, was to invite derision. To ask, however modestly, for proof of the adaptability of the new movement to American conditions was to evoke pity. With thousands pleading for enlightenment, it was, the propagandist intimated, no time to reason why. It was time to move.

"Nor slack'd the messenger his pace;
He showed the sign, he named the place,
And, pressing forward like the wind,
Left clamor and surprise behind."

Some good people, inclined to sympathize, gave the movement a half-hearted support, because they did not wholly trust the universities. They were glad enough to get the best the universities can give; they feared that they might have to take the worst as well. For the life of them, they could see no reason to let loose the pedantry — inherent, they supposed, in university research, and usually attached to university teaching — which sets the extraction of a Greek root before the extraction of the root of sin; which by precept and example would fain persuade that man's chief end is to write a monograph on the inseparable prefix in early Anglo-Saxon, and enjoy it forever. They could see no profit to our democracy — and some said so —

in scattering throughout its villages the atrocious pharisaism which despises the commonplace; robs service of its spontaneity; parts men from their kind, and sets them up along the great hallway of life, unlighted candles, "to whom there has come no fire of devotion, who stand in awe and reverence before no wisdom greater than their own, who are proud and selfish, who do not know what it is to obey." If the new movement was to have the support of commonplace folk, whom the Lord must love for the reason Lincoln gave; if it was to help

"Country folk who live beneath
The shadow of the steeple;
The parson and the parson's wife,
And mostly married people,"

it must give bond at the start to send out lecturers able to uplift as well as inform, able to energize as well as mobilize facts and interpret them in terms of life. And while the bond was preparing, democracy was reticent and shy, and stingy with its sympathy.

Among all the doubts of those early days there was one honest doubt that could not be dismissed without an answer, and, unhappily, could not be disproved without experience. When Professor Palmer inquired where University Extension was to find lecturers, he asked a pertinent and puzzling question. It was easier for the Englishman to make reply. In the slender development of popular education in England, not all the teachers trained at Oxford and Cambridge could find employment. The supply far exceeded the demand. There was a large and anxious surplus of professional teachers seeking employment, and more than willing, on any terms they could secure, to do itinerant teaching. The central secretaries found all the teachers they desired, without ravaging any university faculty. Here was another situation. Long before the nineties popular education was robust. The university, the college, the secondary school, the little red schoolhouse, all were prosper-

ous; all had more students than they well could teach, all had fewer expert teachers than they could use. The demand for teachers far exceeded the supply. Western university and college presidents came East each spring, to lie in wait for postgraduate students newly doctored in Baltimore or Germany, with the regularity of Western missionary bishops seeking "stiff" at Eastern theological seminaries for missionary enterprise. If to the scarcity of good teachers was to be added the rivalry of University Extension societies seeking lecturers and competing for the best, university education would suffer irreparable hurt; a certain good would be imperiled for the sake of an uncertain benefit. With this serious danger in mind, Professor Palmer deprecated the widespread interest in the new subject, and predicted that the wisest guidance would probably not lead the movement to any long success.

Almost ten years have passed since Professor Palmer asked his leading question, expressed his honest doubt, made his grave prediction. It is now time, perhaps, to ask another question, — Has his question yet received its answer, can his doubt be dissipated, has his prediction been fulfilled? Were one inclined to beg the question, he could point out that since Professor Palmer has recently shared with Professor Griggs the extension platform of the Boston Twentieth Century Club, he has answered his own query; for no one who knows Professor Palmer even casually or by reputation would ever entertain the fear that he has given a "half-hearted service" to Harvard because for eight Saturdays in succession, last winter, he put his soul elsewhere, into lectures on *The Nature of Goodness*, in Tremont Temple. The question is too important to dismiss by begging it. Moreover, the problem is even more complicated than Professor Palmer could have thought when he wrote his article for the *Atlantic*. No

one, indeed, imagined that, to succeed, the itinerant teacher must possess the best qualities of the resident teacher, and other qualities besides. He must be saturated with his subject, know how to teach it, and, in addition, have a gift too seldom found in universities, — the gift of pleasing and effective public speech. He must be not scientific merely, but artistic too. He must be not teacher simply, imparting information and extracting it from students; he must be preacher also, driving home his message by the blows of oratory, overcoming inertia the university knows naught of, — the inertia of men and women worn and jaded by a day's routine, — creating interest where no interest is, leading souls from "the lowlands of vulgarity" high up

"the mount where guile
Dissolves in fire that burns the dross away."

For great success, there must be added to the teacher's ordinary equipment such lucidity as the audience observes in Professor Woodrow Wilson's lecturing, such variety as one finds in the lectures of Dr. Sykes, such attention to detail as Professor Moulton always gives, and such spiritual passion as burns in every lecture by Professor Griggs.

To find such men was not to compete with the university ever seeking for the best. Another type was wanted, a man with a finer artistic sense well trained. Far from being helped by facility of expression, variety, elocution, spiritual passion, the scholarship of the candidate for university teaching is almost always called in question when he has these other qualities that ordinary folk outside universities value. Only recently is the university tearing down the ideal of the "Professor" in Balzac's story, so wanting in imagination that in his young wife's tears he saw only "mucus, chloride of sodium, and a little sulphate of chalk." Darwin is still the ideal in scientific teaching, without Darwin's late lament that in scientific research he had

lost his æsthetic sense. University Extension went in search of men who combine with the university professor's knowledge the novelist's versatility, the actor's elocution, the poet's imagination, the preacher's fervor. The standard it uplifted is higher than the university standard. The goods it desired no university wants *in toto*. The competition was and is only in exceptional instances, which are each year growing fewer.

Professor Palmer was correct in his conviction that the lecturer is the crux of the situation. In the early nineties all other problems receded into insignificance. There was much talk at first about the class. One of the pioneer lecturers usually suggested to his audience, at the start, that if they had to choose between the lecture and the class that followed, they would better "cut the lecture." But those days are past. The University of Chicago has developed the class work independently, though lecturers still direct discussion after lectures. The occasional lecturer in the occasional centre has a class before and after, too. But oftener the class is somewhat disappointing. The lecturer taries a few moments after the lecture; pleads plaintively for questions, which, when they come, are sometimes suggestive, but sometimes, not infrequently, inconsequential. It is the rash lecturer indeed who essays the rôle of university cross-examiner, for his listeners never stay again for class.

"They light me once, they hurry by,
And never come again."

There was a time when many lecturers agreed with Professor Moulton that the written exercise is "the strength of the system." The writer, then lecturing on American history, in a paper read before the University Extension Congress at the World's Fair in 1893, predicted that, in the long run, University Extension as an educational movement will be judged largely by the character of the paper work. "Lecturers have,"

as Professor Robert Ellis Thompson says, "tried all the arts of persuasion and sarcasm." American audiences will not write papers, though they will, as the University of Chicago has proved, follow correspondence courses without lectures. Time was when courses of study covering long periods were mapped out, and students were urged to prepare at stated intervals for examinations, and for the certificates and diplomas that followed. Now, though much reading is done, as librarians and booksellers testify, especially in schools and where independent students' clubs exist, one hears little about examinations. American audiences will not be examined.

There was a time when many expected, and all hoped, that Lord Brougham's vision of mechanics, after ten hours' hard work with eyes and ears and hands, spending their evenings listening to lectures or preparing for examinations, would become an actuality, when more factory workers besides the newly appointed successor to Max Müller at Oxford, Dr. Joseph Wright, would divide the dinner hour between the dinner pail and Greek historians. Spinners, weavers, mill hands, in great numbers, have listened to long lectures on Bach and Beethoven. One workingman — no Giotto, possibly, discovered among the hill shepherds, and yet a worthy man — has found University Extension the way into Harvard. Negroes have come in hundreds to hear Hudson Shaw lecture on English history. A negro waiter in a hotel at Salem, New Jersey, has heard every lecture of the many given there these ten years past, and has read a goodly portion of the literature suggested. Even anarchists and other long-haired folk have crowded Touro Hall to hear views on politics and history, which they would better have accepted to their civic profit. And yet it remains a truth which no one acquainted with the work would dispute, that University Extension has not become distinctively

the means of elevating so-called workmen.¹

These failures, these half successes, — call them what you will, — are only incidental, after all. They do not affect the central problem. University Extension is not a system; it is a man. It is, as Phillips Brooks was wont to say of preaching, truth coming through personality. Syllabus, class, written exercise, examination, certificate, diploma, — important, as you count them, or, as I count them, only relatively important, — are the variables; the constant is the lecturer himself. Given the man, the method is not hard to find; nay, it is found already. The man will make, does make, his methods; using those already in existence, but using them in his own way. To find the lecturer has been the problem all these ten years past. It is the problem still, not wholly solved, but ever being solved at those head centres where the work has been directed with intelligence, skill, enthusiasm, and great sacrifice.

In many sections the problem has not been vigorously attacked. New England has shown but little interest. President Butler of Colby College writes that nothing has been done in Maine. The only lecturer in New Hampshire was imported. Vermont makes no report. Massachusetts has had more interest in "University Participation," to use the happy phrase of Professor A. B. Hart. The good work of the Twentieth Century Club, the Old South lec-

tures, and Pilgrimages, valuable as they are, are not typical. Brown University did something in the earlier years in Rhode Island, but never found her man. Connecticut from the first has looked to Philadelphia for inspiration and coöperation. Some of her best lecturers have been loans made by the American Society. For six years past New Haven has had a University Extension centre, with which, last October, Yale University combined to initiate a series of ten four-lecture courses, for which almost a thousand season tickets, at three dollars each, were sold. Yale furnished most of the lecturers; Philadelphia one of the most popular. Valuable as the experiment is, it can scarcely make a contribution to the solution of the larger problem. A university professor lecturing four times in his own university lecture hall to townfolk coming up to the university is not University Extension; it is University Participation, — nothing else.

To estimate the New York work aright is far from easy. An early start was made. In 1887-88 Dr. E. W. Bemis gave a typical course in Buffalo. Ever and anon Mr. Melvil Dewey preached the new crusade, until in 1891 the state legislature made an appropriation of \$10,000 to the "paper" University of the State of New York with which to make University Extension one of its five main departments. There was a fine burst of enthusiasm; great expectations were excited. Syllabi were published, and lecturers placed in the

¹ The writer, one of many interested in University Extension from the start, has never cared to see the movement allocated to the need of any class to the exclusion of all other classes. The ideal of the American Society seems to him to be correct: "University Extension is meant for those for whom religion is intended; for those for whom life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness is intended. It is meant to help the ignorant who desire knowledge, — that they may learn wisely; to reveal to the half-educated the insufficiency of their knowledge; to rouse intellectual sluggards; to stimulate those who are in the right way;

to bring questioning to the hearts of the self-satisfied. There is no class for which University Extension is not intended nor to which it has not ministered. There have been courses — not a few, but many — to audiences made up entirely of the very poor; of the poor; of the poor and of those who are not rich; of these and of the well to do; of the ignorant but eager; of the cultivated but not learned; of teachers; we might almost say — having in mind the summer meetings — of scholars; finally, of people of all conditions who have some leisure for study or reading, and look to the lecturers for suggestions and leading."

field. Then appeared the inevitable difficulties. The peculiar gifts required of the lecturer, the long distances, the unexpected strain of meeting a new set of students every night, the dependence on resident teachers already spent by intramural teaching, the inability to test or to train candidates for the new work, soon overcrowded the New York spirit. The reaction came swiftly. An easier way of extending higher education was sought. Since 1892 effort has been concentrated on traveling libraries and traveling pictures, study clubs and public libraries, and other agencies that can thrive measurably, at least, without the presence of the living teacher, and good results have been achieved. Faith has not been lost, however, in the real University Extension, and Mr. Melvil Dewey writes, "We have no doubt that the time is not far distant when more advanced work can and will be done." In the presence of the central problem of the lecturer, New York still stands anxious and perplexed, but not hopeless.

New Jersey has never been ambitious. Contiguous to Pennsylvania, she has looked to Philadelphia for her lecturers. A number of New Jersey centres of the American Society have long since passed the experimental stage, and have recently formed a federation. Rutgers College has an Extension Department, and from the first Professor Louis Bevier and other members of the faculty have given lectures in neighboring towns and villages. But without a special staff of lecturers the work is not likely to outgrow its small dimensions.

Before the nineties, the late Professor H. B. Adams, who introduced the American people to the University Extension movement, and has written the latest word about it in a comprehensive monograph in press for the United States Bureau of Education, was trying some University Extension experiments in Baltimore and Washington, with the aid of graduate students from his seminar

in history at the Johns Hopkins University. Altogether, in and about Baltimore much fragmentary work was done. But graduate students have neither time nor maturity to work out a problem requiring unlimited time and character well seasoned. Now and then a lecturer has pushed farther south, but to little purpose.

In the "Westmost West" University Extension took root immediately. The University of California, first in the field, outlined a plan to make University Extension endemic on the Pacific coast, — a plan which has been followed in the main for almost ten years. Only members of the academic staff were employed until the generosity of Mrs. Phœbe Hearst and others provided lecture courses by distinguished foreigners. The rapid increase of resident students and the policy of free lectures have robbed the overworked instructors of both the opportunity and to some extent the incentive to extramural lecturing. The work has lagged for want of lecturers; for reliance cannot long be placed in resident teachers. The new president is making plans for reaching remote regions, but none are worth the making which add outside lecturing to inside teaching, already so exacting that from many a university faculty one neurasthenic each year is graduated or dismissed. In her earlier days, the Leland Stanford Jr. University, under pressure from communities, and because there were on her staff brilliant lecturers like the president, Griggs, Ross, Barnes, Howard, and Hudson, carried on the work in San Francisco, San José, Oakland, Sacramento, Los Angeles, and other cities. But Griggs has gone, and Ross and Barnes and Howard, and interest has long since waned.

Here and there in the Middle West there was a little flutter of excitement. In the autumn of 1891 the Chicago Society for University Extension was formed, to draw lecturers from the whole

Middle West, but it soon came to grief. Topeka and Kansas City had a little try at the fascinating experiment, but their centres went the way of the centres of the Chicago Society. The University of Minnesota became weary before the movement grew at all in that section.

Much was naturally expected of Wisconsin. Her Farmers' Institutes were already famous. The late Mr. Warner, visiting the state a year or two before, had found, as he wrote *Harper's Magazine*, "a more intimate connection of the university with the life of the people than exists elsewhere." President Chamberlin, addressing the public school teachers in December, 1890, and Professor H. B. Adams, a month later, speaking before the State Historical Society, called attention to the unique opportunity offered to Wisconsin. The next year 78 cities and towns filed with the State University requests for lectures, and 47 courses were given. In the summer of 1892 an Extension Department was organized, but for want of financial support was allowed to languish. The professors, always overworked by the multiplying interests of a university whose student roster has risen in ten years from 1097 to 2619, have done all they could to meet the situation. Considering the circumstances, much indeed has been achieved; and yet a great opportunity has not been made the most of for want of a special staff, or of the state appropriation which would secure it, and which the legislature would even yet do well to make.

But there are two places, Philadelphia and Chicago, where the problem is being solved; where indeed, to those who understand the special difficulties, the special discouragements, the lack at first of special experience, and at all times of sufficient funds, the problem seems to have been already solved. In both places some lecturers have been found, others made. Some are products of the movement: others are university

teachers, preferring itinerant teaching at a time when no harm follows to universities, because the supply of trained teachers is no longer, as ten years ago, inadequate to the demand. In both places the work has steadily developed; at first extensively, more recently intensively. It was perhaps to be expected that Chicago, with characteristic enthusiasm for pork and poetry alike, would give a cordial welcome to the democratic movement in education, and at any cost command success. It was confidently expected by the few who understand the buried life of Philadelphia, conservative only when new things have a suspicious look, that "this vast amorphous city which broods over its children with a perpetual home nurture" would do more, — deserve success, and make the movement help on the city's highest purpose.

The first of a long line of English representatives of University Extension, Professor Richard G. Moulton, came to Philadelphia in 1890, — pleased all, inspired many, profoundly impressed some. Professor H. B. Adams, always at the right moment where the initial movement had most need of him, arrested the attention of Philadelphia's most fastidious by an address a few months later before the Contemporary Club. Dr. William Pepper, — Philadelphia's nineteenth-century Franklin, — so universal was his genius, seized upon the strategic point of the situation, secured funds with which to make a five years' trial, and the American Society was organized, with Dr. Pepper as its first president. The energetic secretary, Mr. George Henderson, at once packed off to England, and came back informed as to ways and means. With the election of Professor Edmund J. James to the presidency in 1891, there was made available for the movement a wider knowledge of pedagogical theory and a special capacity for educational organization. With characteristic acumen the new president discovered the strategic point. He

foresaw that unless the lecturer could be found or developed, University Extension would go the way Professor Palmer predicted, — to feebleness, and then to forgetfulness. In pursuance of a distinct purpose, English lecturers were brought over sometimes, as in the case of Moulton and of Shaw, as ideals worthy to keep a lofty standard before American lecturers and audiences alike. A policy of publicity and promotion was adopted, in order to attract the notice of university teachers better suited to itinerant than to resident teaching, and young men of special fitness pursuing graduate studies at home or abroad. An "organ" lent important aid the first few years. A seminar was established for the training of young candidates, and by slow degrees men were brought together to give themselves entirely to lecturing. Some reliance was placed on university and college teachers. Many university professors at first shared in the work. Some of them failed outright. A few won some success. But not one, as experience proved, could divide himself equally between resident and non-resident teaching without giving to one or the other the "half-hearted service" Professor Palmer deprecated. Long since the society discovered what was from the first expected: that the chief reliance must be placed on staff lecturers giving a whole-hearted service to University Extension. Of those pioneer lecturers, Devine, who gave up bright prospects in academic work for University Extension, and Rolfe, who left a college chair, and others, not one but believes now as devoutly as at the first in University Extension. The later staff lecturers, like Lavell, who enjoys a reputation for simple and forceful speaking; Surette, who combines knowledge of music, enthusiasm for "common-sense" music study, and lecturing ability to an unusual degree; Sykes, who follows the method of resident teaching, emphasizing it by the artist's touch of variety and humor with

real success; and Griggs, who adds to high thinking a spiritual intensity that makes him the most popular University Extension lecturer indigenous to America, — all of them believe in the cause they represent; give up sleep and comfort for it, and would make any other sacrifice the work requires. These and others are the replies in breathing, living, energetic flesh to Professor Palmer's queries as to the possibility of finding lecturers.

But it ought not to be forgotten that they have been found or developed, because at the central office, from the first, there have been administrators believing in the possibility of solving the hard problem, a board of directors scarcely changed in ten years past, who have furnished money, and induced their friends to furnish it, for the successful conduct of an experiment always under criticism, its failure in some quarters year by year confidently expected.

When Professor James, in 1895, removed to Chicago, and Dr. Devine, the secretary of the society, the largeness of whose contribution, as lecturer, secretary, and director of the summer meeting which flourished for some years in Philadelphia, to the work's success only those comprehend who have been acquainted from the first with the details, was called to the secretaryship of the Charity Organization Society of New York, Mr. Charles A. Brinley, of the board of directors, was chosen for the presidency, and Mr. John Nolen, assistant secretary, succeeded Dr. Devine. These five years past, the emphasis has been laid upon deepening rather than widening the work of a society which had already compelled the whole land to recognize the need and potentiality of the new movement. Local centres have been strengthened; student work has been developed; lecturers have been given all possible conditions for effectiveness; and now, at the end of ten years, the society has these results to show: —

The average number of persons each year attending the 954 courses (given, by the way, in 236 centres in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, Maryland, Delaware, Ohio, West Virginia, Virginia, District of Columbia) is a little more than 18,000. The total course attendance for ten years amounts to 180,755, equivalent to an aggregate attendance of 1,084,530. The attendance has been larger this year than ever before; the average for each lecture being 239, of whom 62 per cent remained for the after class. The total cost of the society's work for ten years has been \$275,000, of which \$183,000 has been earned, and \$92,000 given. There has been an additional expense for local outlays, falling upon the local centres, of about \$55,000, making a total expense of some \$330,000. Of this amount, \$238,000 has been paid by the people who have heard the lectures; \$22,000 by members of the General Society, contributing \$5 each; and \$70,000 by guarantors and those making special contributions.

The University of Chicago, too, has made a large contribution to the success of the movement. President Harper, seeing life whole and as it is, serving "the god of things as they are," at the start dismissed all criticism as to superficiality, and struck at the heart of the problem, by making University Extension, with its three departments, one of the four great divisions of the university. Realizing as clearly as the officers of the American Society that everything turns on the lecturer, he gathered about him a band of specialists in University Extension organization and teaching. Mr. George Henderson was called from Philadelphia to direct the University Extension Division, which these five years past has been under the direction of Professor Edmund J. James. Professor Moulton, whose power of eloquent exposition gives him here, as years ago it gave him in England, a position of

VOL. LXXXVIII. — NO. 527. 26

preëminence, was induced to take the position he still holds on the lecture staff. Mr. T. J. Lawrence, another well-known English lecturer, was here the first year. Dr. Charles Zeublin and Dr. E. E. Sparks have made for themselves such positions as are occupied by Dr. Sykes and Mr. Surette in the East. Mr. Henry W. Rolfe, too, equally expert in resident and itinerant teaching, has been among the later lecturers, even carrying the standard to the Sandwich Islands, where he lectured for a while a year or two ago.

During the eight years past, since the university was opened, 995 courses have been given in 162 centres, with a total attendance on courses of 204,038, on lectures of 1,224,228. This year past, in the Lecture-Study Department, where the usual University Extension work is done, the average attendance on lectures has been 234, of whom 102, or 43 per cent, have remained for the class. But in addition there have been the same year 881 students in the Class-Study Department, including many public school teachers and other extramural students in and near Chicago, and in the Correspondence-Study Department 678 students writing such papers as they would be required to write in residence. The cost to the university of maintaining the Lecture-Study Department has been \$205,000, of which \$143,000 has been reimbursed by lecturers' fees; of the Class-Study Department, which has been self-supporting, \$44,000; of the Correspondence-Study Department, which also has maintained itself, \$44,500. Altogether some \$293,500 has been expended by the university on the Extension Department, of which \$231,500 has been contributed by those profiting from it.

Adding together some of these statistics, a stupendous fact in American education emerges. In the last decade of the nineteenth century almost 2000 courses of six lectures each, and sometimes twelve, aggregating about 125,000

lectures in literature, history, civics, economics, finance, science, sociology, philosophy, ethics, religion, music, and art, were given in 398 centres, with a total attendance on courses of almost or quite 300,000, with an aggregate attendance on lectures of about 2,500,000, at a cost to the two head centres of \$480,000, of which amount \$326,000, or 68 per cent, has been paid by the audiences hearing the lectures. If statistics were offered about other societies and institutions that have carried on the work with more or less success, the figures would be larger still. Keeping in mind the important circumstance that the last two years have been, for both the American Society and the University of Chicago, the most successful in their history in all the more important aspects of the work, and that in both Philadelphia and Chicago larger plans for the future are now being made with more confidence than ever in the past, is it not time for all the fair-minded to assume that University Extension is no longer an experiment, but a permanent fact in our educational life, a permanent factor in our educational progress? Is it conceivable that mere enthusiasm could have brought the results which these statistics represent? Is it credible that clear-eyed and successful business men, like the "backers" of the American Society in Philadelphia, could be fooled, year after year, to support a losing cause? Nay, more. Could communities, which have for ten years past had University Extension lectures as regularly as the winter solstice, be induced to contribute the respectable sum of \$326,000 for lectures, which, even at their worst, are never less than serious? The American people cannot be fooled for ten years in succession, and enter upon their eleventh year with eagerness to be fooled again. They have found in University Extension something worth their while, and therefore they support it no longer grudgingly.

What that something is, it may not, even yet, be easy to determine. A name more accurate might possibly have been chosen. Certainly, such a phrase as "Educational Extension" or "Cultural Extension" would have invited less immediate criticism. And yet, neither of these terms would have been more definitive than the name the movement bears. For, protest as one may against a term which has seemed to some pretentious, at its best University Extension offers essentially the very utility the university offers. But there is this difference: University Extension never presents its utility in a pharisaical or pedantic spirit; for democracy abominates pedantry, and takes down pharisaism at every opportunity. There is yet another difference. The university lecture may be presented never so inartistically; the students come again because they must, and not because they will. The University Extension lecture must be a work of art; else the audience will exercise unerringly the freedom they possess of "cutting." Many observers who have heard lectures in both university halls and University Extension halls believe the average University Extension lecture is a more artistic and effective piece of work than the average university lecture.

But even if some still object to Professor Moulton's definition of ten years ago, that "University Extension is university education for the whole nation, organized on itinerant lines," in the light of ten years' history all will agree with M. Berenger, speaking last summer at the Paris Exposition: "University Extension is the effort to develop in human life, in all classes of society, ideas and sentiments of liberal culture,—of religion, of art, of aspiration." For this new movement to democratize all learning and all culture has touched every class. It has stimulated much of the new interest everywhere apparent in every sort of education. Our universities owe it a great debt; it has helped

them, Dr. Albert Shaw and other keen observers think, "to get rid of a part of their superfluous pedantry, and a little bit of their pharisaism." Public school teachers, broken on the wheel of drudgery, have by thousands been uplifted and sent back to duty with morning faces and with morning hearts. A new link has been forged in the chain a-making, and some time to bind together all our higher and our lower agencies for education. Cultured people in small communities cut off — to use an electric term — from the reinforce of intellectual centres have been directed, encouraged, inspired. Libraries have been loaned from the head centres, or established permanently, or reestablished, in many a town and village. Literary clubs are multiplying on all hands. World gossip is taking the place of village gossip. Dante and Milton and the Lake Poets are kept in stock in many a store which had a trade before for none but Marie Corelli and the Smart Set and the Black Cat.

In our greater cities more evident results have come, these ten years past. But for University Extension, the free lecture system of New York would, of course, never have been thought of. Says the Philadelphia Press in its editorial columns: "University Extension has not only succeeded in doing more than any one agency in revolutionizing the reading habits of Philadelphia, but it has created a solid, organized group of audiences, habituated to study, anxious

to learn, interested in the intellectual development not only of themselves, but of the city, which constitutes a constituency and clientele such as does not exist in any other American city, and which is to-day one of the most useful agencies for promoting the solidarity of the intellectual life of Philadelphia." Its influence in Chicago, where all things contribute to make the work in all respects the extension of university teaching, is quite as great; and, in addition, there, as Professor H. B. Adams wrote, "in no small degree, by the aid of University Extension, with its superior pedagogical methods and its marked adaptations to local needs, has Dr. Harper built up his academic resources and a great federal university."

No city is so great, no village so insignificant, but that University Extension has created in it new ideals in literature and life, and stimulated many a soul to clearer thinking and to saner living. Now at last America understands that education knows no age limit, that liberal studies ought to last as long as life itself. Never can this truth which University Extension has demonstrated be forgotten. Whether the proclamation of this new gospel and its establishment forever and forever be university work or not, it has been, it is worth doing. It has been, it is being done, because, without hurt to any university, lecturers have been found, and Professor Palmer's question has been answered.

Lyman P. Powell.

JAPANESE PLANTS IN AMERICAN GARDENS.

PLANTS are in some respects like men and women: their eccentricities as well as evil manners live in brass, while their virtues we write in water.

When one hears of Japanese trees, it is not the great hemlock forests of Lake

Yumoto nor the giant *Cryptomerias* of Nikkō that come before the mind, not the blossoming trees of Elizabeth's German Garden nor even the little yellow-tipped evergreens of our own lawns, but a horticultural curio, — a miniature

tree, marvelously gnarled and dwarfed, with a pedigree going back to the time of Cromwell; a result of Japanese brains and Japanese ingenuity, but certainly no adequate representative of nature's work on Japanese soil. There are even heretics among us, who regard the curious little tree in much the same light that Sir Francis Bacon regarded the yews, carved in the shapes of animals, which adorned Queen Elizabeth's gardens. "These be for children," said he.

But the ancient dwarf in its blue-and-white jardinière is the smallest part of our debt to Japan in horticulture. It is now nearly forty years since her plants were first brought to this country, and in that time the different varieties have become so diffused, so assimilated with our own species, that only those plant lovers whose affection extends to the prosaic details of botanic name and origin realize how many of the natives of Japan have made their home with us. Doubtless their very adaptability has kept them unnoticed, for they thrive without any petting. Unlike the English Rhododendrons and the French Standard Roses, they need neither shade by day in summer, nor defense by night in winter.

One of the most distinctive characteristics of the Japanese plant, compared with its American brothers, is a sort of holiday appearance, a touch of an older civilization and culture than ours: as if a country lass, who had been educated away from home, given a year or two of Paris by way of "finishing," should come back and stand again among her sisters who had never left the home farm; they might have the same rosy cheeks, the same features, but would lack the indescribable touch of culture, the grace of manner, which would make her perfectly at ease where her sisters would feel awkward and uncomfortable.

Beautiful as our apple tree is in blossom time, it should never leave the orchard. A New England spinster is not

more settled in her habits. Stiff and unbending, the smallest tree never looks really young; the infectious gayety of a March wind, which makes an old elm forget his years, and toss his boughs like a birch sapling, will only set its smallest twigs aflutter, in a vain attempt to enter into the spirit of the thing; the branches remain in unmoved primness. But the Japanese apple tree from its infancy is a thing of gracefulness and charm; and the blossoms, — there are none like them in all the beautiful race of flowering trees! The profusion of apple blossoms combined with the delicacy of a wild rose! The leaves are small, shining, and more abundant than those of the common apple, and the blossoms hang in clusters from the lower side of the branches, each like a tiny rosebud.

Our cherry tree escapes the spinster-like aspect of the apple, but it is under the same ban. It may be picturesque in its old age, covered with snowy blossoms; it may even be one of those motherly-looking trees which Madame de Sévigné wished to embrace; still it is as hopelessly out of place on a smooth-shaven lawn as a dear old "mammy" at an afternoon tea. On the other hand, the Japanese cherry sways its drooping branches with the air of one "to the manner born," and is charming to look on at all times, especially in May, when, to the tip of the smallest branchlet, it is hidden under a mist of delicate rose-colored blossoms, the whole tree having the airy lightness of an acacia.

Although an early settler, the Japanese Dogwood (*Cornus Kousa*) is little known. In horticulture as in literature a gem may lie unnoticed, while its less deserving brethren are reaching toward the three-hundred-thousand mark. For thirty years the Benthamia, as we used to call it, has been passed by on the other side, while Spireas and Weigelas by the thousand have gone to adorn the gardens of the priests and Levites. The native Dogwood (*Cornus florida*) blossoms before

the leaves are fully out; the branches are level or tending upward, and the flowers lift their faces to the sun, without a thought of turning so that the passer-by may have a better look; but its Japanese rival pursues another course; and makes the most of its advantages. The foliage of the *Cornus Kousa* is richer and more abundant, and the blossoms have no idea of showing themselves until a proper setting is provided; but when they do appear, creamy white, the edges of the petals daintily crimped to give an added softness, they are well worth the waiting. Again in the autumn the Japanese Dogwood makes a brave showing; its branches are hung with crimson seed vessels, which give the effect of large, luscious-looking strawberries.

Beside the native Judas tree the Japanese variety again shows superiority: its form is more symmetrical, its blossoms more delicate and of a finer color. Indeed, "time would fail me to tell of Gedeon and of Barak," of Hydrangeas and Spireas, Larches and Viburnums, all having the same difference, and giving the effect of the native species done in an *édition de luxe*.

The Magnolias would have slight chance of social prominence — if one may use the expression — were their claims based solely upon the American members of the family. The beautiful Southern *grandiflora* cannot, of course, have a place here among the hardy trees, and the stronger *auriculata*, *macrophylla*, and *glauca* make but a slender showing beside the brilliant Chinese and Japanese varieties. Earliest not only of the Magnolias, but of all the flowering trees, is the Chinese *Magnolia stellata*, which comes out with only the scarlet maples for company; the blossoms, with the daring which in nature belongs especially to the fragile, trust themselves in all their dainty whiteness to the treacherous smiles of an April morning which may "black out in one blot their brief life's pleasantness." The buds, gray and soft

and downy, crowd along the branches like overgrown pussy-willows, and burst suddenly into blossom; the flowers, with their slender, pure white, transparent petals, look like idealized and etherealized daisies, making the plant a mass of dazzling fragrance. After the *stellata* has pointed the way and proved if blossoming is safe, the other Magnolias crowd into place. First the *conspicua* — but the Chinese varieties are "another story:" the *stellata* comes in by a special license; for although it has recently been made to own the Flowery Kingdom as its birthplace, it came to us from Japan, and during the forty years of its American residence has been called Japanese, so one cannot write of Japanese Magnolias and leave out this bravest one which has so long held an honored place in their ranks. Prominent among the Japanese Magnolias are the fragrant *hypoleuca*, with its great creamy petals; the delicate *purpurea*, its pale violet blossoms shading into white within; *nigricans*, darkest of all; the heavy blossoms of *Watsonii*, whose scarlet centre and large white petals are strikingly contrasted; and last of all to show themselves are the dark purple blossoms of the *gracilis*. Despite their tropical appearance, the Magnolias adapt themselves to our climate with true Japanese courtesy. *Magnolia Kobus* endures New England winters without a murmur, as if in Japan blizzards were things of every-day occurrence. The rarest of the family, the *parviflora*, not only shows no exclusiveness, but is most generous with its charms, blossoming in June and again in September, when other plants consider their duties at an end. The flowers are little larger than Dogwood blossoms, delicately fragrant, and carefully set in the rich soft leaves to show to best advantage the pure white petals which surround the heart of scarlet and gold.

Beside the Magnolias and the flowering trees which seem like the native

species attained unto a higher state, there are those plants on which the stamp of Japan is more patent; some having a marked regularity of form, others curious leaves, deeply cut, or as oddly variegated as the clothes of the Pied Piper. Chiefest of these, standing among the American plants like veritable foreigners in their native costume, are the Japanese maples. With the exception of a few of the cut-leaved sorts, which have a graceful drooping elegance, these little maples have the characteristic Japanese stiffness, — not, however, from any painful acquaintance with the shears. There is the stiffness of intention, never of necessity; the consciousness of a child in a fresh frock and crisp ribbons, quite aware of its fine appearance. The leaves are distinct: some are lacelike in their delicacy, scarcely more than the veins outlined; others are like miniature palms. *Acer Japonicum aureum* has the leaves of a tiny fan; there is the curling leaf of *cucullatum*, the curiously beautiful ribbed leaf of *carpinifolium*; and there is *crispum*, whose small leaves are each mounted on a stiff red stem, each lobe curled together, reminding one of the claw of a dove and its neat little scarlet leg. But the most remarkable feature of the Japanese maples is not the stiffness nor the curious leaves, but the color. In this no plant can surpass them. There is a faint hint in our own maple's young growth of the autumn splendor it has in store, — a "substance of things hoped for;" but the Japanese maples are not content with a hint, — they are veritable spendthrifts of color. To many, the Alpha and Omega of Japanese maples are the blood-red *sanguineum* and the *atropurpureum*, whose coloring is well known, the fine crimson of the latter only deepening, as the season advances, into a rich purple; but rarer than these is *pinnatifidum*, with its airy graceful branches and deep claret tint, the delicate feathery softness of the cut-leaved variety of *atropurpureum*; and beside it

is *dissectum viridis*, — "the same thing in green," as a dry-goods clerk would say. There is *nigricans*, dark as the purple beech, the golden *Japonicum aureum*, and unique not only among the maples, but among all the trees, is the clear bronze tint of *carpinifolium*. One of the most charming varieties in color is *roseum*. This is an odd little tree, growing hardly more than two feet in twenty years, gnarled and twisted, not comparing with the other maples in habit; but in May, when it clothes itself with tiny leaves of the purest rose color, all deficiencies of character are forgotten; for surface beauty, no less than charity, is a cloak that covers many sins, — a fact one can learn elsewhere than among the Japanese maples.

Not content with the work in single colors, the Japanese maples are deep in nature's printer's craft, and give us *reticulatum*, carefully outlining the veins in green on a white background; *albo-variegatum*, the tiny green leaves edged with white and a trace of pink; *versicolor*, blotched rather arbitrarily with white and pink and green; *roseo-pictis*, gayest of all, with even a touch of yellow in addition to the other colors; and *roseo-marginatum*, on whose smallest leaf the brush has laid a dainty edge of pink. These are a few of the more noticeable members of a large family, each variety distinct, and each little leaf as perfectly finished as a line of Tennyson's.

Another vivid bit of Japanese coloring is the *Evonymus alatus*, whose autumn brilliance almost rivals the tints of the little maples. The foliage in October becomes a deep rose color, and the stiff corklike branches are thickly hung on the under side with tiny scarlet berries. Here the foreign touch is not in curious leaves, but in a peculiar formation of the bark, — an odd winglike structure extending on each side of the branches. The *Evonymus alatus* has the stiff regularity of form characteristic

of so many of the Japanese plants, and seems to have been made solely for decorative purposes, and with an eye single to its autumn effect.

A very familiar shrub is the Japanese Barberry (*Berberis Thunbergii*), not so unusual in color or form, but its crimson leaves do not, as those of the *Evonymus alatus*, fall off at the first touch of winter; on the contrary, they cling as long as possible, and the scarlet berries remain until spring, when the fresh green leaves relieve them of their duty.

Among the vines the Japanese varieties hold a larger place, in proportion to the American, than among the flowering trees and shrubs, — from the Creeping Evonymus to the Climbing Hydrangea, which, on its native soil, festoons the trees as the trumpet vine the Southern oaks. The Japanese Honeysuckle (*Lonicera Hulleana*) has earned a place not accorded to any native species, simply because it is better, — stronger, more luxuriant, and almost evergreen. The golden variety, *reticulata aurea*, has the same excellencies with the additional charm of brilliant color. Perhaps the best is the Japanese Ivy (*Ampelopsis Veitchii*), that friendliest of all vines, growing without coaxing in the most unlikely places, covering ugliness with astonishing rapidity, — the

“bald red bricks draped, nothing loth,
In lappets of tangle they laugh between.”

In its tender green there is nothing of the sombreness of the English Ivy, and its October crimson strikes something of its life into the stones themselves, making many an old wall throb. Another Japanese vine, the Actinidia, has by no means had the welcome of the Ampelopsis accorded to it; perhaps it has not earned it. One variety, the *polygama*, although more inclined to sprawl than climb, is valuable for a curious fall effect. Its supply of chlorophyll does not last all summer, so, as autumn approaches, the ends of the sprays turn yellow, contrasting oddly with the

dark shining green of the branches nearer the stem, and the vine, at a little distance, gives the effect of a large shrub covered with long racemes of yellow blossoms. *Arguta*, the other variety, bears a small, yellowish fruit, much used by the Japanese, although as yet unappreciated by Americans, and has far better success as a climber, beside having the faculty of thriving on a supply of sunlight in which many another vine would die in utter discouragement.

Kindly as our climate has been to the flowering trees, the vines, and the little maples, it has given an even warmer welcome to the Japanese evergreens. Not only have they found the soil to their liking, but they seem to have become imbued with the spirit of democracy; exhibiting what one might call the Irish faculty of attaining positions of prominence undreamed of on their native soil. A Japanese would be surprised to find *Picea polita*, the bristling Tiger's Tail Spruce, in the dignified ranks of the “ornamentals;” for it is a scraggy tree in its native Japan, an outcast from the gardens, — without honor in its own country.

One might have expected that the Umbrella Pine (*Sciadopitys verticillata*) would be properly received here; for it is a rare tree even in Japan, often found planted near a temple, and carefully inclosed by a fence beside. The *Sciadopitys* is perhaps the most distinct of the Japanese evergreens, and is so regular in form that it might have stepped bodily from some conventionalized design on a book cover. It has the fresh, vivid green of young corn, and every possible branchlet is crowned by a curious little structure like a tiny skeleton umbrella.

There are notable Japanese among the Pines, the Firs, the Spruces, the Hemlocks, the Yews and Junipers, but most valuable of all the Japanese evergreens which have recently come into notice is the Japanese Holly (*Ilex crenata*).

As a hedge plant the *Ilex* is universally used in Japan, and there is scarcely a garden in which a plant is not to be found trained into some marvelous shape; for the *Ilex*, as becomes a good hedge plant, beareth all things, endureth all things, from the pruning shears. If there are books in the running brooks, surely there are poems in blossoming trees, sonnets and quatrains in the little maples, and the *Ilex* is destined to become a classic, beside which our Privet will be but ephemeral literature; in fact, the Privet has had the sale of a popular novel, and its glory is the glory of the large editions, not of the test of years. The Japanese Holly has all the excellencies of an evergreen, with none of the defects: denseness with lights and shadows, uniformity without monotony. Horticultural prophets are predicting a wide popularity for it, but "the wind bloweth where it listeth;" it is easier to prophesy correctly of the value of real estate or the course of the human affections than to foretell which tree or shrub will take the popular fancy.

In coloring, the evergreens are naturally more restricted than the deciduous plants, although there are some beautiful tints among them. *Picea Alcockiana* on the under side of the leaves has the silvery blue tint of the Colorado Blue Spruce, contrasting charmingly with the rich green of the upper side of the branches. None of our native pines excel in foliage the heavy softness of the Japanese. *Pinus densiflora*, and its rare seedling *densiflora aurea*, is the only perfectly hardy golden pine we have. Among the *Retinosporas*, a large family which are entirely Japanese, the variegations are usually of white or yellow, although the soft feathery branches of *Retinospora ericoides* become a reddish violet in the winter, and the *squarrosa* has dusted its green fluffy branches with a silver gray. Some of the *Retinosporas* give distinctness to their variegations by peculiarity of form: thus the

filifera aurea exaggerates even Wouter Van Twiller's proportions, having two feet in breadth for every one in height, and is a mound of green heavily overlaid and hung with golden threads, with the gorgeousness of a much-decorated warrior. Doubtless *obtusa nana*, the *Retinospora* used by the Japanese in making their miniature trees, is best known in that character, although it is a charming little plant when left to its own devices. There is the *plumosa aurea*, with its soft rich foliage and golden tint, and a score or more of others; each variety having the *argentea* or *aurea* variegations or the dwarf species, and all worthy of far more than a casual acquaintance.

There is a certain feminine unexpectedness about the Japanese evergreens. In November, *Andromeda Japonica*, with its racemes of tiny white bell-shaped buds, looks like a lily of the valley which had been turned shrub by some Japanese sorcerer, and having lost its reckoning in consequence, had mistaken the season; the holly-like leaves of *Mahonia Japonica* may be found in February holding determinedly to their October crimson; the little golden-tipped evergreens make slight change in their yellow bravery when the mercury is creeping into its bulb, and the snow lies heavily on their branches, and even the *Rhododendrons* are curling their leaves together and looking "sleepy," as the gardeners say.

To entitle a tree or shrub to a place where the eye must fall daily upon it, it is not enough that during a few weeks in the year it should be a thing of beauty; it must, like *Cyrano*, be at all times "always admirable." It is in this quality of being "admirable," and at all seasons of unfailing interest, that the Japanese plants are preëminent. They have a piquancy which prevents their beauty from ever becoming monotonous, an infinite variety which "age cannot wither, nor custom stale;" they have a way of

catching one's heart in the rebound, blossoming when the petals of our own species have fallen and are lying dead; sometimes, like *Magnolia parviflora*, they endear themselves by "coming to us when the world is gone." They go through no "awkward age;" in their infancy they are miniatures rather than unfinished pictures.

The Italian garden is suited to but few of our villas and country houses. It is true that we lack the architectural accompaniments, the balustrades and terraces, but still more do we lack the patience to wait the necessary years of growth. We Americans do not plant for posterity; our children may live abroad, or they may pull down our barns, and build greater, demolishing the gardens at the same time. But the Japanese plants are especially adapted to American lawns and gardens; they give a touch of ornateness to the simplest cottage, and harmonize perfectly with the more pretentious mansion.

But whether our windows overlook

broad acres or only a few yards of lawn and the village street, there is the one necessity to be met in a greater or less degree,—the necessity of making the bit of earth we call our own as beautiful as our taste can suggest and our means admit.

The present revival of interest in gardening is one of the most hopeful signs of the new century. It is a return to Edenic conditions; for "God Almighty first planted a garden, . . . and a man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegance, men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection." For the buildings and palaces are wrought but with the bodies of trees, but he who plants a garden comes in touch with the living organism, linked to the past through centuries, and to the future with untold possibilities; he must learn of Nature, and in patient study find that love of her which the poets and artists of all ages will tell him is the beginning of much wisdom.

Frances Duncan.

BIG-GOVERNOR-AFRAID.

A MICROSCOPIC boy upon a cosmic horse came slowly down the road leading to the town watering trough. The boy was bareheaded, barefooted, and clad in faded and patched blue overalls several sizes too large. The horse had just found release from its day's labor in heavy harness; its foam-lathered muzzle was pointed unswervingly toward the cool trough. The boy was riding "bareback;" for any right-minded urchin of his years would scorn to ride otherwise. His stubby legs were stretched perilously far apart over the wide ridge of knotty spine; but his alert, wiggling toes were clutched against the sweat-slippery side, and his eyes shone with confident courage.

The watering trough is at the curb line of the street, in front of the post office. Uncle Mac is a devoted frequenter of the post office; the arrival of the mail trains makes the most important part of his daily life, though his average receipts are no more than two or three letters in each week. As the horse and boy drew near, the old man was standing beside me in the shadow of the building; but he left his place and went to the trough, and as the horse plunged down its greedy lips to drink he stepped from the sidewalk into the road, so that he might put out his hand and caress the rider's tiny earth-stained foot.

"Hello, Tommy!" he said softly.

"Say, I ain't seen you for two-three days. Where you been?"

Tommy grasped one of Uncle Mac's fingers firmly and drew the caressing hand into his lap, where he detained it with loving pats and strokings. "Been pullin' weeds out o' the 'taters," he answered, with the air of a man of affairs. "Foxtail was all tangled up in the 'tater vines, an' daddy made us kids pull it out. Gee! Uncle Mac, you oughter seen the fish-worms! Say, why is they always such lots o' fish-worms just when you don't need 'em?"

The bearded face wrinkled into a sympathetic smile, but the man did not choose to commit himself upon that unanswerable riddle. "Say, Billy," he said, turning to me, "this is Tommy the Indian Killer. Tommy the Indian Killer, — that's what I call him." Tommy's little back straightened stiffly, and his chin went up many degrees. "He's learnin' to be a man an' ride horseback, so when he's growed up, him an' me can go out an' fight Indians. Ain't that so, Tommy?"

"You bet!" Tommy cried, soon forgetful of his difficult dignity. "We're goin' to do 'em up, ain't we, Uncle Mac? You're goin' to show me how, ain't you?"

"That's what I am," the old man assured him. "Tommy an' me's got it all fixed up so we're goin' to be pardners. He's practicin' now not to be scared o' nothin', so when we go out after Indians he won't be 'feard to stand right up to 'em."

Tommy's little figure dilated. "Yes!" he cried. "We're goin' to be pardners, me an' Uncle Mac, an' all the Indians we kill, we're goin' to take their scalps an' their horses an' sell 'em. Say, Uncle Mac, I ast daddy last night, an' he said if I'm a good boy till I get growed up, why, he'll gimme ten cents apiece for every scalp I get. Won't that be pretty good? How many do you reckon I oughter get in a day, Uncle Mac? A hunderd?"

Uncle Mac's sympathy fought a sharp battle with his colder sense of probability. "I reckon, 'Tommy," he laughed, "if the weather was good, an' things was just right, some days both of us together might get as many as a hunderd; but not every day, hardly. I would n't worry about that, though, yet. You just keep on gettin' strong an' brave, so's to be ready for what comes up. That's the best way."

"Yes, that's what I'm a-doin', Uncle Mac. Anyway, I ain't goin' to be no Big-Governor-Afraid-of-the-Cottonwood-Stump, am I?"

"Well, I should hope not!"

"Big-Governor — what?" I asked of Tommy.

"Big-Governor-Afraid-of-the-Cottonwood-Stump. That's Indian, you know. Ain't Uncle Mac ever tol' you about him? Shucks! Uncle Mac, tell him!"

The little treble carried a note of command, and Uncle Mac glanced deprecatingly at me. "Ain't you never heerd that?" he asked. "I reckoned everybody in Nebraska knowed about him."

"No. Tell it. I'd like to hear it, and Tommy would n't mind if he heerd it again; would you, Tommy?"

"Nuh!" the boy said quickly. "I don't never get tired o' Uncle Mac's stories, an' I've heerd some of 'em more'n a thousan' times. Gwon, Uncle Mac, 'fore I got to go home with Prince."

Uncle Mac relaxed his upright pose, easing his bulky figure against the substantial trough, shifting his broad hat to the back of his head, and hitching up his trousers legs. He meditated upon the matter for a moment, and his face was puckered.

"Billy, I must be gettin' old. I don't *feel* it, not a mite; but times when I go to count up how long 't is sence things happened, I know it's so. Why, that's doggone near forty-five year!"

"Them days Nebraska was just a young ter'tory; had n't been organized but a few year, an' was just toddlin'

'round in short pants, you might say. Fed'ral gove'nment seemed to think we needed a guardeen, an' they never reckoned there was a man out here good enough for the place. Had to be Eastern men, most gener'ly. Eastern fellers has always been slicker in politics than us. Big-Governor, he come from back East somewheres. I ain't goin' to tell you where, because I don't rightly remember where he was growed, an' I would n't want to hurt their feelin's tellin' about it, nohow. He was a wonder ! He wa'n't never act'ly governor ; but he thought he had it all fixed so he was goin' to be, 'count o' him havin' a pull in politics, an' 'long in the summer there was some o' the boys got word he was comin' out here to kind o' nose 'round some, before he got his papers. He 'd wrote to some of 'em that he knowed, up to Omaha, an' ast 'em if they would n't meet him when he come, an' give him a sort of a send-off ; an' we done it.

"He come out here, big as life, some time 'long about July or August, an' a lot of us fellers was hangin' 'round, waitin' for him. We knowed right off what kind of a duck he was, soon as he begun to quack about his 'idears' for runnin' things. Had n't more 'n got off the boat, togged out in his long black coat, an' started up the road with us, till he begun to let off his fool talk that did n't have no more to do with Nebrasky than it did with the Jerushy Islands. What we was hopin' for was a wise man to come out here an' help, an' we reckoned we 'd know him by his keepin' his mouth shet till he 'd found out a few things ; but when this feller begun to blat whiles he still had one foot on the gangplank, an' would n't let none of us hardly say a word, it made me laugh. Makes me laugh yet. But we did n't care. 'T would n't make no dif'rence to us how big a fool he was, long as we knowed enough to 'tend to our work, an' had patience to wait. We could keep on waitin', easy enough, same as we 'd been doin'.

"Indians had made us a heap o' trouble that spring an' summer. They wa'n't botherin' us by murderin' whites so much as they was all balled up with each other. Seemed like every last tribe was on the warpath, most o' the time, against some other tribe, till 't was 'most as bad as two-three families o' kinfolks tryin' to live in the same house together. They did n't pester the whites much, only when they 'd get short o' rations near some settler's little patch, an' then they 'd turn in by night an' steal everythin' he had they could pack off. Stock wa'n't none too plenty them days, an' a man needed all he 'd got. Riled us up consider'ble to have a passel o' them dauby thieves slip up in the dark an' run off the only horse a feller had to do his ploughin' with, an' mebbe the only cow he had to give milk for his kids. Did n't seem to be no way to stop it, neither, only just as every man kind o' looked out for hisself a little. Of course there was soldiers, but just little dabs of 'em, scattered 'round here an' there : what could they do ? Indians had sense enough to keep away from the posts. There wa'n't no way to help it.

"Well, Big-Governor, he 'd kind o' got an 'idear' up his nose that there was some sort of an Indian Question that he 'd got to 'tend to out here. Begun to orate an' tell us about it right off, when we was comin' up the road with him. 'Kindness,' he says, 'firm kindness, — that's my theory o' dealin' with the red men,' he says, an' he kep' on till you 'd 'a' thought he was some kind of a William Pennsylvania. But we listened, taggin' along with him, — except them that dropped out o' the percession to go off somewheres an' be sick by theirselves ; an' we 'd say 'Yes' an' 'No,' when we got a chance to say anythin', just like we was waxworks doll babies. Time we 'd got up to the hotel, I kind o' 'spicioned there 'd be some fun before he 'd got tired an' gone back home to his folks.

"We stayed with him, though. He was a pretty liberal kind of a chap; I'll say that for him. He knowed somethin' about drinks, an' there wa'n't nothin' too good for the boys that night. He wa'n't much of a tank hisself, though, because it had n't got to be more 'n about ten o'clock till he begun to get all wrinkled up, an' the sweat stood out on his fat pink face, an' — talk! Say, I heerd a woman Populist once, makin' campaign speeches; but she was the only thing I ever did hear that come within a thousand miles o' Big-Governor that night. But pretty soon the nigger porter come an' took him off to bed.

"Well, we set an' looked at each other for a spell, after he'd gone, till by an' by somebody begun to laugh; an' then there was consider'ble laughin' 'round the table; an' pretty soon there was a little feller from up north a piece; he rubbed the tears out of his eyes with the back of his hand, an' he says, kind o' blubberin' with laughin', he says, 'What in the name o' darnation are we goin' to do with him, boys?' Then one chap from out on the Loup somewheres, he reckoned we'd better keep him till by an' by, come time when Nebraska started a zo'logical garden or somethin'; an' some said this, an' some that, whiles the whole room was howlin'. There was one great big old rooster that used to ride 'round the prairies them days, kind o' doctorin' the women an' children, — he's dead thirty year ago, — an' he had a voice on him like a cow bawlin'; an' when the boys was raisin' Cain, he ups an' hollers out, 'Kindness! Firm kindness! That's my theory o' dealin' with the little dear!' he says; an' then after that I ain't able to say what did happen.

"But next mornin', before breakfast, old Doc an' me an' one other feller, — I disremember his name right now, — we run up against each other on the sidewalk, down front o' the hotel, an' we put it up then. We did n't let nobody know;

but along some time in the mornin', after Big-Governor had been 'scorted 'round some, an' got back to his room, we sent word up by the nigger porter that we wanted to see him, an' pretty soon we was upstairs.

"When we went in, he was settin' there bareheaded. That was one o' his fool ways, takin' off his hat every time he got indoors. So Doc, he pulled off his dusty old hat, an' me an' the other feller did, too. 'Don't stand, gentlemen,' Big-Governor says. 'T ain't necessary to stand up with *me*,' he says. 'I'm just a plain man, that wants to feel like *one o' you* right from the start. Sed-down, please, gentlemen,' he says. But we would n't seddown. Doc, he drawed himself up, — he was six foot an' better, — an' he says, 'Your Ex'lency,' he says, 'we was very favor'bly impressed with your remarks yeste'day about your way o' dealin' kindly t'wards the Indians. We reckon mebbe that's been most o' the trouble; they been pulled an' hauled 'round, an' kep' down, an' worried pretty nigh plum to death, an' ain't had no show nohow,' he says. 'Strikes us that ain't right,' he says, 'an' we reckoned we'd come in an' tell you how glad we was you're goin' to make a new start,' he says. An' Big-Governor, he grinned as wide as he could between his side whiskers, an' he stood up an' tucked his fingers in his armholes, an' bowed, till it 'most seemed too bad to fool with him. But Doc, he wa'n't squeamish. 'There's just one thing,' he says, 'that strikes us as a good chance to show the Indians what your feelin's is t'wards 'em. It's been on our minds, us fellers, for a good spell; but we ain't never seen how we could fix it, not havin' no means of our own, an' no partic'lar influence. But the way we figured it out,' he says, 'seems to us if a thing's right, an' fair an' square, an' you can see it's so, why, 't ain't goin' to take no partic'lar influence to get you to do the fair thing,' he says. An' Big-Governor, he bows some

more; an' he says, 'Cert'nly not,' he says. An' then Doc, he says, 'This thing I'm talkin' about, it's enough to make a fair-minded man ready to get up an' leave the ter'tory. It's about the Pawnees. Mebbe you know, your Ex'lency,' he says, 'that the Pawnees is one o' the very best Indian families we got, like some families back East that's old an' respectable. Trouble is, the Pawnees is poor,' he says: 'but they're devilish proud, so's they keep their mouths shut about the way they're fixed, an' won't let on to nobody. But that won't do,' he says, 'when men like us comes to see how they're sufferin'. Now here 't is, with winter gettin' toler'ble close, an' there's them poor fellers out there on the prairies not noways half pervided for, come cold weather. I reckon they can make shift to feed themselves,' he says, 'same as they've always done, with beef rations once in a while from the gove'nment; an' they've got blankets an' tents, so they won't act'ly freeze to death. But what they do need bad is hats. It's a burnin' shame, the way they been let go bareheaded, all kinds o' weather an' all seasons. It's gospel truth, your Ex'lency,' he says. 'there ain't hardly a weather-tight hat for man, woman, nor child on the whole rese'vation; so they got to go 'round with their blankets drawn up over their heads, to keep from ketchin' their death o' cold,' he says. 'T ain't right, your Ex'lency, — it just ain't right, in a Christian country like this; an' that's why we come to you,' he says.

"Big-Governor, he listened, serious as a horse, kind o' clickin' his tongue an' puckerin' up his mouth, like it did n't taste good; an' then he says, when Doc give him a chance, he says, 'You don't tell me! My, my! Shockin'!' he says; an' then pretty soon he says, 'I'll call it to the attention of the gove'nment at once, gentlemen. — at once.' But Doc, he looked worried an' anxious, an' he says, 'Beg pardon, your Ex'lency, but

seems to us like there oughter be some-thin' done right off. Fed'ral gove'nment's too slow. Time they get 'round to it, if they ever do, it'll be hot weather again. It's presumin' a good deal, I reckon,' he says, 'but we did n't know but you might have some friends o' your'n back East that would feel like takin' interest in 'em an' gettin' 'em fixed up some kind o' shape come winter,' he says. Big-Governor stood an' studied a minute, an' then he says, 'I reckon mebbe that's so, gentlemen,' he says; an' he says, 'Please seddown a minute, gentlemen, till I write a letter.' So we sed-down, holdin' our hats, an' lookin' 'round at the walls, an' the ceilin', an' the furniture, an' everywhere but each other. We did n't dast do that. Big-Governor, he drawed his paper in front of him an' begun to write. He wrote pages an' pages, stoppin' every once in a while to look at us, an' ask some fool question about how many there was of 'em, an' what kind o' hats we reckoned they needed, an' whether mebbe they wa'n't too proud to take second-hand white folks' hats. But Doc, he says, 'No; I give you my word they'll take it kind, like it's meant, an' be real glad to get 'em; don't matter if they be old an' wore some.' So Big-Governor, he kep' on writin' till it looked like a love letter; an' then pretty soon he signed his name to it, an' then he sorted it out an' started in to read it to us. He'd act'ly wrote the whole dummed story to the head medicine-man of a Methodist church back where he come from, just like Doc told it, only more so, puttin' in lots o' little fancy touches that we had n't never thought of, an' makin' it sound so sorrowful, I swear, if I had n't been bustin' with wantin' to laugh, I'd 've cried. An' then he folded it up, an' he says, 'There, gentlemen, I'll send that right back, first mail,' he says; an' then me an' Doc an' the other feller, we shook han's with him, an' Doc says how thankful we was, an' then we slid out.

"We never said a word to nobody. There's plenty o' folks can be trusted with 'most anythin' else, but you never can say who it's safe to trust a joke with. We went back home, till by an' by, six weeks or so afterwards, I got a letter from Big-Governor, tellin' me to come to Omaha; an' when I got there, Doc was there, too, at the hotel, with one o' the same letters, an' we went together up to see Big-Governor. Seemed like he was powerful glad to see us; an' he says, proud as a peacock, he says, 'You remember, gentlemen, my intercedin' on behalf o' the needy Pawnees?' he says; an' then he pulled a letter out of his pocket, an' showed it to us, from the preacher he'd wrote to, callin' him 'dear brother,' an' tellin' him his appeal for them poor sufferin' Indian critters had been read out in meetin', an' then been passed on to other churches in the same town, an' they'd done the best they could, an' he was proud to say he was sendin' along with his letter two boxes of assorted hats, which he hoped the Lord would bless, an' mebbe put some thoughts into the heads that wore 'em. Big-Governor, he took us down the road a piece, where there was an empty shack, an' there was the boxes. Billy, I ain't never seen such big boxes; no, sir, I never ain't.

"Big-Governor, he strutted up an' down, flappin' his wings, an' gettin' a heap of satisfaction out o' the way me an' Doc was tickled. We *was* tickled, too, no mistake. Then pretty soon he says, 'Well, gentlemen, now that part's 'tended to, seems to me like you oughter have part o' the credit, seein' 't was your idear,' he says; 'so I'm goin' to turn them boxes over to you,' he says, 'if you can spare the time, an' I'll see there's a wagon an' team pervided at expense o' the ter'tory, to take them hats out an' kind o' look after distributin' 'em 'round. 'T was your idear,' he says; 'an' besides, you've lived out here a good spell, an' know better what to do,' he says. Dummied if he did n't

do it, too! Of course we was agreeable. Crops was mostly all in by then; so we just set to work an' 'sorted them hats out to the rese'vation the best style we knowed. Soon as we told the agent, why, *he* was agreeable, too, an' the next day or two them greasy Pawnees come in by bunches an' herds, an' me an' Doc, we pried the lids off the boxes an' turned 'em loose.

"You'd 've died, Billy! There's been lots o' funny things happen in Nebraska, but I reckon that was about the funniest of 'em all. There was women's hats an' men's, about half an' half; an' the women's hats was all trigged out with pink roses an' feathers an' beads, an' the men's was right up in style, too, — shiny plugs, an' all the rest, like they wore back East them days; an' when me an' Doc give the word, them buck Indians just act'ly made the squaws stand back an' wait till they'd helped themselves to the feathers an' flowers an' things that was meant for the women, an' then the squaws come in for what was left! Now that's no lie. Years after that, anybody that went out 'round where the Pawnees was, they used to see them big bucks stalkin' 'round in their dirty blankets, an' what was left o' them fool hats stuck sideways on their frowzy heads, an' the ragged brims flappin' down over their ears, till they was just plum tore to tatters. That's gospel truth, Billy. Ever hear anythin' like that?"

Although usually so chary with his laughter, the old man was gently quaking with mirth, shaking his head and drawing his sleeve across his twinkling eyes. Tommy had leaned forward, open-mouthed, through the course of the narrative; but now he drew himself erect.

"Uncle Mac!" he cried. "You've told the wrong story! You was goin' to tell about the cottonwood stump!"

Uncle Mac glanced at the boy indulgently. "Yes, I know, honey. That's what I started out to tell; but my wheels don't track as good as they used to, an'

I kind o' wobbled off. But that hat business just goes to show what kind of a hop-toad he was. That about the cottonwood stump was what got him his name, an' 't was just about of a piece with that other. 'T was knowed to more folks, though, because there was more mixed in it. Want I should tell it?"

"Surely!" I said, and Tommy wriggle with delight over the prospect of two stories in close sequence.

"Well, 't wa'n't but two-three weeks after me an' Doc had went out o' the mil'nery business, we heerd there'd been some big stealin' by a Sioux war party out on the Platte somewheres, hunderd an' fifty mile or so. Made a big talk, too, because it was about the worst thiev-in' they'd done all summer, an' they'd mistreated some o' the settlers that had tried to stand 'em off. 'T was mighty aggravatin'.

"I was up to Omaha right then, kind o' lookin' after a little contract I expected to get from the gove'nment, an' I'd been with Big-Governor a good bit, 'count o' him bein' such a comical cuss, an' it helped to pass the time. I was with him the day this story come I'm tellin' you. Seemed like he'd found things to worry him a heap ever since he struck Nebrasky. He thought he had n't been treated right an' respectable, because they had n't just turned the capital over to him an' let him run it. There'd been a lot o' complainin' from everywhere about the Indians, that had been tearin' 'round an' pawin' up the dirt, an' the settlers was fussin' because it broke up their sleep. When Big-Governor heerd this last story, that day, seemed like 't was the last he could stand, an' he got right up on his ear. The boys was talkin' about it down on the street, an' Big-Governor listened awhile, an' then he tucked his hands under his coat tails, an' begun to prance up an' down the sidewalk, swearin' some o' them no-count little popgun cuss-words they learn back East; an' then pretty soon he

stops an' looks 'round at some of us fellers that was watchin' him, an' he says, 'Why don't the 'thorities stop it?' he says. 'It's shameful,' he says, 'an' I ain't goin' to have no more of it! I'll just take hold myself,' he says, 'an' show you farmers how to handle them critters. You're a thin-skinned lot,' he says, 'to put up with it, — that's just what I think o' you. If you'd stood up like men an' showed these sneakin' cowards you had backbones in you,' he says, 't would've been stopped long ago.' But we just stood there an' grinned, an' not sayin' nothin'. 'T wa'n't no ways possible to get mad at him, with his pretty ways. 'I'm just goin' to 'tend to it myself now,' he says, 'an' I'll get a chance to see what kind o' stuff you're made of. Now, for instance,' he says, 'how many of you is there that'll be willin' to go out where this last story comes from an' clear the trouble up, pervidin' I'll lead you myself?' he says.

"Well, there was a consider'ble bunch of us had got 'round him by then, an' seemed like it struck us all about the same way, because we all says, why, sure we'd go. O' course we'd go! Right on the face of it the thing looked so promisin', I reckon we'd've agreed to go with him to China in goat wagons, if he'd said so.

"'There!' he says, kind o' perkin' up his head sideways at us, 'see that?' he says. 'Just as soon as a man o' decision takes the lead, to show you what to do, why, it brings things right to a head,' he says; an' he says, 'Now, my idear is to get up just a small party, twenty-five or thirty, an' have 'em armed right, an' every man ready to do his duty an' stand by me. If you'll do that,' he says, 'why, we'll wind this thing up before the week's out,' he says; an' then he begun givin' his orders for outfittin' us. Sounds durned unlikely, don't it? but it's true as I'm settin' here. Before night he'd got more'n twenty of us sinners 'nlisted an' mostly

all equipped to go out with him on the plum foolishhest trip that ever growed-up men went on in Nebrasky. That ain't all, neither. Soon as the story got 'round, why, 'most every able-bodied man in town was just wild to go 'long, an' offerin' to pay their own way, if he 'd only take 'em. He 'd 've had two hunderd, if he had n't put up the bars. 'No,' he says; 't won't take many, long as they keep ca'm an' firm,' he says. 'I've got plenty now, an' I'll guarantee after this there won't be no more trouble in this terytory with Indians, long as I'm here,' he says. He was fair tickled to death!

"By noon next day he 'd got us all ready. There was some solemn-minded critters 'round town that when they got word of it, they act'ly went to him an' tried to spoil the whole thing, tellin' him 't would n't do no good, an' would only make talk. 'T was all true enough; nobody could n't 've denied it; but I never could see the sense in spoilin' a little bit o' fun. He would n't listen to nobody, though; he never was much of a hand to listen, nohow. No, sir! He 'd set his head, an' he was goin' to set a mark for all the Indian fighters that come after him. I reckon he did, too, with what help we give him.

"He had pretty correct notions about pervidin' for a campaign, though, now I tell you! Besides horses an' blankets an' rifles, there was a giant of a big freight wagon, drawed with four mules; that was the commissariat wagon, chuck full o' truck. Big-Governor, he 'd 'tended to that hisself, an' he 'd been used to good tender feedin'. I'm blessed if I know where he 'd picked it all up, because Omaha wa'n't no partic'lar headquarters for such things them days; but he 'd got it somewheres, — canned stuff that I had n't never heerd of, an' things that fair makes me slobber now to think about 'em, an' liquors, an' cigars, an' things like that. He wa'n't out here but a few months, but the boys learnt they could trust him for pickin' out liquor.

"Well, we et dinner in Omaha, whiles the horses an' commissariat wagon was drawed up in front o' the hotel, waitin' for us; an' when we come out, seemed like everybody in town that could crawl was there to see us off. Big-Governor, he was up at the head hisself, hollerin' out his orders to us; an' he 'd picked up a slim little sword somewheres, an' got it tied 'round his middle, an' he 'd got a big wide-brimmed hat on, like the rest of us wore, only bran' new, an' with a gilt string 'round it; an' I swear there wa'n't never nobody like him! Pretty soon he got us strung out like he wanted us, an' then he hollers, 'Tention! Forward — March!'

"Well, we kep' pretty well in line till we got out o' town; but when we 'd got out on the wagon road there wa'n't nothin' could 've kep' us straight. We just picnicked. Could n't make no kind o' time, 'count o' the commissariat wagon: we did n't want to get away from that. We just acted like a passel o' colts, till it come near five o'clock, an' then we hunted a place to camp. We did n't know where we was goin', an' we did n't care, so long as we made campin' places reg'lar. We 'd only gone ten-twelve mile since dinner, but we was powerful hungry. Big-Governor, he 'd hired a cook to come with us from the hotel, an' I want to tell you that boy knowed his business! I ain't never et a supper that come near to that one out there on the wagon road.

"When we could n't eat no more 't was gettin' t'wards dark, an' then Big-Governor, he stood up an' made us a speech, an' he says, 'Gentlemen,' he says, 'whiles I don't begrudge you havin' a good time, you must remember this here's a military campaign,' he says, 'an' must be run right. I'm goin' to divide you up in three watches, with fifteen men doin' sentry duty every night, an' the rest 'll take care o' the horses an' camp 'quipment. Sentry duty,' he says, 'will begin at dark, an' last till sunup,

an' I hope there won't be no objections,' he says.

"Nobody would n't 've objected to nothin'. If he'd told us to make the campaign in Mother Hubbards, we'd 've done it. You can't think, Billy, how we felt. We felt just right! I was one o' the first shift to go on post, an' we just tucked our rifles up on our shoulders, an' went a hunderd yards or so from camp an' hunted 'round till we'd found a nice easy place, an' then we seddown to kind o' study out what we was goin' to do.

"Well, pretty soon us fellers out there could hear that things was warmin' up some in camp. I reckon the liquor had got started 'round consider'ble, an' they was yellin' an' hollerin' an' laughin' an' havin' a bully time. Got kind o' lonesome out there in the dark, an' dry, too, an' I reckon that helped us to make up our minds. 'Long about ten o'clock we'd got it fixed, an' then the rest of the boys scattered out 'round the camp, a good ways apart, an' I sneaked back t'wards the fire, tryin' the best I knowed to look plum scared to death; an' I went up to Big-Governor an' touched him on the arm, an' motioned him off to one side, an' I says, 'Your Ex'lency,' I says, 'I reckon 't was a good move, havin' sentries out. Unless I'm fooled,' I says, 'there's an Indian out there now, spyin' 'round. I wish you'd come out along with me,' I says, 'an' see what you think, because I can't be dead sure.' 'You don't tell me!' he says. 'I was 'feard of it. You can't never tell about them sneakin' critters. Where's he at?' he says; an' then when I p'inted out t'wards the dark, he gets me under the shadder o' the wagon, an' then he makes me get down on my hands an' knees an' lead him out that way. crawlin', a plum hunderd yards, to where we'd been settin', whiles I could fair feel the ground tremble under him.

"There was a cottonwood stump out there, standin' about six foot high, an'

with vines growed up over it that was shakin' in the wind. Did n't look so blamed much unlike an Indian, after all, with his blanket drawed up 'round him. 'There he is!' I says. 'I could n't see him that well before. I'm dead sure of it now,' I says; 'it cert'nly is an Indian, your Ex'lency!' He was down flat by then, grippin' the grass tight an' gaspin' for breath. 'Oh dear!' he says. 'Oh dear! God save us!' he says. 'What are we goin' to do?' I never said nothin', but I'd crep' up close as I could get beside him, so's I could smell the whiskey on him, an' I got my rifle right up alongside his ear an' whanged away; an' right quick the feller beyond us on the left, he shoots off his'n, an' he yells, 'Look out in camp! Indians!' an' then I yells, 'Run, your Ex'lency! Run for your life!' an' the feller over on the right, he lets go with his rifle.

"Billy, I've heerd tell there ain't nobody can run away from his shadder, nor yet step on it; but I'm tellin' you the truth: Big-Governor, he done both that night, an' had lots o' time to spare besides. Run! It does beat the world how deceivin' some folks is in their looks. I'm willin' to own up I'd misjudged Big-Governor shameful. I had n't more 'n got up off my belly an' turned 'round to look at him till he was halfway to camp, jumpin' high, like an elk, an' yellin' twice to each jump. There ain't nobody need say nothin' to me about runnin', after that! An' just think: that was less 'n fifteen mile out o' Omaha!

"Well, soon 's I could I picked myself up an' loped into camp. The boys was mixed up consider'ble; an' that wa'n't no shame to 'em, for we had made a darnation big racket. But soon 's they seen us fellers comin' in, an' got a chance to look at us, par'lyzed with laughin' like we was, they knowed what was the matter. Most of 'em had done their share o' drinkin', so's they was

ready for their part when we told 'em, an' we begun to look 'round for Big-Governor. But we could n't find him. No, sir; high nor low, we could n't find hide nor hair of him. We yelled an' holloed for him, but 't wa'n't no manner o' use: he was clean gone. We reckoned he 'd skinned out for Omaha, so we just seddown to make ourselves to home. The cook, he 'd got through an' gone to bed; but we hauled him out an' put him to work. 'T wa'n't no good to let them victuals get wasted. He 'd got a kettle o' water on the fire, an' the rest of us, we was rummagin' in the wagon, turnin' things over to find what we wanted most, an' havin' a pretty noisy time, I reckon, when pretty soon there was a thin little wet squeal come from somewheres; sounded like a long ways off. 'Listen!' somebody says; an' when we stopped our devilment we heerd it again. 'Gen-

tlemen,' it says, 'gentlemen, won't you please let me out?' 'Who in thunder 's that?' one feller answers back; an' the squeak says, 'I'm your leader. Won't you please help me out?' 'Help you out?' we says. 'Why, where in the name o' God are you?' An' he says, 'Down here under the wagon,' he says. Come to look, Billy, there he was, jammed in between the body an' the runnin' gear, tight as a cork in a bottle; an' I'm dummed if we did n't have to unload that whole blamed wagonload o' truck an' lift the body off before we could get him out! An' that 's where he got his name."

Tommy, grinning widely, gathered the halter rope firmly into his grasp. "Then he went back home, did n't he, Uncle Mac?"

"Yes, that 's right, Tommy; then he went back East, where he belonged."

William R. Lighton.

NOTES ON THE REACTION.

"THERE are no longer many Republicans in France," we read in Monsieur Bergeret à Paris, "because a French Republic cannot form Republicans. It is absolute government in France which makes Republicans." Thus Anatole France, speaking through that delightful mask which he has invented, and which he wears so loosely over his own smilingly cynical and detached opinions concerning contemporary French politics. Monsieur Bergeret seems to have hit upon a law of political reaction and repulsion similar to that which Mark Pattison detected in operation at Oxford. Every scholastic generation, he said, the pendulum swung violently from Whig to Tory, or *vice versa*. The reason lay in the natural revolt of young men against the tenets of their teachers. When their own time came to be

teachers, they were found at the opposite political pole; from which, in their turn, they infallibly repelled the ingenuous youth who came to sit at their feet. It is a kind of atavism in the inheritance of party opinion. Mr. Lawrence Lowell has traced a somewhat kindred process on a large scale, for American political history, in his instructive paper on Oscillations in Politics. Allowing for the influence of vast and abnormal disturbances, like the Civil War, he makes out a pretty steady law of alternation in our politics. The phenomenon is at least as old as Machiavelli, who attributed the inconstancy of political man to his restless but ever frustrated desire of bettering himself — "*gli uomini mutano volentiere signore, credendo migliorare . . . di chè s'ingannano, perchè veggono poi per esperienza aver peggiorato.*"

On general principles, then, one might expect the ship of state soon to take a sharp democratic lurch, after sailing so long on the monarchical tack. There has been throughout the civilized world a marked reaction against democracy for some years past; the reaction to democracy will follow, if only on the seesaw principle. That there is nothing in the whole political process of the suns but the dreary ups and downs of a tilting-board, it would be a miserable comment on human nature to admit for a moment; but even if a man says that the imagined current of progress is only a perpetual ebb and flow, carrying the same driftwood now here, now there, but never really onward, he will still have to confess that the monarchical tide is about ready to run out. I use the word "monarchical" simply for convenience, not as an epithet. By it I mean only the "superior being" theory of government. An exact definition of this it is not necessary to give. Examples are always the illuminating thing, and examples will occur to everybody. In England, we see a king whose policy it is to impress and overawe the imagination of his people by gorgeous display and court ceremony; while the Liberals, who, on the occasion of the last grant of Parliament in payment of the debts of this same monarch, when Prince of Wales, vowed that the rising democracy of Britain would soon make a "jolly smash" of all that tinsel majesty, look on in a daze, or else go home to make sure that their own court dress is ready to be submitted to the severe scrutiny of Edward VII., with his royal clothes-philosophy. In matters more directly connected with government, take Sir Alfred Milner's frank repudiation of representative institutions in Egypt. It is the very incarnation of the spirit I am referring to, — force employed with apologies, deference to democratic principles while denying them application. "As a true-born Briton," writes Sir Alfred, with

a badly concealed sneer, "I of course take off my hat to everything that calls itself Franchise, Parliament, Representation of the People, the Voice of the Majority, and all the rest of it." But in Egypt, he goes on to say, the people neither comprehend nor desire popular government, and "would come to singular grief if they had it. Nobody, except a few silly theorists, thinks of giving it to them." One has only to contrast with this the glowing vindication of democracy contained in Mr. Gladstone's speech on the Reform Bill of 1866, to see from what moorings opinion in England has swung away: —

"I shall not attempt to measure with precision the forces that are to be arrayed against us in the coming issue. At some point of the contest you may possibly succeed. You may drive us from our seats. You may slay, you may bury, the measure that we have introduced. But we will write upon its gravestone for an epitaph this line, with certain confidence in its fulfillment: —

'Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.'

You cannot fight against the future. Time is on our side. The great social forces which move onward in their might and majesty, and which the tumult of these debates does not for a moment impede or disturb, those great social forces are against you; they are marshaled in our support. And the banner which we now carry in the fight, though, perhaps, at some moment of the struggle it may droop over our sinking heads, yet will float again in the eye of heaven, and will be borne by the firm hands of the united people of the three kingdoms, perhaps not to an easy, but to a certain and to a not distant victory."

In Germany, we have to measure the reaction not merely from the ebullient and revolutionary Liberalism of 1848, but from even the mild and measured Liberalism of Lasker, of the Emperor Frederick himself. He would not have

the *Volkszeitung* suppressed, he told his ministers. What they thought, what the court thought, what the army thought, he knew well enough in advance; but he was curious to find out what the people thought. His son, however, undertakes to do all the thinking for both government and people, and is ready to ignore or dash to pieces all opposing opinion, high or low, not merely with a gallant *Wilhelmus contra mundum*, but with a serene *totus mundus stultizat*. They do these things with better hypocrisy in France. There the reaction has at least the grace to profess to be democratic. The Rights of Man are ordered to be placarded in all the public schools of France; the vote in the Chamber (doubtless with much smirking in sleeves) being 542 to 1. "Metaphysic rights," — we know Burke's impassioned denunciation of the French declarations of 1791 and 1793; but did not our ancestors talk the same "metaphysical jargon"? Take the Bill of Rights of Virginia, June 12, 1776; it betrays all the foolish fondness for abstractions which we so comfortably associate with the Gallic spirit: "That all men are by nature equally free and independent, and have certain inherent rights, of which, when they enter into a state of society, they cannot by any compact deprive or divest their posterity," etc. No need to argue whether that is traceable to Rousseau or to Locke; there we get a declaration of the kind which we think of as breathing the fool fury of the Seine, but which was actually made by "the Representatives of the good People of Virginia assembled in full and free Convention." "Other colonies," says Bancroft, "had framed bills of rights in reference to their relations with Britain; Virginia moved from charters and customs to primal principles, from a narrow altercation about facts to the contemplation of immutable truth. She summoned the eternal laws of man's being to protest against all tyranny."

The question is, Will those old cries make themselves heard again? Rather it is, Just how and when will they? — for no one but a dreamer can imagine that the fire which burns at the heart of democracy has been extinguished. Democracy has undoubtedly brought disappointments even to its ardent advocates. It has not made for the world's peace so directly and powerfully as was hoped and prophesied sixty years ago. It has not produced a higher type of public virtue, — has not crushed out venality, self-seeking, and corruption. If it has dethroned old tyrants, it has created new ones of its own, and bowed its neck to their yoke. Yet none of these things can affect our belief in the persistence of democracy, in its infallible rising to new life and to new power, if we have ever really been convinced democrats. The trouble is that many of us have not. Democracy has had the lip adherence of two classes of unbelievers. One has thought of it as a power to be dreaded; the other, as a power to be tricked. Thiers, Tocqueville, used to speak with apprehension of "the inclined plane of Democracy." They saw a power stronger than themselves, — a power which they disliked and distrusted, but with which they felt compelled to temporize and make terms. Only, beware of giving up too much to the monster, or letting him discover the extent of his strength! That attitude is typical. Many openly, more in their secret hearts, adopt it. But, whatever they may be called, they cannot be called sincere believers in democracy. Still less can that other class, all too numerous among us, who think of democracy as merely a leviathan in whose nose it is for them skillfully to put their hook. I mean the rich men who see in a democratic government only so much bribable material. They buy their way through city councils and state legislatures and national Congresses, and then, with their coveted and profitable fran-

chise, charter, or bounty safe in pocket, meet at dinner to chuckle over the infinite gullibility of those who think there is anything in the democratic principle except the main chance of shrewd and unscrupulous wealth. For Disraeli's favorite theory, "The Monarch and the Multitude," they have substituted "The Millionaire and the Multitude." They will furnish the toys and the bribes, and will let the "swinish multitude" of Burke's too contemptuous phrase do the rest.

It is in this direction, beyond a reasonable doubt, that the anti-democratic reaction has gone furthest among us here in the United States. Our "superior beings" who condescend to rule, by trick and juggle, are the men of superior and soulless wealth. They are the great flouters as well as corrupters of democracy, — our really "dangerous classes." How to throw off their ignoble tyranny is the next pressing task of the republican at home. And I think we have in contemporary and pending political movements a hint of the way in which the work may be done. This is not by directly socialistic measures. We may, in the end, come to Mr. Herbert Spencer's dreaded but predicted "bureaucratic despotism of a socialistic organization." There are those who think this fated. Mark Pattison, as reported by his friend Mr. Tollemache, said: "Everything seems to be tending toward Socialism. I hate it." Tollemache asked why, if so great an evil was approaching, he, and those who thought as he did, did not stop it. "Look there," said Pattison, pointing to the sea at Biarritz. "Just as men can construct moles and breakwaters against the waves, so individuals can, in some slight degree, modify passing events. They are powerless against the tide of history, as they are against the tide of the ocean. No, what is to be will be, in spite of you or me." But it will not be in America, for a long time, at any rate, in spite of

Billion Dollar Trusts and the open joy of the Socialists at getting such water for their mill. American democracy is not yet wound up to that doctrinaire level. By inheritance, by tendency, its road to redress of grievances is still that of the Corn-Law Rhymes: —

"Avenge the plundered poor, oh Lord!
But not with fire, but not with sword."

Our method is much more likely to be to try, by rule of thumb and experiment heaped on experiment, to find some gradual way of undoing excess by gradual distribution. And, as I say, some of the ways certain to be given large and long trial are already opening before our eyes.

Shakespeare gives us the beginnings of the *modus operandi*. In Pericles we have a bit of dialogue which might almost pass for a comment on "current events" in the most up-to-date periodical: —

"*Third Fisherman*. . . . Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

"*First Fish*. Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones. I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as a whale; a' plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful: such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all."

There is greedy monopoly; now for the struggle against it: —

"*Third Fish*. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

"*Sec. Fish*. Why, man?

"*Third Fish*. Because he should have swallowed me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again."

My point is that we can already hear this jangling of the bells as the signal of democracy's revolt against plutocracy.

Mr. Bryan has done a deal of furious ringing. Perhaps his main function will turn out, historically, to have been that of a strong-armed sexton, tugging madly at the bell ropes in order to make the whale cast him up, Jonah fashion. To be the hero of such a political "Versunkene Glocke" would be something! But if he has done only the bell-ringing, as Pio Nono complained of Pusey, others have been going to church. He pealed out the chime of the income tax, and lo! Congressman Grosvenor, "next friend" of the President, has declared himself in favor of it. Mr. Bryan clattered the bells about government control of railroads, and straightway Congressman Dick, of Ohio, chairman of the State Republican Committee, trusted friend of Hanna, went him several better by publicly advocating government ownership of railroads, with telegraphs thrown in. Sexton Bryan tolled manfully for the repeal of all duties on trust-made articles, and has lived to see Mr. Babcock, chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee, introduce a bill for that purpose, and organize a powerful movement for its support within the Republican party.

Still more significant than these significant events, however, are the municipal elections of last spring in the great cities of the West. All of them had given Republican majorities in November; all of them in April swung, unexpectedly and violently, to candidates labeled Democratic. But this result had no partisan meaning. Party lines were, in fact, cut through and crumpled up by new issues thrust sharply into the canvass. The triumphant nominees made their appeals and won their elections, not as Democrats, but as reformers of municipal taxation, as pledged advocates of a more vigorous control of corporations, especially of corporations holding public franchises. Along with this political upheaval, we must take account of the quieter but fully as extraordinary

work accomplished by Governor Odell in New York. He coolly picked up \$3,100,000 a year in taxes from corporations that had never paid the state one penny before. The political skill with which he contrived to do this is another story; what bulks large in the minds of the farmer and artisan whose taxes were remitted is the simple fact that a way has been found to correct, by state taxation, the evils incident to state incorporation. Only a beginning has been made; but no one can doubt that the Caliban of democracy, having once scratched this idea into his skull, will brood upon it till it urges him to fresh applications of it. The power to tax! Let the multitude once grasp the range of that weapon, necessarily left in its hands, and the bargaining and bribing millionaire will not find the partnership so pleasant. At any rate, we are evidently in for a period of eager discussion and experiment in all this province of taxation and restraint of corporate wealth. The old talk about "vested rights" and "spoliation" will no longer be able to sweep out the flood. The doctrinaire defense of the rights of property, as well as the doctrinaire assault upon them, is out of date. What the people have in mind is to take up each question on its merits, as it arises, and settle it,—settle it with a very rough kind of social justice, if you please, but settle it, and on a basis wholly different from anything we have yet seen. That way, I am persuaded, lies our coming reaction to democracy. Leviathan is visibly rushing in that direction now, and there is still truth in Haydon's rather surprising dictum that democracy is, after all, the form of government which most surely has its *will*.

But is there no "gratitude" in people? our superior beings indignantly ask. Will not the workingman be suitably grateful to us for steady employment and higher wages? Will not Cu-

ban and Filipino remember the tyranny from which we redeemed them? Ask the Egyptians. They are a thousand-fold better off, no one questions, than they were under Mehemet or Tewfik, but the ungrateful beggars fill the air with their complaints of English rule. Why is this? Simply because memories are short; because envy is more powerful than gratitude; and because every day brings into the world beings who know nothing about past evils, but who have a very lively sense of present inconveniences. It is thus with races; it is the same with classes. Men will not reflect how much worse off they once were, so long as they can see how much better off they might be. I detect in laboring men no signs of gratitude for our national prosperity. If I were a machinist or a carpenter, I doubt if I should feel any gratitude myself. I should probably do just what all the workingmen appear to be doing, — what it is both socially and politically and morally desirable that they should do, — accepting every betterment in wage or hours of labor that is offered, biding their time, watching the markets, and pushing for every further advantage that they think obtainable. That is not lovely, but it is life. It is the way in which classes struggle upwards, in which democracy progresses. To all those who think to pause at any given stage, who imagine that gratitude for past attainment will stay the eager pressing toward future achievement, the voice of history comes with a cry of "On, on!" — like that in Bossuet's sermon: "*La loi est prononcée; il faut avancer toujours. Je voudrais retourner sur mes pas: 'Marche, marche!'*"

The prospects of democracy are to be estimated differently now from a hundred years ago. The difference is the difference between Jefferson and Lowell. The former saw the main, if not the sole enemy of democracy in what he called tyranny; that is, the reluctance of the privileged classes to surrender their privileges. Lowell saw the great danger in democracy itself, — in its exposure to sweeping and senseless passion, its liability to wild excesses, its susceptibility to corruption, its going on its belly instead of on its head. Yet both Jefferson and Lowell were optimists about the future of democracy; and both for the same reason, — the infinite educability of mankind. Only inch by inch, said Jefferson, can liberty make progress, for it is a hard and slow process to educate men even as regards what is for their own good; but educated they can and will be in the end. Little by little only, said Lowell, can democracy purge itself of its grossness, its stupidity, its cruelty; but the work of purification has been steadily going on, and that it will continue to go on we must believe. When two such disparate minds in disparate ages agree, it is not for me to hold to the contrary opinion. It is often hard to be optimistic, but, on the whole, I believe we are bound to be, and to go forward toward what democracy has in store for us with muscles prudently relaxed; counting on more than one disagreeable knock, but on no hurt that is beyond the art of the great surgeon, Time.

"I know not; but, sustained by sure belief
That man still rises level with the height
Of noblest opportunities, or makes
Such, if the time supply not, I can wait."

An Emersonian Democrat.

LIZA WETHERFORD.

"YOU always talk about ghosts the same as if they *were*, yet you 've never seen one, Aunt Dilsy."

"Maybe not; though I seem to see a heap when I set here alone of evenin's. I ain't never been to the city, yet I know it's there, an' 's creepin' out on us, with its spires an' churches an' opery house. I ain't never seen the Falls of Niagry; have you?"

"No 'm, nor want to. The creek in a spring risin' 's enough for me."

"You always were scary as a child." Aunt Dilsy rocked comfortably, with her chair drawn to the doorway, where she could see the sunset fading from the locust trees.

"I reckon a body don't have time left for scariness, with hard work 'n' worry 'n' sickness 'n' children 'n' husbands 'n' all," said the neighbor, sitting on the step.

"Well, talkin' of husbands, I've lived to mourn mine, an' he 's a heap of company yet," said Aunt Dilsy.

"You make my flesh creep when you talk about the dead like they were flesh 'n' blood! It's livin' so near to the buryin' ground, I s'pose. I'd rather keep company with the livin'," returned the first.

"Child, the nearness of the dead need n't make you afeard. Why, I set here a-watch'in' them stones down yonder in the buryin' ground till it seems like they was movin' around in the dusk, an' their owners oughter come up 'n' set awhile, for old acquaintance' sake!"

"I reckon if they did you'd be as scary as the next one," remarked the other, in the unresponsiveness with which the utterances of the imaginative are met by their more phlegmatic kind.

"I don't believe so," said Aunt Dilsy gently, "I'm so used to the thought of 'em; an' knowin' their restin' places so well has seemed to draw 'em nearer. I

have n't had anythin' else to mother for a good while now 'cept them graves. Yes, some folks lyin' down yonder are better known to me now than they were in life. It's like the false doctrines had fell away of themselves, an' the truth about folks grew clear in a body's mind in spite of everythin'."

The other woman sat, with her chin in her hand, listening vaguely, and gazing where a boy was driving cows up the lane. Her attitude expressed that any theory which might be alien to the beaten track of village opinion could not bear weight in her estimation.

"There 's many a one takes to flowers easy that you would n't have thought it of," mused Aunt Dilsy's gentle voice. "There was n't a leaf or blade on Antony Birk, the ground was so hard" —

"I reckon Antony Birk was too hard-natured for anythin' to grow on him!" interpolated the neighbor.

"So 't was thought. But I minded the time he gave Jane Atkins and the children that cottage free of rent in winter time, an' I thought the Lord must know of a soft spot somewheres, so I planted a little periwinkle, an' it's growin' beautiful."

"I never knew he gave anythin' to anybody in all his mortal life."

"Folks ain't so apt to know what a man does as what he don't do. All the flowers down yonder 's doin' well: the life everlastin' on my Amos, — he held on to life so, Amos did; an' the pansies on poor Sally Minch, — she never had no heart's ease in life, an' 't seems like she deserves some now; the bleedin' heart on little Molly Green; but the best bloomer of all's that there crimson rambler rose I planted on Liza Wetherford, and I ain't a bit surprised."

The listener turned her head with a show of interest, and said, "Why not?"

"Because Liza always could do things better 'n anybody else, whether 't was raisin' flowers or singin' or workin'; she was mighty pretty, too."

"I never thought Liza Wetherford had any looks to speak of," remarked the neighbor.

"'T was the sort of looks that are deeper 'n flesh. She loved a red flower, too, poor Liza!"

"There ain't any call to pity Liza Wetherford now, Aunt Dilsy; if she did n't come to no good end, she brought it on herself. Better call a spade a spade."

"Maybe it digs as well if we don't call it a rusty one," said Aunt Dilsy. "The only bad end Liza come to, to my knowledge, was to be sent back dead with a doctor's certificate for typhoid fever, poor soul! There warn't any too many mourners to follow the hearse from the train to the buryin' ground, though I tried to make it seem Christian-like. But she did n't have no people at best. Seemed like Liza was buffeted around terrible from the start; motherless, too!"

"Oh, Aunt Dilsy, you can't make folks as easy on people as you are. If runnin' away from home, an' goin' back on the man she was to marry, an' — if what is said is true — turnin' play actor on the stage, is n't a bad end, what *is*?"

"I've found out that a thing may look one way, an' be another," said the older woman, gazing where the dusk gathered blackly in the locust leaves; "we deceive ourselves easy by tryin' to think as other folks think. Maybe livin' alone has kep' my memory fresh about folks, but — you knew Marcus Wetherford, Liza's father?" The neighbor nodded. "Well, I knew Marcus an' Tom Wetherford before your day. Tom went West an' married an' died; an' Marcus, he lived along here, shif'less an' worse. I ain't one to rake up a man's sins, livin' or dead, but truth is truth. When he got into trouble with the Plineyville Bank, how did he keep out of jail?"

"I don't just remember now," said the other indifferently.

"'T was this way: Liza went around and raised the money for bail, and pledged herself to pay it all back; and I reckon she knew best what a life Marcus led her! Then she broke off with Willy Marshall, refusin' to bring disgrace upon his name; and what did Marcus do? (For there's them that can't stand bein' helped!) He up 'n' promised old Jacob Rhett that if he'd go security on a note, Liza should marry him; and he knew that Liza was just wrapped up in Willy Marshall!"

"Well, I don't know anythin' about that part," said the neighbor; "it seemed like Mr. Wetherford lived quiet and respectable enough afterwards. All men fall into trouble sometimes."

"And women, too, — only they don't get out of it so easy," said Aunt Dilsy. "He did n't dare be anythin' but respectable; 't was that respectableness that wore me out with Marcus Wetherford! I most deceived myself tryin' to make excuses to myself for him, but it was n't any use; I could n't see him any way 'cept what he was, nowadays. He was so smooth-tongued that when old Jacob Rhett demanded that Liza should marry him, Marcus sorter got everybody on his side, — don't ask me how! And all the time Liza workin' her fingers to the bone for the bail money! I never admired Liza as much as when she saw the right and refused. Then she went away as clean from sight as though she'd never been. Afterwards the Plineyville Bank began to get a sum reg'lar, until every cent of the money was paid off; and all the time Marcus goin' around mournin' about Liza disgracin' him! My land! I hope I'll be forgiven for seein' it all so plain! It's terrible, sometimes, to see folks just as they are. But I'll tell you this: it was a good while after Marcus Wetherford died before I could bring myself to plant more than a petunia on him!" Aunt Dilsy sighed, and leaned

back and passed her handkerchief over her face, after this unusual outburst. The frogs croaked in the hollow, and the night drew near.

"Well, it's a wonder, for you're so soft about people," replied the other woman. "I only know what they said about Liza Wetherford. Seems like her father had given a promise; and old Jacob Rhett had money, too."

Aunt Dilsy sighed; she had heard the argument many times. "Yes, that's just it," she said; "you can't set folks right when they want to see wrong."

"Well, Aunt Dilsy, she certainly did get that money mighty quick, some way! She must have got to be an actor or — or something."

"Well, there ain't any commandment agin it," said Aunt Dilsy. "I own that Liza was different to most in these parts; but just because we belong to Plineyville, we ain't seen everybody yet. She could sing wonderful, Liza could. My! I hear that voice yet; it kind of went to the soul. You see, tendin' flowers has taught me a heap. No two can be raised alike. There's them to be tied, and them to be twined, and them to be left to the wind o' heaven; an' it's the same with folks."

"Well, I must think 'cordin' to principle," said the neighbor virtuously, as she arose. "Seems to me that when her father got to be a respectable elder of the church 'n' all, she'd better have stayed home 'n' married. Old Jacob Rhett had a heap o' money. I must go make my bread up, Aunt Dilsy."

The older woman sighed before she too arose. It was the sigh which meant the folding of the wings of vision which were driven back to brood within the silence of her own heart.

"I'll go to the gate with you. I take exercise reg'lar now, mornin's an' evenin's, to keep from gettin' oversized."

The moon shone through a black fret of locust leaves as the two women walked down the path together. At the gate,

as her neighbor passed through, Aunt Dilsy stopped to smell a hundred-leaved rose. "Yes," she repeated, "flowers has taught me. There's nothin' alike; all's different; but folks don't see it, even when other folks are lyin' dead like poor Liza Wetherford."

The other made an irrelevant remark about the warmth of the night, and went her way down the road, which meant that no one need be affected one way or the other by the vagaries of one as notional and "soft-natured" as Aunt Dilsy Ames. Meanwhile, Aunt Dilsy went back to her cottage by another path, where she stopped through force of habit at the gate of the little graveyard adjoining her land. The moonlight made more white the stones against the black yew, which stood spirelike in the centre of the plot. The paths were white as day, and she peered forward, discerning the dark mass of the rambler rose — a rich crimson by day — which overhung the grave of Liza Wetherford. She looked, and looked again, and drew her shoulder shawl closer, as though the air were growing cooler. Then she turned back to her garden path, and stopped to touch a plant here and there, as familiarly as if it had been day. The air was heavy and sweet, and inside her cottage Aunt Dilsy drew her chair again to the doorway, and sat dreamily rocking and gazing out upon the moonlit world. This was the hour which she habitually gave to nature, to the impassioned sense of beauty and truth within her, and she drank in the nearness of the night, as they only can to whom such solitude is the draught of life.

As she rocked and mused, the moon's light and the black shadows merged, and a shape grew out of them, and stood hesitating in the path, as though listening. It stole forward haltingly, yet longingly, and then a woman's form stood before the door. She was tall and slim, and something fleecy fell back from her dark hair, which was drawn softly from a clear

brow. She withdrew into the deeper shadow, and when she spoke she seemed a part of the night, — only there was a swift movement of the hands, quickly suppressed, as though they would fain have flown outward; and one of them held a cluster of the rambler rose.

"I did not intend to startle you. I saw you, and only stopped for a moment."

It was a vibrating tone, and at its sound Aunt Dilsy leaned forward quickly and strove to see through the darkness. Then her voice trembled strangely. "I knew I saw somebody — somethin' — down yonder, as I come by. Seems like I know your voice mighty well."

The figure started, as though it would have fled, and the veil of night grew deeper between them, and through it came quickly breathed words: —

"No, you do not know me!"

There was an instant in which Aunt Dilsy's old hands clasped together, and the insistent noises of night were loud in her ears.

"Maybe I've no right to say I do," she said humbly, "but I'd know that voice anywhere. It belonged to one I helped bury with my own hands." She passed a hand across her brow as though to brush away the dream, if dream it were; form was an almost intangible object in the night-time. Then her voice grew stronger. "Yes, I helped bury her, but I ain't afeard if you — if you're — her."

The other gave a sigh as of relief, and drew nearer and sat down upon the step, with her head bowed almost at Aunt Dilsy's knee.

"I might have known you would n't be afraid of Liza Wetherford," she murmured. "I wanted so to see you once, to thank you for planting this." She held up the rambler rose. "No one else would have done it." She sighed, and Aunt Dilsy spoke as in a dream: —

"'T was n't anythin' to do! I knew all about it, you see, — how Liza come to go away 'n' all. She was most heart-

broke; seems like I'd have done the same if I'd been her. I was so hurt for her that I was n't sorry scarcely when she come back dead an' at rest; it seemed better so."

The moon had crept behind the house, and the locust leaves wove black shadows like phantom hands between the two, — Aunt Dilsy's pitiful old face, and the dark head bowed at her knee.

"I'd like to have seen her once, though," she mused; "there were things I wanted to make sure about, so 's I could straighten it out here for her some, maybe."

"No one must know!" whispered the other.

"I've always wanted to know how that money was made," said Aunt Dilsy.

"You've a right to know," spoke the voice. "It was made honestly, by singing. Oh, it was a terrible struggle at first, almost starvation; but she was bitter and desperate, and — and did n't care. She did not want even her old name; she left that behind her with everything else."

"I knew Liza could n't live anyways but honest!" said Aunt Dilsy.

"Dear Aunt Dilsy, it is so good to hear your voice! Yes, she was honest. She only had time for work, and she had nobody; that is, until she found her cousin, who was ill and poor, too."

"Tom's daughter?" asked Aunt Dilsy.

"Yes; they stayed together until — until" —

"Until Liza died," said the older voice.

"Oh, why did you say that it was better she died?" the other broke in, with a sudden note of passion and a sob. "Why should n't she have lived afterwards, after all the struggle was over, and had time for life? Maybe she could have come back here and had a home like other people, and — and — been happy. Oh, why could n't she? Was there nobody wanted her?"

Aunt Dilsy looked dreamily into the

darkness and rocked, as though musing to herself.

"Maybe I'm wrong, but 't seems like folks forget easy when they don't care, and hard when they do."

"You mean there's nobody cares now? Yes, you are right; there would have been no use for her to have come back. Tell me: when I — when Liza died, was there *anybody* who cared then?"

"Willy cared," said Aunt Dilsy softly; "he cared terrible."

"Yes, — yes, tell me!"

"Well, men are different," said Aunt Dilsy gently, "and people's talking will have weight, I s'pose. He married soon afterwards."

There was stillness between them except for the whippoorwill's note and the shrill voices of the darkness. Then the other arose and stood tall against the night.

"It was better she died," said she. "Life has its way with some; they can't battle against it. It would have done no good to have come back." . . . Suddenly her hands were flung upward, and

shuddering sobs broke the restraint of words. "I waited so long! I waited so long for him to come! He promised . . . and he did not come. . . . And I thought that he loved me!" It was a bitter, human cry, and for a quick instant two arms were cast around Aunt Dilsy, and a tear lay hot upon her cheek. "Oh, forgive me for coming! Forgive me! I was starving to know! . . . Good-by! Oh, good-by! . . . You are the only one I ever had, — the only one!"

The leaves shook as with wind, and the older woman arose like one awakening from sleep, and stood trembling on the threshold.

"You are no spirit!" she said aloud. "You are mortal flesh and blood! For the good Lord's sake, tell me what this means! *What became of Tom's daughter?* Speak!"

The answer stole back with a sob, — "Dead."

"And her name? Her name?"

But the darkness closed upon a vanishing form, and there was only a whisper, —

"*Liza Wetherford!*"

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

NIGHT PIECE.

WITH fore-cloth smoothed by careful hands
The night's serene pavilion stands,
And many cressets hang on high
Against its arching canopy.

Peace to his children God hath sent;
We are at peace within his tent.
Who knows, without these guarded doors,
What wind across the desert roars?

Arthur Colton.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

HAS any pessimist considered modesty a defunct virtue? Let **A First Acceptance.** him observe a novice in literary work with his first acceptance. He is overwhelmed with surprise, and haunted with dread that the fickle editor will change his mind, and never allow his hopes to reach their consummation. During the conceptive period, indeed, he was undisturbed by doubts as to the quality of his work. Every sentence, in his opinion, was straight to the point, every adjective did its duty. Yet, whatever method he chose, be sure in the actual labor the would-be contributor was sorely handicapped.

Then follows the author's nightmare. Story or poem or essay, the thing is done; but as it comes to its final reading, a cold sweat breaks out on the brow just now so complacent. That very best passage, — the production's crowning ornament, — where has he read that before? Surely it is his own, — why, he thought it out phrase by phrase, corrected it, and rewrote it, till it was built into its present form; and yet, where *has* he read that passage? He is modestly willing to acknowledge that he is no genius; that all he knows or thinks is only a composite photograph of what he has learned from more brilliant men. But he would like to be sure that his photograph is composite; if he has taken those phrases *verbatim et literatim* from some one else, he would prefer to embellish them with quotation marks.

All these crests of the Hill Difficulty being surmounted, he proceeds to the disillusionizing process of copying his *chef-d'œuvre*. If after the ministration of cold-blooded typewriter or of fountain pen — that thing of moods, like an April day with tears of ink instead of raindrops — his work still retain its hold upon his good opinion, there's probably

merit in it. Oftener its charm is gone, and he is minded to destroy it. But, after all, it is his own offspring, and the sentiment of the times is against infanticide, so he prepares it for its start in the world. Then where to send it! If the obdurate editor would bestow half the time and pains upon the selection of manuscripts that the anxious author spends in choosing his periodical, said editor would n't miss so many obviously good things.

Authors there be who might lightly speak of the "acceptance of a first contribution," but many more whose unhappy experience would compel them to transpose the words, and say the "first acceptance of a contribution." The phrase matters little. In either case it refers to the inauguration of the most delightful experience known to man. "The check will follow upon publication." Whatsoever thou doest, O calow youth who aspirest to pursue Fame along the road that beginneth at the open door of some hospitable magazine, see that thou make wise choice of thy starting place. Shun diligently those publications which send the check with the acceptance, for by them art thou defrauded. What man is there who would spend his money but once, when, by taking thought, he might spend it many times? And if, saving the once, it be spent in imagination only, what then?

After the long-expected arrival, the man dons his threadbare coat, and salies forth to cash his check and proceed to his realizations. When he returns he carries a parcel, and his wife — if he have one — knows what it contains while it is yet sealed. From the first, no mention has been made of books; but that is undoubtedly a parcel of books. Such a very simple matter! There are other desirable things, but certainly nothing

which he and his family could need so much as new books.

Sometimes the parcel contains an édition de luxe, that *rarus hospes* on the shelf of a struggling writer; but more often convenient and durable volumes which can be read where reading is most enjoyable, in bed. There is a popular superstition to the effect that a man who habitually reads in bed "sleeps with his book beneath his pillow." That is a mistake. It would be bad for the book, and would probably induce dreams which might be pleasant, but equally well might not. Mrs. Browning has apparently disclaimed this practice in her own case, saying, "Invalid or not, I should have a romance in a drawer, if not behind a pillow." But she seems not to have discovered her novel's proper resting place, which is not "in a drawer," but on the floor beneath the bed, where the tired hand most readily bestows it when Morpheus, unkind, insists on no further trifling. Unless, indeed, the reader be forced to sleep in one of those modern abominations yecept "folding beds." Such unfortunate victim of cramped quarters might purchase a "combination bed and bookcase," and sleep with his books on the shelf above his couch. Thus did the Clerk of Oxford. Can it be that he too slept in a bookcase bed?

"For hym was levere have at his beddes heed
Twenty bookes, clad in blak or reed
Of Aristotle and his philosophie,
Than robes riche or fithels or gay sautrie."

I THOUGHT I might not agree with the writer of *The Amateur Spirit*, it, in the August Atlantic, but I do, almost wholly. The only point where I'm not sure is in the setting of the expert over against the amateur, as he is there defined. The specialist I take to be a man who is doing work — that is, making discoveries — in some line, and who is compelled by the conditions to confine his work to that line, necessarily a narrow one. His opposite,

the natural and logical counterpart to him, is a man who is not making discoveries, but is acquiring for himself the knowledge that others have discovered. He may be broad or narrow in his range, — that has nothing to do with it; the definition of him is that he is not a discoverer. But the spirit which the Atlantic describes under the word "amateur" is a tone and temper, an attitude toward all kinds of knowledge; and it is not, necessarily or inherently, or even, I believe, usually, in any kind of fixed relation to the fact that a man is or is not doing the work of discovery. The two things are not in the same plane. The one has to do with one's daily work, the ordinary grind, by which we earn our bread and cheese, and keep ourselves sane in a mad world. It's just work pushed out a little further than we usually push it, a little more agreeable than the ordinary work, but not essentially different from it, and connected with it by all kinds of associations. It belongs to the intellectual-machine part of us. But the spirit with which a man looks at ideas and at knowledge, either old or new, is a product of the whole of him, and is related to his general view of life. It may be broad or narrow, and mean or generous, but it is only accidentally and remotely connected with his business or profession. It has moral qualities; professions have n't.

It lies in no "island-valley of Avilion," this orchard of mine; but there are in its near neighborhood "bowery hollows," and it is "crowned with summer seas." Indeed, down its vistas, whether of blossom-snow or of leaf-green, glimpses may be had of blue water, of a shade to match the hypæthral blue of its roofless chambers.

For me, this orchard (though in the heart of New England) is the very home of enchantment. I do not know that I should be much startled, in truth, should there suddenly appear before my eyes a Chaucerian company diversely prais-

**The Amateur
Temper.**

**A Dream
Orchard.**

ing the "flowre and the leafe;" or if from this witching spot I should myself be stolen away into fairyland, as was True Thomas the Rhymer! It is a dream orchard, with an ivory gate; but for that I do not greatly care. Its apples (I have heard) are acrid and uncompromising, — of late years remaining unharvested. But as I never taste the fruit, my teeth are not set on edge. It is enough for me that, as I sit beneath the laden boughs, nearly every summer day, a fragrance as of ripened sweet-brier hips is wafted downward, and is the very incense of the place. Besides, I have had my harvest in flowers from the old orchard, and am there in paradise, during mid-May, year after year!

The trees themselves, being old and unpruned, are an assemblage of sufficiently grotesque figures, some of them so stooped in lichened age as to seem kneeling, and, caryatid-like, supporting giant corbels of rosy bloom. And at this season my orchard is a flower piece set to music, — a music which I might imagine to be a crooning memory of Amphion's harp, but which is, in fact, the united hum of legion bees at work in the blossoms.

As I sit, idle in thought, or perhaps reading in the white-lighted, flower-tapestried room I have chosen (out of a choice suite), the wren comes to his cavern door, — a knot-hole in an aged limb overhead, — and proceeds to sing me a snatch from the brook song that is his; or else, from the tree, third in the westmost row of the orchard, comes the mellow-mourning note of the wood dove. I also am aware that those sojourners of a day, the warblers, bound for more northern nesting places, are weaving back and forth through the blossomed branches. But beyond all these known denizens or visitors, I sometimes imagine a presence which is more permanent than any other, and which is one with the destinies of my dream orchard. That presence may be

THE DRYAD OF THE ORCHARD.

Vainly, vainly have I sought her,
Watching all the long bright daytime, —
She, the mossy Orchard's daughter,
Waking only in the May time!

Sleeps she null to winter's rigor,
Null to frost or sleet wind's scourges;
Draws with buds a hidden vigor,
And with opening buds emerges.

When the blossoms crowd in wonder,
On the branches gnarled and hoary,
And the grass grows long thereunder,
Then she comes in baffling glory!

There be those that do attend her,
And they list to do her pleasure;
She hath touched them with her splendor,
And hath given joy past measure:

One — the oriole, darting quickly,
(Voice of rapture clear Elysian!)
Glimpsed through flower glooms crowding
thickly,
Flame-bright, wingèd, fleeting vision!

Elfland minstrels, too, are bidden,
And they share her nectared chalice, —
Forest swarm or hive bees, hidden
In her flower-wave hanging palace.

These attend and serve her ever, —
Vainly, vainly I have sought her;
Though I watch, I see her never, —
She, the mossy Orchard's daughter!

MAY a very occasional Contributor in
A Rejoinder. interrupt the conversations of
the Club?

I read, on my piazza, with great interest, what Mr. Froude says about free nations, and what follows their conquest of barbarous nations; also, about the "suggestive coincidence" that Alfred's and Cæsar's celebrations come just a thousand years apart.

But there seemed a passage left out, — lost in the "make-up," perhaps. Did not the Contributor mean to add that without Cæsar there would have been no Alfred? Winchester, the Venerable Bede, Augustine, Boethius, — all were there because Mr. Cæsar had stepped in with his legions and his architects and his Latin language, and because

Rome had followed up the business of carrying such light and life as she had to the uttermost parts of the world? Lucky for some of us who live in Shawm-ut that the people of Rome (seven hills they had) were not satisfied to maintain their own "freedom" as Mr. Froude suggests they could have done.

MUCH has recently been written of the fatalism of modern democracy. Mr. Bryce has noticed it in the United States, and Charles Pearson embodied the spirit of modern fatalism very happily in his simile of men being obliged ultimately to drift with the stream, however vigorously they might try to retard it.

Yet fatalism is as old as the world itself, and if the Northern and Occidental races have not cared to be called fatalists, they have generally been so at heart, while the fatalistic creed of Calvinism has been adopted by some of the least contemplative and most adventurous peoples of Europe.

For "fatalism" is a much-abused word in so far as it has been taken to signify a purely passive attitude toward life and action. We are all fatalists at heart, whether we believe that the cosmic process tends to ultimate good or not, and a deep conviction of this need not necessarily paralyze our activities.

Homer knew this, and has often been unjustly blamed for the inconsistency of a theology that subordinated its gods to the Fates. Yet in our own lives we act as the Greek deities and demigods did; we put forth all our force in the struggle, knowing that the prize is not within our reach, and that we may never attain our goal. We see our heroes bite the dust in the supreme moments of their endeavor, and cheerfully recognize the vanity of all endeavor (if regarded only as a means to an end). We envy rather than pity those who have so fallen, and thus unconsciously avow that it is for

endeavor itself that we live, and not mainly for the fruit thereof. The failure to see this aspect of life has propagated many misconceptions. Fatalism, we are told, is pessimistic, and makes men unhappy. Happiness cannot be enjoyed without a sense of permanence, and the fatalist can never feel this. But why should he assume that happiness is the chief aim of life? Prosperous acquisition does not satisfy mankind so well as adventurous pioneering. What we all want is our opportunity, — the opportunity of starting out on life thoroughly equipped for the enterprise. When we have known what it is to live and to be spent in our different ways, we need not complain if we are prematurely put away in the cupboard, like Omar Khayyám's chessmen. Others can and will do our work; it was only our business to strive, and not to shirk any of it. It may even be an enviable lot to die in the full blast of the conflict, instead of living long enough to remember how much has been left undone.

If all this be fatalism, it is the implicit philosophy of those whose names are best remembered by the race; nor is it the philosophy of academic decadents.

The real seekers after happiness, and consequently the real pessimists, are the Buddhists and the Oriental ascetics, or even our own modern disciples of Schopenhauer. "You shall escape fate," they tell us, "by a slow suicide, and mutilate your faculties to insure yourself against the pains of unsatisfied desire."

Not so thought the great fatalists of Europe, from Julius Cæsar to Machiavelli or Napoleon Bonaparte; they purposed to drain life to the full, and not to look too curiously into what might lie before them. A similar attitude well becomes modern democracies. Even if they fall short of their aims, they will have fulfilled their being; and attainment is no less vain than effort, for behind both lies *la grandeur du rien*.

WILLIAM McKINLEY

JAN. 29, 1843 — SEPT. 14, 1901

“A noble manhood, nobly consecrated to man, never dies.”

McKinley on Lincoln

THE DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT.

For the third time within the memory of men who still feel themselves young, the President of the United States has been struck down by an assassin. Each of these crimes was as wanton as it was remediless. No shadow of excuse or palliation — except upon the charitable presumption of insanity — can be found for the vainglorious actor, the disappointed office seeker, and the self-confessed anarchist, who treacherously took the lives of Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley. Lincoln's death was like the close of a great, mysterious tragedy. Garfield's had its own peculiar note of pathos; and though Lincoln's ever increasing fame has done something to eclipse the memory of the second "martyr President," the grief of the nation in 1881 was no less genuine, and naturally more widespread, than in the discordant days of 1865. But the circumstances of President McKinley's assassination have been such as to cause even more general and poignant sorrow to the nation as a whole. United as never before, enjoying an era of political good feeling, and universally attracted by the lovable personal qualities of their President, the citizens of the United States, without regard to sectional or party differences, have been stunned and sickened by his murder.

The behavior of our people during the days that intervened between the firing of the fatal shot and the death of the President has been thoroughly characteristic. The first shock and amazement were followed by an outburst of anger against anarchists of every stripe. Even the clergy, upon the first Sunday after that ill-starred Friday, made use of ill-considered appeals to the mere spirit of revenge. This mood passed with calmer second thoughts, and with those swiftly mounting expectations — American-

like in their optimism, but alas, how futile! — of the President's recovery. Then came the sudden change for the worse, the abandonment of hope, the hours of hushed waiting for the end, and at last, in those moving words written by Whitman on the night of Garfield's passing: —

"The sobbing of the bells, the sudden death-news everywhere,
The slumberers rouse, the rapport of the People,
(Full well they know that message in the darkness,
Full well return, respond within their breasts,
their brains, the sad reverberations,)
The passionate toll and clang — city to city,
joining, sounding, passing,
Those heart-beats of a Nation in the night."

The heart-beats were those of a nation always swiftly responsive to generous emotions, stirred now beyond its wont by tender sympathy, and thrilled by the parting words that fell, with such incomparable felicity, from the lips of the dying President. His quiet courage and simple trust were contagious, and upon Sunday, the 15th, the public's mood had changed from one of blind anger and dismay to faith in the perpetuation of our system of self-government and faith in God.

But that the situation is in some respects very grave is generally realized. So far as the American people can protect the life of their Chief Magistrate against the common enemies of all governments, no effort will be spared to do so. A stricter enforcement of existing legislation, possibly new legislation looking to the closer supervision of the speech and action of suspicious elements in the community, is likely to follow. A blow directed against our President is a menace to each one of us, and we have full right to take every precaution against the foes of established order. But in

The Death of the President.

a democracy like ours, founded upon free opinion and free speech, choosing its rulers from the ranks, and desiring those rulers to mingle more or less freely, during their term of office, with their fellow citizens, it becomes difficult and probably impossible to surround the life of an American President with those safeguards with which European sovereigns have grown sadly familiar. In witnessing the slaying of our Chief Magistrate by an anarchist, we are sharing in the evil inheritance of Old World tyranny and absolutism, without being able to utilize those defensive measures which absolutism makes possible. The only permanently effective weapon against anarchy, in a self-governing republic, is respect for law. Fortunately, this weapon is within the reach of every citizen of the American commonwealth; and we believe that the untimely death of the President has already resulted in a profound popular reaction against lawlessness in every form.

Sorrow over the murder of the Chief Magistrate is thus naturally tinged with resentment against its cause, and with solicitude for the future. But it was the rare fortune of Mr. McKinley to endear himself personally to all classes of his countrymen, so that indignation against the attack on our government is merged into a keen sense of individual bereavement. Few men, except his assassin, have stood in that gracious presence without feeling kindly sentiments toward such a courteous and noble nature. Throughout a full life passed in the heat of party conflict, and under the constant misrepresentation and detraction which are the lot of every servant of the public, Mr. McKinley maintained a sweetness of temper, a cheerfulness of converse, an almost womanly tact and sympathy, which turned his most casual acquaintances into friends. Death simplifies things and men with strange swiftness, and while, in this hour of national bereavement, many are thinking of the dead

statesman, more, we believe, are remembering only the man, who in every relation of life and post of service kept clean hands and a pure heart. During those terrible days in Buffalo his thoughts seemed to be for the comfort and happiness of others, not of himself, and there was surely no theatric display in the words of unaffected piety and resignation which were the last to move his lips.

The hour of a statesman's death is never the day of judgment of his services to his country. In recent American history Mr. McKinley has played a great part. It was reviewed not long ago in this magazine by a writer who enjoyed the President's confidence and was in full sympathy with his policy. The story does not need to be told again. Nor do we believe that its full significance can be appreciated at the present moment. The stream of world-life into which America has been guided is running with too swift a current, and our national sense of exhilaration and mastery is too strong to make us patient with an analysis of motives or with a precise inventory of gain and loss. All this must be left to the slow but irreversible verdict of time. Yet it seems to us certain that future historians will assign to McKinley a high place among the Presidents of the United States. They will credit him, we believe, with uncommon endowments, which he utilized with consummate skill; with views of our national opportunity and destiny which grew steadily broader until his very latest public utterance; and with a lifelong devotion, in war and peace, to what he believed to be the good of the American people. It must be remembered that the vexed questions temporarily identified with his name, as for instance the tariff or the policy of the country toward contiguous or distant foreign territory, are questions of constant recurrence and debate under constitutional governments like ours. The permanence of these themes of discus-

The Death of the President.

sion, if there were nothing more, would serve to keep McKinley's name before the public mind. But when one adds to this the fact that his presidency fell in a period of unexampled material prosperity and of new and vital relations between this country and foreign powers, there is no fear, even were his personal attributes less notable, that William McKinley's career will not be held in perpetual memory.

Yet for the moment all such thoughts of his present and future fame are effaced by pity and sheer manly pride: pity for his cruel death, and pride in the tranquillity with which he faced it. He passed away as he had lived, in chivalrous devotion to those dear to him and in peace both with his own conscience and with the will of God. Such an example, brought home as it has been to every household by the public press — a service which outweighs a thousand evils of newspaper publicity — not only knits us together by the bonds of a common brotherhood of sorrow, but deepens the national faith in the reality of spiritual things. Without such faith in spiritual realities there can be no self-government worthy of the name. "The worthy gentleman who has been snatched from us," said Burke, in the well-known pas-

sage upon the sudden death of his rival in the Bristol election, "has feelingly told us what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue." But the death of the foremost citizen of our republic has served rather to remind us of the enduring fabric of the life of man. His own life was grounded in faith and hope and love. These abide, and even in this time of mourning the faith and hope and love of the American people are greater than ever before. The assault upon democratic institutions has strengthened the popular loyalty to them. A sane hope in the future of the United States was never more fully justified than at this hour. The boundless love of the plain people for one of their own number has been not only deeply touching, but infinitely reassuring.

The new President, who has taken the oath of office under such solemn circumstances, is a man of character and force, of varied experience, high standards, and tried patriotism. Every good citizen will wish him well in the great responsibilities which he has been called to assume, and will pray that, like his beloved predecessor, he may fulfill his duties with serenity of spirit, and face the inscrutable chances of the future without fear.

LITTLE FRIEND OF ALL THE WORLD



ONE OF MR. J. LOCKWOOD KIPLING'S ILLUSTRATIONS FOR "KIM,"
MR. RUDYARD KIPLING'S GREATEST NOVEL.

(Just ready. \$1.50. Doubleday, Page & Co., 34 Union, Square, N. Y.)